This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

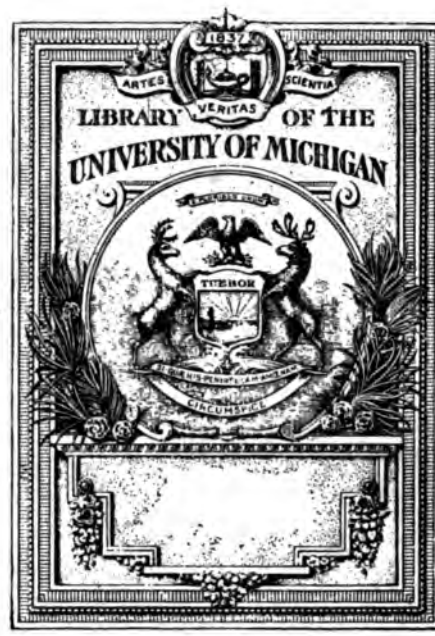
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


1837
ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

PN
2
.P74

Poet Lore

A MAGAZINE OF LETTERS

EDITED BY

CHARLOTTE PORTER—HELEN A. CLARKE

RUTH HILL

VOLUME XXXII

JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1921

RICHARD G. BADGER
THE POET LORE COMPANY
BOSTON MCMXXI

ESTABLISHED 1889

E OLDEST AND LARGEST REVIEW IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE
EVOTED TO POETRY AND DRAMA

RARY
9 1921
OF MICH

Poet Lore

TITLE REGISTERED AS A TRADE MARK

A Magazine of Letters

Spring Number

Johan Ulfstjerna, A Drama in Five Acts
By TOR HEDBERG

The Wedded Husband, A Realistic Chinese Play
By SHEN HUNG

Humpty Dumpty, A Fantasy
By BERTRAM BLOCH

Emile Marechal, A Soldier-Poet of Belguim
By ELIZABETH E. DICKERMAN

(Complete Contents on Inside Cover)

Richard G. Badger, Publisher
The Gorham Press The Poet Lore Company
Boylston St. Boston U.S.A.

Poet Lore

Editors
CHARLOTTE PORTER, HELEN A. CLARKE, RUTH HILL

SPRING, 1921

John Ulfstjerna, A Drama in five Acts *Translated from the Swedish by Helga Colquist*	**Tor Hedberg**	**1**
The Romanticism of Rostand	**Eleanor W. Thomas**	**64**
Humpty Dumpty, A Fantasy	**Bertram Bloch**	**76**
A New Aspect of Shakespeare's Conception of Woman	**Max Huhner, M. D.**	**98**
The Wedded Husband, A Realistic Chinese Play	**Shen Hung**	**110**
The Mother Superior	**Roy Temple House**	**135**
Emile Marechal, A Soldier-Poet of Belguim	**Elizabeth S. Dickerman**	**136**
Rimas, Numero LVIII *Translated by Marion Lee Reynolds*	**Gustavo Becquer**	**139**
Common Ground, A Play in One Act	**Eleonor Whiting**	**140**
After	**Leanora Speyer**	**148**
Recent Progress in Community Music and Drama	**Cecil Fanning**	**149**
Things That Grow	**Hazel Hall**	**152**
St. John	**Caroline Stern**	**153**
Hello *Translated from the French by Mrs. Richard Mansfield*	**Edmund Rostand**	**155**
Rimas Numero I *Translated by Marion Lee Reynolds*	**Gustavo Becquer**	**157**
Rimas Numero LV *Translated by Marion Lee Reynolds*	**Gustavo Becquer**	**158**

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

POET LORE is published quarterly in the months of March (*Spring Number*), June (*Summer Number*), September (*Autumn Number*), and December (*Winter Number*).

Annual subscription $6.00. Single copies $1.50

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXII

Ad Una Cantate Albert Edmund Trombly 618
After—Leonora Speyer 148
Allen, Genieve M.—The Problem of Individualism in Relation to Society in Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Hauptmann 262
Anton Chekov, The Master of the Gray Short-Story—N. Bryllion Fagin 416

Bagstad, Anna E.—Translator—The Romancers—Edmond Rostand 520
Voltaire 519
Ballade—Martha Hart Bliss 496
Bates, Ernest S. & Gladys Chandler Graham—Pierre Louys & the Songs of Bilitis . 562
Becquer, Gustavo—Rimas Numero I—Translated by Marion Lee Reynolds . . . 157
—Rimas Numero LV—Translated by Marion Lee Reynolds . 158
—Rimas Numero LVIII—Translated by Marion Lee Reynolds . 139
Bliss, Martha Hart—Ballade 496
Bloch, Bertram—Humpty Dumpty, A Fantasy 76
Bonds of Interest, The, A Comedy of Masks—Everett Glass 244
Borga Gard, a Play in Four Acts—Tor Hedberg—Translated by Helga Colquist . . 317

Carducci, Giosue—To the White Cross of Savoy—Translated by Irene Sargent . . 454
Cervantes—Translator—The Magic Theatre—Edith Fahnstock and Florence Donnell White 234
Colophon—Raymond Morse Herrick 250
Colquist, Helga—Translator—Borga Gard, A Play in Four Acts by Tor Hedberg . 317
—John Ulfstjerna, A Drama in Five Acts by Tor Hedberg 1
Common Ground, A Play in One Act—Eleanor Whiting 140
Cros, Charles Guy—Prayer—Translated by Edward H. Pfeiffer 315

Dante's Divina Commedia, Its Moslem Sources & Parallels—Charlotte Brewster Jordan 375
Dickerman, Elizabeth S.—Emile Marechal, A Soldier-Poet of Belgium 136
Dilla, Geraldine P—The Principal Tones of Arnold's Poetry 279
Dondo, Mathurin M.—Two Blind Men and a Donkey, A Play 391
Dusk—Oscar C. Williams 287

Emig, Evelyn—The Old Order, A Play in One Act 586
Emile Marechal, A Soldier-Poet of Belgium—Elizabeth S. Dickerman 136
Evans, Gladys LaDue—The Little Mortal Child, A Play 409

Fagin, N. Bryllion—Anton Chekov, The Master of the Gray Short-Story . . . 416
Fahnstock, Edith and Florence Donnell White—The Magic Theatre—Translated by Cervantes 234
Fanning, Cecil—Recent Progress in Community Music & Drama 149
Figs from Asphalt—Christabel F. Fiske 596
Fiske, Christabel F.—Figs from Asphalt 596
Fool Who Lives Contentedly, The—D. McVickar 109
Fucini, Renato—Night—Translated by Herbert King Stone 390

Glass, Everett—The Bonds of Interest, A Comedy of Masks 244
Glick, Carl and Bernard Sobel—The Immortal, A Play in One Act 441
Gold—Oscar C. Williams 306
Graham, Gladys C. & Ernest S. Bates—Pierre Louys & the Songs of Bilitis . . . 562

405976

Hall, Hazel—Things that Grow 152
Hedberg, Tor—Borga Gard, a Play in Four Acts—Translated by Helga Colquist . . 317
—John Ulfstjerna, A Drama in Five Acts—Translated by Helga Colquist 1
Hello—Edmond Rostand—Translated by Mrs. Richard Mansfield 155
Herodiade—Mallarme—Translated by Joseph Twadell Shipley 458
Herrick, Raymond Morse—Colophon 250
Hooley, Teresa—Inheritance 617
Hopkins, P. T.—On a Popular Poet 581
House, Roy Temple—The Mother Superior 135
Huhner, Max, M. D.—A New Aspect of Shakespeare's Conception of Woman. . . 98
Humpty Dumpty, A Fantasy—Bertram Bloch 76
Hung, Shen—The Wedded Husband, A Realistic Chinese Play 110

Immortal, The, A Play in One Act—Carl Glick and Bernard Sobel 441
Inheritance—Teresa Hooley 617

Jimenez, Juan Ramon—Perfumed Thorns—Translated by Herbert King Stone . . 374
—Weariness from Suffering—Translated by Herbert King Stone 430
John Ulfstjerna, A Drama in five Acts—Tor Hedberg—Translated by Helga Colquist 1
Jones, Willis K—Poetry in Chile 403
Jordan, Charlotte Brewster—Dante's Divina Commedia, Its Moslem Sources and Parallels 375

Kaplan, Ysabel DeWitte—The Princess Weaver of the Skies 267
Knapp, Juliet Lee—Symbolistic Drama of Today 201

Lammas Eve, Fantasy in One Act—Edith Randolph 288
Liliencron, Detlev von—Victory—Translated by Edwin H. Zeydel 200
Lodovici, Cesare—The Woman of No One, a Play in Three Acts—Translated by Petronelle Sombart 159
Lyman, Anne Mary—The Weasel's Holiday 307

MacFarlane, Anne—Slippers, A Fantasy in One Act 425
Madison, C.—The Yiddish Theatre 497
Magic Theatre, The,—Edith Fahnstock & Florence Donnell White—Translated by Cervantes 234
Mallarme—Herodiade—Translated by Joseph Twadell Shipley 458
Mansfield, Mrs. Richard—Translator—Hello—Edmond Rostand 155
Marshall, Donald Worth—Walter Pater, Some of His Imaginary Portraits . . . 431
McVickar, D.—The Fool Who Lives Contentedly 109
Mirror, The—Pierre de Ronsard—Translated by Grace Wallace 415
Mother Superior, The—Roy Temple House 135

New Aspect of Shakespeare's Conception of Woman, A,—Max Huhner, M. D. . 98
Newberry, John Strong—Translator—The Steamer Tenacity—Charles Vildrac . . 463
Night—Renato Fucini—Translated by Herbert King Stone 390
Norman, Hilda Laura—The Sensible Man 580

Old Order, The, A Play in One Act—Evelyn Emig 586
On a Popular Poet—P. T. Hopkins 581

Pelee, Lillian Sutton—Ties of Blood, A Drama in One Act 572
Perfumed Thorns—Juan Ramon Jimenez—Translated by Herbert King Stone . . 374
Pfeiffer, Edward H.—Translator—Prayer—Guy Charles Cros 315
Pierre Louys and the Songs of Bilitis—Ernest S. Bates & Gladys C. Graham . . . 562
Plays—**Bond of Interest, The**, A Comedy of Masks—Everett Glass 244
—**Common Ground**, A Play in One Act—Eleanor Whiting 140
—**Humpty Dumpty**, A Fantasy—Bertram Bloch 76
—**John Ulfstjerna**, A Drama in five acts—Tor Hedberg 1
—**Lammas Eve**, Fantasy in One Act—Edith Randolph 288
—**Old Order The**, A Play in One Act—Evelyn Emig 586
—**Steamer Tenacity, The**, A Comedy in Three Acts—Charles Vildrac-Translated by John Strong Newberry. 463
—**Ties of Blood**, A Drama in One Act—Lillian Sutton Pelee 572
—**Wedded Husband, The**, A Realistic Chinese Play—Shen Hung 110
—**While the Mushrooms Bubble**, A Fantasy—Dan W. Totheroh 251
—**Woman of No One, The**, A Play in Three Acts—Cesare Lodovici . . . 159
Poetry in Chile—Willis K. Jones 403
Prayer—Guy Charles Cros—Translator—Edward H. Pfeiffer 315
Princess Weaver of the Skies, The—Ysabel DeWitte Kaplan 267
Principal Tones of Arnold's Poetry, The—Geraldine P. Dilla 279
Problem of Individualism in Relation to Society in Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Hauptmann, The,—Genieve M. Allen 262

Randolph, Edith—Lammas Eve, Fantasy in One Act 288
Recent Progress in Community Music and Drama—Cecil Fanning 149
Reynolds, Marion Lee—Translator—Rimas Numero I by Gustavo Becquer. . . 157
—Rimas Numero LV 158
—Rimas Numero LVIII 139
Rimas—Gustavo Becquer—Translated by Marion Lee Reynolds
—Numero I 157
—Numero LV 158
—Numero LVIII 139
Romancers, The—Edmond Rostand—Translated by Anna E. Bagstad 520
Romanticism of Rostand, The—Eleanor W. Thomas 64
Ronsard, de Pierre—The Mirror—Translated by Grace Wallace 415
Rostand, Edmond—Hello—Translated by Mrs. Richard Mansfield 155
—The Romancers—Translated by Anna E. Bagstad 520
Sargent, Irene—Translator—To the White Cross of Savoy—Giosue Carducci . . 454
Sensible Man, The—Hilda Laura Norman 580
Shipley, Joseph Twadell—Translator—Herodiade—Mallarme 458
Slippers, A Fantasy in One Act—Anne MacFarlane 425
Sobel, Bernard & Carl Glick—The Immortal, A Play in One Act 441
Sombart, Petronelle—Translator—The Woman of No One, A Play in Three Acts by Cesare Lodovici 159
Speyer, Leonora—After 148
Steamer Tenacity, The, A Comedy in Three Acts—Charles Vildrac—Translated by John Strong Newberry 463
St. John—Caroline Stern 153
Stern, Caroline—St. John 153
Stone, Herbert King—Translator—Night—Renato Fucini 390
—Perfumed Thorns—Juan Ramon Jimenez . . 374
—Weariness from Suffering—Juan Ramon Jimenez 430
Symbolistic Drama of Today—Juliet Lee Knapp 201

Things That Grow—Hazel Hall 152
Ties of Blood, A Drama in One Act—Lillian Sutton Pelee 572
Thomas, Eleanor W.—The Romanticism of Rostand 64
Totheroh, Dan W.—While the Mushrooms Bubble, A Fantasy 251
To the White Cross of Savoy—Giosue Carducci—Translated by Irene Sargent . . 454
Trombly, Albert Edmund—Ad Una Cantate 618
Two Blind Men and a Donkey, A Play—Mathurin M. Dondo 391

Victory—Detlev von Liliencron—Translated by Edwin H. Zeydel. 200
Vildrac, Charles—The Steamer Tenacity, A Comedy in Three Acts—Translated by John Strong Newberry 463
Voltaire—Anna E. Bagstad 519

Wallace, Grace—Translator—The Mirror—Pierre de Ronsard. 415
Walter Pater, Some of His Imaginary Portraits—Donald Worth Marshall. . . . 431
Weasel's Holiday, The—Anne Mary Lyman 307
Weariness from Suffering—Juan Ramon Jimenez—Translated by Herbert King Stone 430
Wedded Husband The, A Realistic Chinese Play—Shen Hung 110
While the Mushrooms Bubble, A Fantasy—Dan W. Totheroh 251
White, Florence Donnell & Edith Fahnstock—The Magic Theatre—Translated by Cervantes 234
Whiting Eleanor—Common Ground, A Play in One Act 140
Williams, Oscar C.—Dusk 287
—Gold 306
Woman of No One, The, A Play in Three Acts—Cesare Lodovici—Translated by Petronelle Sombart 159
Yiddish Theatre, The—C. Madison 497
Zeydel, Edwin H.—Translator—Victory—Detlev von Liliencron 200

JOHAN ULFSTJERNA*

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

By Tor Hedberg

Translated from the Swedish by Helga Colquist

Cast of Characters

Johan Ulfstjerna
Adelaide Ulfstjerna
Helge Ulfstjerna
Elias Reback
Erik Bogard
Agda Gauvin
A Secretary
Lina, *the maid*

The action is supposed to take place in a Swedish Province in Finland. Present time.

ACT I

The living room in Ulfstjerna's *home. It is large, but has a low ceiling. It is irregular in form, as a smaller room is built in the left corner in the background. This is* Helge's *bedroom. A little farther to the right on the same wall is the door to the vestibule. The larger part of the wall in the background is occupied by a large studio window, with an outlook over the snow covered roofs. On the right wall is a door to the upper story which comprises* Ulfstjerna's *workroom and bedroom.*

The furniture is old and worn, and is not carried out in any one style, but there are a few pretty, antique pieces. It is noticeable that the room is used for various purposes, as dining-room and parlor. In the middle of the room is a table with chairs around it. Above it

*Copyright 1921 by THE POET LORE COMPANY

is a hanging-lamp. To the right, in the foreground, is a group of smaller tables with books and periodicals. There is an old, high-backed, oaken chair in the foreground; against the wall that is built in, stands an old writing-desk; and beside it, on the wall in the background, is a book-shelf. There are rugs on the floor; a few pictures on the walls and a few bronzes, etc., decorate the room. Above the sofa is a picture of ULFSTJERNA *as a young man. For the sake of symmetry, on the other side of the door is a group of withered laurel-wreaths tied with ribbons.*

It is towards evening, and gradually it grows dusky. From the dark, heavy sky, large, isolated snowflakes slowly fall past the window.

ADELAIDE *is sitting on the sofa to the right, busy darning a pair of silk hose. She is about forty years old, a strong, pretty, splendid brunette.*

HELGE *is sitting at the writing-desk in the background, reading. He is twenty years old, pale, tall, and slender. He has a broad handsome forehead and dark curly hair. He is near-sighted. His face is full of pimples. He is just starting to raise a mustache.*

Adelaide.—Now it's snowing again. And I forgot my rubbers at the theater. Such flakes! Do look, Helge.

Helge (*Without looking up from his book*).—What is it?

Adelaide.—Just look! Such flakes!

Helge (*As before*).—Yes.

Adelaide.—Can't you take the pains to look up from your book? You shouldn't read any longer. Take care of your eyes.

Helge.—I see.

Adelaide.—You see, yes! But how do you see? (*She runs her fingers through the holes in the stocking she is darning, and looks at it hopelessly while she leans back on the sofa*) Bless me! How he snores! Do you hear?

Helge.—What?

Adelaide.—How papa snores in there! Now you can surely be a witness. (*Looks at the stocking and sighs deeply.*) Helge! Look here, Helge.

Helge (*Impatient, turns around*).—Well, what is it?

Adelaide (*Holds up the stocking toward him, playing with her fingers*).—What do you say about this?

Helge (*Laughs*).—Are you going to wear them to-night?

Adelaide.—Yes. But, praise the Lord, it's under the foot. (*She examines the stockings.*) The legs are whole. Do you know

what I'm going to do? (*As* HELGE *does not answer, she repeats.*) Do-you-know-what-I'm-going-to-do?

Helge (*As before, absorbed in his book*).—No.

Adelaide (*Rolls the stockings into a ball, throws them into the air, and then catches them*).—I'm going to give them to the deuce. Let those pimples alone!

Helge (*Strikes the table in despair*).—Mamma!

Adelaide.—It's dangerous—I assure you. A person can get blood poison that way. There are many who have died of that.

Helge.—How do you know?

Adelaide.—Well, I guess I've read it in the papers.

Helge.—How many times have you read it?

Adelaide.—How do I know? It's there unceasingly.

Helge.—That's not so.—It's there only once a year, in July: and now it's December.

Adelaide.—Why should it be just in July?

Helge (*Mocking her*).—How do I know?

Adelaide (*Rushes up to him, shakes his head, and pulls his hair*).—Do you sit there and poke fun at me, you—

Helge.—No mamma. Let me alone. Let me read now.

Adelaide (*Still having hold of his hair*).—If I could only understand what pleasure you find in eternally hanging your nose over a book.

Helge.—I thought you understood that—

Adelaide.—No, my Lord and Creator!

Helge.—Since you always try to disturb me.

Adelaide.—Since I—

(*She lets loose her hold on him, and then goes back to the sofa, takes up her stocking, and begins to darn.* HELGE *reads. Suddenly she sobs.* HELGE *looks up. She stops eagerly. He reads again. New and stronger sobbing is heard.*) (*He rises.*)

Helge.—Mamma.

Adelaide.—Damned stockings! Well, I can't see any longer. (*She throws the stockings away, takes out her handkerchief, and uses it.*)

Helge (*Walks slowly up to her*).—Forgive me, mamma. I didn't mean anything as bad as that.

Adelaide (*Crying*).—I didn't understand it at first. It was so—so mean.

Helge.—Forgive me.

Adelaide (*Rises up, resolutely*).—But I swear I'll never—never again disturb you.

Helge.—Do you think so?

Adelaide.—I'd rather let them pull me to pieces between living horses.

Helge.—Living between horses, you mean.

Adelaide.—Oh, yes. (*She dries her eyes and takes a deep breath.*) There, that's it. (*She listens.*) I believe papa is awakening now. (*She stands turned away from him. He suddenly puts his arms around her waist and rests his head on her shoulder.*)

Helge.—Soon, perhaps, you won't need to disturb me any more.

Adelaide.—What do you mean? (HELGE *does not answer. He kissees her passionately. She turns his face trying to look into his eyes.*)

Helge.—Nothing. (*He let her go, and then he goes quickly back to the writing desk, just as* ULFSTJERNA *enters.*)

Ulfstjerna (*Enters from the right. He is about fifty years old. His hair and mustache are quite gray, but his face looks young. He is dressed in a lounging robe, and he wears red morocco slippers.*).—Has the paper come?

Adelaide.—No, I think not.

Ulfstjerna.—Helge!

Helge (*His elbows on the table, sits staring straight ahead of him.*).—Well!

Uflstjerna.—Don't you hear me ask if the paper has come?

Helge.—Yes.

Ulfstjerna.—Will you do me the service to go and find out?

Helge.—Why, I know it hasn't come.

Ulfstjerna.—But I don't know it. Will you do your old father that service?

Helge (*Looks at him grudgingly, then he rises and goes out into the vestibule.*)

Adelaide.—You always disturb him in his work.

Ulfstjerna.—He's not prime in this house yet. Work! Some of these miserable modern novels! (*He goes to the table, takes the book and looks at the title*) German!—And Philosophy at that. Fine youth! Now what kind of scene was there between you again?

Adelaide.—There wasn't any scene.

Ulfstjerna.—A person would believe that you were a couple of lovers—alternating squabbles and kisses.

Adelaide.—You ought to be ashamed.

Ulfstjerna.—I know you. Everything becomes erotical to you, even your son. Since he has started to grow a mustache you formally flirt with him.

Adelaide (*Half amused*).—You are crazy.

Ulfstjerna.—Don't you think I have eyes. A couple of days ago—

Helge (*Comes back*).—There wasn't any paper. (*He sits down at his book.*)

Ulfstjerna.—No of course not. (*He looks at his watch.*) To-morrow I shall make a complaint to the editor. I don't expect to stand this any longer. It's indecent. It's now a half-hour that I've waited for it. (*He turns to* HELGE *quickly.*) What did you say?

Helge (*Without looking up*).—Nothing.

Ulfstjerna.—I thought you snorted.

Helge.—No.

Adelaide.—It was I who snorted.

Ulfstjerna.—Is it permitted that I ask why?

Adelaide.—Ah—let it rest now, Ulfstjerna.

Ulfstjerna.—No—I wish to know what that snorting is supposed to imply.

Adelaide.—To-day it certainly seems as if you have awakened on the wrong side.

Ulfstjerna (*As if stung by a bee*).—I haven't awakened. I can't awaken when I haven't slept.

Adelaide.—Bless me—well, it could be heard.

Ulfstjerna.—What was heard? Don't come with any suggestions.—Talk right out.

Adelaide.—I suppose it's not allowed, when you can't stand to hear it.

Ulfstjerna.—I understand. It's that legend about the snoring again.

Adelaide.—Yes, this time I am sure Helge can testify that it's true.

Ulfstjerna.—Helge, too. Well, it's a conspiracy. Good, good! It might be a good thing to know. (*He seats himself in the arm-chair.*)

Adelaide (*Listens*).—I believe the paper is here now. (*She goes out into the vestibule. Then she comes back with a newspaper which she gives to* ULFSTJERNA.)

Here you have your paper. (*She goes to* HELGE) And here's a letter for you.

Helge (*Eagerly*).—For me? Give it to me!

Ulfstjerna (*Opens the paper and glances at the first page.*)—That may be a good thing to know!

Adelaide.—What's the matter now, then?

Ulfstjerna.—I say it may be a good thing to know what happens behind my back.

Adelaide.—What do you mean?

Ulfstjerna.—I mean the sad fact that my own people try to ridicule me.

Adelaide.—It's you that make yourself ridiculous with your legend.

Ulfstjerna.—I'll call it a legend until you have proved the opposite.

Adelaide.—How shall I be able to prove it when you are sleeping?

Ulfstjerna.—There we have it. It's just your womanly tactics, to attack a sleeping person, one who cannot defend himself.

Afelaide.—Pshaw! Why, all men snore.

Ulfstjerna.—How do you know that?

Adelaide.—Why, that's a known fact.

Ulfstjerna.—Who says so? The women. Have you ever heard a man reproach another man for snoring? No, it's the woman, the wife, the mistress, at whose side we trustfully fall asleep. She is the one who—in the dead of night—has composed the legend about man's snoring. That's the plain truth.

Adelaide (*Half admiringly*).—Well, you certainly can turn the tables!

Ulfstjerna (*Proudly*).—And let that be enough said about the affair. (*He becomes absorbed in the paper.*)

Adelaide.—Gladly for me. (*Slaps her knee.*) But that you have slept, you have acknowledged anyhow.

Ulfstjerna (*Intends to answer, but smiles sympathetically and continues reading.*)

Adelaide (*To* HELGE, *while she goes to the book shelf and takes a rolled manuscript.*) From whom is the letter?

Helge.—One of my friends.

Adelaide.—Wasn't it from a foreign country?

Helge.—Yes.

Ulfstjerna (*Looks up*).—What friends do *you* have in a foreign country?

Helge (*Meets his glance*).—Exiles.

Ulfstjerna (*Looks away, after a short silence*).—Is it from Henning Brandt?

Helge.—Yes.

Ulfstjerna.—As far as I know, he's neither of age nor exiled.

Helge.—His father is.

Ulfstjerna.—That's not the same thing. At least not nowadays when the sons—

Adelaide(*Trying to turn the conversation*).—What does he write? Is he getting along well?

Ulfstjerna.—Huh, Brandt is well taken care of. He is a politician, he is. And besides, to be exiled isn't the worst thing that can happen. There are fates more bitter.

Helge.—He doesn't write about himself.

Ulfstjerna.—There are fates more bitter. To live like an exile in his own country! (*To Adelaide irritated.*) Aren't you going soon?

Adelaide (*Who has been walking back and forth, reading her manuscript, hastily marking facial expressions and gestures.*) I don't come in before the second act.

Ulfstjerna.—No, of course not, a stock character!

Adelaide (*Stops instantly.*).—What did you say?

Ulfstjerna.—A stock character, I said.

Adelaide.—Well, well, It's a Duchess at any rate!

Ulfstjerna.—What was her name now again? The Duchess de-de.

Adelaide (*With poor pronunciation*).—De "Coulaincourt". You knew it very well.

Ulfstjerna.—Quite right. The Duchess de Kolängkor. Yes, that's exactly as if it had been written for you.

Adelaide.—Don't tease me, Johan.

Ulfstjerna.—Who might it be that distributes the parts nowadays.

Adelaide (*Bursts out in anger*).—Yes, you may ask that. Of course it's that fox Hanse, who's been fortunate enough to get his claws on the old man, and now manages worse than the devil. And Matilda, that piece of humanity, is having a clandestine play with him. It's a real scandal.

Ulfstjerna.—What talk, my best duchess!

Adelaide.—I know what I'm saying. Just see, what kind of

roles she's getting, while I—I must be satisfied with this kind. Four sheets of paper! That's shameful.

Ulfstjerna.—It's your own fault.

Adelaide.—My fault! Because I can't stand that flatterer. Don't you think he's tried? But I let him understand, "Away with your paws!" And that's just why—

Ulfstjerna.—Spare me from the details. Moreover, you misunderstand me. I mean that it's your fault, because you don't understand what hour the clock has struck. It's time that you pass over to your right field.

Adelaide.—What is my right field?

Ulfstjerna.—Mercy! Why the comic old ladies, of course.

Adelaide.—Ulf--stjerna! Dare—you—you—you—who—made a fiasco of your drama?

Ulfstjerna (*Rises*).—Adelaide!

Adelaide.—Isn't it true, perhaps? Didn't it make a fiasco? Your "Tancred"?

Ulfstjerna.—I forbid you to mention its name. You may slander my person, but if you touch my honor as an author—

Adelaide.—Your honor as an author! It's certainly a little stale—nowadays.

Ulfstjerna.—Wretch! (*He goes toward her with his hand raised to strike.*)

Helge (*Who has been holding his hands to his ears, trying to give his attention to the letter, rises, pale, beside himself in amazement*).—Papa! Mamma!

Adelaide.—Oh! Don't meddle with this. He won't strike. You know that very well.

Helge (*Looks at them. Then bursts out in a convulsive laughter that turns into weeping.*)

Adelaide (*Hurries to him.*) Oh Helge! Helge! (*She caresses his hair. He stops crying, pushes her away from him, and rises. His body trembles, and his eyes sparkle.*)

Helge.—Well, I know that you—care for each other—anyhow. It's only so ridiculous! How can you talk about roles and honors of authorships while our fatherland—our fatherland—

(*He is overcome with emotion. He looks bewildered. He runs into his room. He is heard locking his door.* ULFSTJERNA *and* ADELAIDE *look at each other.*)

Ulfstjerna.—What was the matter with him?

Adelaide.—He's been like that of late. I don't know what he's worrying about. I hope it isn't any political cabal.

Ulfstjerna.—Nonsense! Why he's just a child yet.

Adelaide.—Is he? Well, anyhow children are old nowadays. God only knows what they're thinking about. You could spare him a little, too. He's so much more delicate than we are.

Ulfstjerna.—Am I not delicate?

Adelaide.—Yes, of course—in another way.

Ulfstjerna.—Don't you think that I suffer from this eternal squabbling? To be drawn down, eternally—eternally to your trifles! No, there must be an end of this. It isn't worthy of me.

Adelaide.—Dear Johan—if you couldn't quarrel, you wouldn't be satisfied, either.

Ulfstjerna.—Satisfied! Am I satisfied? What is my life? Forgetfulness, ingratitude, a miserable work that hardly gives me my bread, and in my home—a woman who doesn't understand me, a son that disregards me. And I should be satisfied— I— Johan Ulfstjerna! (*He stops at the window and looks out.*) My country! What kind of country is it that's been given to me? A land where I've been frozen to death. A short spring and after that—eternal winter! I, a migrating song bird, fettered here! Snow, snow on my wings, till I was no longer able to lift them! Now it's all over—I can't sing any more! (*Throws himself down on a chair in an outburst of despair.*)

Adelaide (*Goes to him.*).—Dear Ulfstjerna.

Ulfstjerna (*Pulls her to himself and presses his head against her bosom.*) That anguish, Lalla! Perhaps never—never more! It's all over, for ever!

Adelaide(*Kisses him*).—You'll see.—Next time you'll surely have success. (*She leaves him and picks up her manuscript.*)

Ulfstjerna (*Looks at her with a little smile*).—Success!

Lina (*Comes from the vestibule and leaves a couple of cards*).—There are two gentlemen inquiring for you, Sir.

Ulfstjerna (*Takes the cards*).—Whom do *they* seek? (*He looks at the cards.*) They *do?*—Well, bid them step in. (LINA *goes.*)

It's Reback and Bogard. You know Bogard—my plagiarist. (*He seats himself in the arm chair.*) Put the role away, won't you? Come here.

(ADELAIDE *seats herself near him.* REBACK *and* BOGARD *enter. The former is about forty years old. He has Jewish features but not strongly marked. The latter is a little past twenty years old. He looks like a peasant, but of the type that shows talent as a decadist.*)

Reback.—Good evening, dear master. Good evening, fair

lady. Allow me to present Erik Bogard, our new author, one of your most ardent admirers.

Ulfstjerna (*Reserved*).—Much flattered.

Reback.—He has long wished to make your personal acquaintance. You surely know his poems already, don't you?

Ulfstjerna.—No, on the contrary—I follow modern literature very little.

Reback.—But that is a negligence, dear master, for which you must make amends as soon as possible.

Ulfstjerna.—I hope Mr. Brogard will excuse my age and the isolation in which I live. At any rate I bid you welcome to my humble dwelling. My wife, Mrs. Hagel-Ulfstjerna. Be seated. (*They sit down*) Well, you write poems, do you, Mr. Brogard?

Reback.—Bogard—from the name of his family estate.

Ulfstjerna.—Pardon me! Mr. Bogard.

Bogard (*Self-conscious*).—Only insignificant ones—yet.

Reback.—He is our young genius. No false modesty, Bogard! You know as well as I do that you are our young genius. He is a phenomenon. His father was a peasant—well, you can tell that by looking at him.

Adelaide (*Politely*).—Oh!

Reback.—Yes, my dear lady—and he is proud of it. The farmer type still remains in him. He is as strong as a bear. He can go on a three days' spree and you can't notice it on him—other things I must be quiet about.

Adelaide (*Embarrassed*).—Really.

Reback.—I am not exaggerating. But in this body of a bear you'll find the soul of a decadist, the most subtle senses, a sensibility almost feminine—an appreciation of form, refined to the utmost. A perfect phenomenon—Really, you must read his poems, dear master—

Bogard.—They're only insignificant yet! (*He rises and gives* ULFSTJERNA *the book which he has been holding.*) But, if I may, as a humble tribute of my admiration—

Ulfstjerna (*Takes the book*).—Oh, your poems! It will be a great pleasure. Look, Adelaide, what a beautiful binding. (*He opens the book to the title page, reads the dedication.*)

Reback (*To* BOGARD).—Do flatter him! That's the only way to his heart.

Ulfstjerna.—Very lovely. I am glad that I'm not entirely forgotten by the young people.

Reback.—Dear Master, perhaps you have never before stood in such high esteem among the young people as now.

Ulfstjerna.—Do you *say* so?

Reback.—Ask Bogard.

Bogard.—Yes, we consider you our forerunner.

Ulfstjerna (*Proudly*).—Well—really!

Bogard.—As the renewer of the language, the point from which the new poetry proceeds.

Ulfstjerna.—You mean—

Reback.—Bogard means simply that you are considered as our foremost writer of lyrics. That is the general opinion in the whole country. All say so.

Ulfstjerna (*Naively*).—In that case it ought to be said more loudly, so that it could be heard throughout the country.

Reback.—Certainly, but you yourself know why it isn't said.

Ulfstjerna.—No.

Reback.—It is quiet throughout the land now. We must be quiet with our sorrow, and therefore we are also quiet about our joy.

Ulfstjerna.—But that is wrong.

Reback.—Do *you* say so?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, why not I? I understand you mean that I myself—

Adelaide.—Dear Ulfstjerna, how can you believe—

Ulfstjerna (*Rises*).—Be quiet, Adelaide. Let me finish what I have to say. I wish to explain myself before this young friend of mine. I wish to consider him as a representative of the youth which I love in spite of everything, and to ask him to spread my words farther. I am reproached for accepting, from the oppressor of my country, my bread—a meagre piece, you can testify as to that yourself—I could answer, "Why, then, has not my own country given me this bread? Why do they let their poet starve?" But I do not give that as my answer. I answer that I try to take care of my country's interests and to defend its rights at the post which I, with much self-resignation, have accepted. I do not demand any thanks for it. I just want people to understand that Johan Ulfstjerna is as good a patriot as any body else.

Reback.—Yes, we are all patriots.

Ulfstjerna.—I have long wished to tell the young people this, but you know, I live in such an isolated manner, and I have no connections with them. My son—well, of course, he ought to be

my natural connecting link, but, to be frank, he isn't. I don't even know if he has any feeling for his father's work. Be quiet, Adelaide, I am not complaining. I am just stating facts. The young people are *like* that now, They live in their egoism. For that reason it has been a great pleasure for me to make the acquaintance of a young poet who understands me. (*He presses* BOGARD'S *hand.*)

Reback.—I was sure you would find each other at last, wasn't I?

Ulfstjerna.—But, as concerns your erotics, I take a stand that is distinctly adverse to them.

Bogard (*Surprised*).—You mean—my erotics?

Ulfstjerna.—I mean the interpretation that the whole new school gives. This frivolous interpretation of love, these boastful Don Juan fashions, this light-mindedness that is played—

Adelaide.—You are just suited to say that!

Ulfstjerna.—Am I suited—to say? What do you mean, Adelaide?

Adelaide.—Oh, pshaw! You weren't too good in your youth, yourself, I guess!

Ulfstjerna.—What are you saying? Have I been—

Adelaide.—Yes, you'll have to acknowledge, Ulstjerna.

Ulfstjerna.—Never in my life will I—acknowledge that! Have I been like these! Must I hear such words from my own wife! That's insulting! Really—

Reback.—Perhaps you do not understand your wife.

Ulfstjerna.—Do I understand you, Adelaide? Answer!

Adelaide (*To* REBACK).—Well, he was light-minded, that's true—but he wasn't frivolous.

Ulfstjerna (*Brightens*).—No, you're right in that at last—frivolous I was *not*!

Adelaide.—And how could he have been different, as spoiled as he was? All the girls raved about him. They ran after him as if he had been—a tenor.

Ulfstjerna.—Now don't exaggerate, Lalla.

Adelaide.—The many flowers he received, and then such letters! He always showed them to me.

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, alas—that was a glorious time! Young and light-minded.—No worries for the morrow.—Life was all a feast. No money in my pocket, but the song in my bosom! On my head, my first laurel wreath! In my heart, my first love!

Come here Laila, and give me a kiss. (ADELAIDE *goes to him and kisses him.*)

Reback.—I'm sorry that I didn't know you then, Ulfstjerna.

Adelaide.—Yes, there was something fascinating about him, that is true and certain.

Ulfstjerna.—How about her, then? You should have seen her at the time when she was still in the ballet. Such a figure! Such eyes! Whole parquets bent their knees to her. When I came to take her home after the spectacle, I walked as a conqueror over crushed hearts. She was magnificent. Where do you have the picture, Lalla—the one in which you represent Preciosa?

Adelaide.—Why, that's hanging in your room.

Ulfstjerna.—You must see it—Is that you, Helge? Come here. (HELGE *has come out from his room. At the sight of the strangers he has stopped and made an involuntary gesture with his hand to his heart. Now he comes forward.*)

Ulfstjerna.—This is my son, Dr. Reback. Well, you know each other, I believe! Mr. Bogard—Erik Bogard, our promising young poet. Perhaps you have heard about him. (HELGE *shakes hands with them.*)

Adelaide.—How pale you are, my boy!

Helge.—I?—No. (*He goes to the window.*)

Adelaide (*Looks at her watch*).—Heavens! Why I'm completely forgetting the theater.

Ulfstjerna.—Adelaide! I have an idea. I'll go out with these gentlemen for a while, and then we'll come for you, and we'll dine together. What do you say about that?

Reback (*Exchanges a quick glance with* HELGE *who stands by the writing-desk.*) If it won't be too late?

Ulfstjerna.—Certainly not! You take part only in the second act, don't you?

Adelaide.—Yes, at half past nine I am at leisure.

Ulfstjerna.—Then it's decided. (*He pats* BOGARD *on the shoulder.*) We'll drink you under the table, Bogard. I'll just tidy up a little. Come along, and I'll let you see the picture. (*He goes to his room with* BOGARD.)

Reback (*At the window*).—Look, what a view you have! Why that's the Government-building right opposite, isn't it?

Adelaide.—Yes, the view is quite good, but the stairs are inconvenient. And then, it's beginning to be crowded for us. Helge doesn't have a room of his own, you know. Now we've

my natural connecting link, but, to be frank, he isn't. I
even know if he has any feeling for his father's work. Be
Adelaide, I am not complaining. I am just stating facts
young people are *like* that now, They live in their egoism
that reason it has been a great pleasure for me to make
quaintance of a young poet who understands me. (*H*
BOGARD'S *hand.*)

Reback.—I was sure you would find each other at la
I?

Ulfstjerna.—But, as concerns your erotics, I take a
is distinctly adverse to them.

Bogard (*Surprised*).—You mean—my erotics?

Ulfstjerna.—I mean the interpretation that the
school gives. This frivolous interpretation of love, th
Don Juan fashions, this light-mindedness that is play

Adelaide.—You are just suited to say that!

Ulfstjerna.—Am I suited—to say? What d
Adelaide?

Adelaide.—Oh, pshaw! You weren't too good i
yourself, I guess!

Ulfstjerna.—What are you saying? Have I

Adelaide.—Yes, you'll have to acknowledge, U

Ulfstjerna.—Never in my life will I—ack
Have I been like these! Must I hear such word
wife! That's insulting! Really—

Reback.—Perhaps you do not understand y

Ulfstjerna.—Do I understand you, Adela

Adelaide (*To* REBACK).—Well, he was lig
true—but he wasn't frivolous.

Ulfstjerna (*Brightens*).—No, you're righ
frivolous I was *not*!

Adelaide.—And how could he have been
as he was? All the girls raved about him.
as if he had been—a tenor.

Ulfstjerna.—Now don't exaggerate, L

Adelaide.—The many flowers he rece
letters! He always showed them to me.

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, alas—that was a
and light-minded.—No worries for the m
feast. No money in my pocket, but the
my head, my first laurel wreath! In m

me that
ear' your
s evening.
t. Don't sit
ADELAIDE *comes*
all except HELGE
in the vestibule. He
letter, and looks at it.
with his eyes widely

Come here Lalla, and give me a kiss! (ADELAIDE *goes to him and kisses him.*)

Reback.—I'm sorry that I didn't know you then, Ulfstjerna.

Adelaide.—Yes, there was something fascinating about him, that is true and certain.

Ulfstjerna.—How about her, then? You should have seen her at the time when she was still in the ballet. Such a figure! Such eyes! Whole parquets bent their knees to her. When I came to take her home after the spectacle, I walked as a conqueror over crushed hearts. She was magnificent! Where do you have the picture, Lalla—the one in which you represent Preciosa?

Adelaide.—Why, that's hanging in your room.

Ulfstjerna.—You must see it—Is that you, Helge? Come here. (HELGE *has come out from his room. At the sight of the strangers he has stopped and made an involuntary gesture with his hand to his heart. Now he comes forward.*)

Ulfstjerna.—This is my son, Dr. Reback. Well, you know each other, I believe! Mr. Bogard—Erik Bogard, our promising young poet. Perhaps you have heard about him. (HELGE *shakes hands with them.*)

Adelaide.—How pale you are, my boy!

Helge.—I?—No. (*He goes to the window.*)

Adelaide (*Looks at her watch*).—Heavens! Why I'm completely forgetting the theater.

Ulfstjerna.—Adelaide! I have an idea. I'll go out with these gentlemen for a while, and then we'll come for you, and we'll dine together. What do you say about that?

Reback (*Exchanges a quick glance with* HELGE *who stands by the writing-desk.*) If it won't be too late?

Ulfstjerna.—Certainly not! You take part only in the second act, don't you?

Adelaide.—Yes, at half past nine I am at leisure.

Ulfstjerna.—Then it's decided. (*He pats* BOGARD *on the shoulder.*) We'll drink you under the table, Bogard. I'll just tidy up a little. Come along, and I'll let you see the picture. (*He goe to his room with* BOGARD.)

Reback (*At the window*).—Look, what a view you have! Why that's the Government-building right opposite, isn't it?

Adelaide.—Yes, the view is quite good, but the stairs are inconvenient. And then, it's beginning to be crowded for us. Helge doesn't have a room of his own, you know. Now we've

been obliged to fit up this "Creep-in" for him, where he can, at least, sleep. He has to keep his writing-desk out here.

Reback.—Why, it's all very cozy-looking.

Adelaide.—Oh, yes, to be garret apartments. There's a couple of more rooms up here in the attic that would suit well for Helge. A workingman's family has them now, a typographer and his daughter. He became a widower a couple of months ago. So it might happen that he'll move.

Helge.—I believe they won't, mother.

Adelaide.—Why, the girl is grown up and will surely go out to work I should think. And then—Aren't you coming along, Helge?

Helge.—No, I don't have time. I'm going to read.

Adelaide.—Don't sit up too late, though. Think of your eyes.

Helge.—Mamma, can't Lina have the evening off?

Adelaide.—Yes, that's right of you. I'll tell her. (*She goes out into the vestibule.*)

Reback(*Goes quickly to* HELGE *and reaches him a letter.*)

Hide that. Read it carefully! Then burn it! (HELGE *takes the letter. He stands as if he were paralyzed.*)

Hide it (HELGE *puts the letter in his pocket.*)

Reback (*Looks at him sharply*).—Do you have the courage?

Helge (*Straightens up and breathes deeply*).—Depend on me!

Reback.—Boy! (*He embraces him and kisses him on his forehead, then leaves him.* ULFSTJERNA, *in different attire, comes back with* BOGARD. ADELAIDE, *dressed in street clothes, is seen at the door to the vestibule.*)

Adelaide.—Now, you'll have to hurry.

Ulfstjerna.—We're coming now. (*He takes the volume that* BOGARD *has given him.*) We'll take this with us. We'll read your poems, and mine, too—mine, too! We'll have a glorious evening. Well, what are you going to do, Helge?

Helge.—I'm going to stay at home.

Ulfstjerna.—As you like—perhaps that's best. Don't sit up waiting for us. Good-night, my boy!

(BOGARD *and* REBACK *bid* HELGE *farewell.* ADELAIDE *comes running from the vestibule and kisses him. Then all except* HELGE *go out into the vestibule.*)

Helge (*Stands listening to their voices in the vestibule. He hears the door slam. Then he takes up the letter, and looks at it. He is pale. He stares straight ahead of him with his eyes widely*

opened. He whispers).—I! (*He breathes heavily. While he is opening the letter, the curtain falls.*)

ACT II

Same place. It is late in the evening. The hanging lamp over the center table is lighted.

HELGE *comes from the vestibule with* AGDA. *She is dark complexioned. Although she is only seventeen years old, she is a fully developed woman.*

Helge.—You came at last! How I've waited!

Agda (*Doesn't dare to go into the room*).—Are you real sure? Just think if they'd come!

Helge.—There's no danger. They were going to dine after the show was over.—And Lina is out, too—

Agda.—Yes, I don't care about her! But I am so frightened. You know how close it was last time.

Helge.—You don't need to be afraid. We have at least an hour—come!

Agda (*Goes into the room*).—Well—Here I am! But pull down the curtain!

Helge.—Why, no one can see us—For three hours I've waited for you to come home!

Agda.—How could I know that?

Helge.—You should have divined it—Besides you knew that your father had night turn

Agda.—I had to go away.

Helge.—How fine you are! Where have you been?

Agda.—Guess!

Helge.—How I've waited! (*He walks up behind her, embraces her, and tries to kiss her.*)

Agda (*Glides out of his arms as quickly as lightning*).—Why Helge! Fie! (*She wipes her cheek where his kiss struck her.*) You are so clumsy!

Helge (*Ashamed*).—Forgive me!

Agda (*Stamps her foot on the floor*).—You must not kiss me when *I* don't want you to.

Helge.—I've longed for you so much!

Agda (*Sulky*).—As if you had any reason to.

Helge.—You surely don't have any heart at all, Agda.

Agda (*Smiling*).—No—perhaps!

(HELGE *sits down on the sofa, sad.*)

Agda (*Goes around the room singing softly. She stops at his desk*).—Have you written any on that thing lately?

Helge.—No.

Agda.—And you haven't found a title for it, either?

Helge.—Yes.

Agda.—Oh, tell me!

Helge.—I call it, "My Political Will."

Agda.—How funny! Then don't you expect to publish it before you're dead?

Helge.—No. And besides—*that* doesn't matter.

Agda.—I thought it was excellent! (*She puts his desk in order.*) How careless you are! It's surely noticeable that you're a genius.

Helge.—Nobody knows what I am. And no one shall ever find it out.—(*He whispers*) It will always remain a secret.

Agda (*Has approached him, sings away softly*).—May I sit here?

Helge (*Makes room*).—Sit down!

Agda (*Sits down and smooths her dress*).—Isn't it much more pleasant to sit like this—properly and talk?—Say! What are you smiling at?—Do tell me!

Helge.—I was thinking about the first time—in the hall. Do you remember?

Agda (*Twitches her eyebrows, trying to recall*).—No.

Helge (*Again hurt*).—You don't care for me at all, do you?

Agda (*Impetuously*).—I don't care for you! Would I come here if I didn't—so terribly frightened as I am each time? What do you think father would say if he knew I was sitting here?

Helge.—But you're not doing any harm.

Agda.—No, that's what I think—but—(*She makes a gesture as if she intends to dismiss the thought.*)

Anyhow, a person must fool her parents, isn't that so? Otherwise, she won't succeed!

Helge.—No.

Agda (*Moves more closely to him*).—You are my hero!—You know that, don't you?

Helge.—Kiss me then!

Agda (*Kisses him, calmly, as a comrade would*).—Are you satisfied now?

Helge (*Hesitaing*).—Ye-s.

Agda.—How funny you men are! (*She looks at* HELGE *who has wrinkled his forehead.*) What have I said now?

Helge.—I don't like that you say: "You men!"

Agda.—Isn't that good enough? I suppose it's too plain for the gentleman!

Helge (*Severely*).—Agda!

Agda.—Well, I know that you think I'm plain, and that you're condescending when you're with me. That's how you all are—fine gentlemen! That's what mamma said, too. We're good enough to be kissed, but—

Helge (*Rises and bursts out*).— Don't talk about others, when I'm concerned—*I'm* concerned!

Agda (*Surprised*).—Why, Helge! What's the matter with you to-night?

Helge (*Sits down again*).—Nothing. Why have you let me wait for you? Three hours—three whole hours—that will never come again!

Agda.—But now I'm here, am I not?

Helge.—Yes. Now you are here!

Agda.—I went to see Agnes. I had promised to come and help her sew. You know she's going to be married in a month—what do you want?

Helge.—Give me your hand!

Agda.—It's so red! It was so cold outside.

Helge.—That doesn't matter. (*He takes her hand between both of his. Then he sits and observes her while she talks.*)

Agda.—Clara was there also, and we had such a good time! I was astonished when I saw what time it was. We were sewing at—well, you're not supposed to know that. Just think, in a month she'll be married! And she is only a year older than I am!—Do you know, I am bigger around the bust than she. We measured.

Helge.—And much prettier.

Agda (*Boldly*).—How do you know?

Helge.—Shall I never be allowed to know it?

Agda (*Shakes her head smiling*).—No—never! (*She kisses him on his cheek.*) Dear Helge!

Helge.—Agda, would you like to be in her place?

Agda (*Reflecting*).—No, I believe not. He is very amiable, and he will, no doubt, become an excellent husband, but—well, he is a clerk in the spice store! No, I shouldn't like to be in her place. Land's sake! No!

Helge.—How sweet you are, Agda!

Agda (*After a silence*).—A woman can have anything at all, you know. Say—can't she?

Helge.—What do you mean?

Agda.—I mean that for her there are no impossibilities. Of course, there aren't any for you, either, but you must work for what you get—make yourselves deserving of it, while a woman, why, she gets it without doing anything. Some fine day it falls down to her—just because she is—just as she is. Isn't that wonderful? How wonderful!

Helge.—Say do you know, when you sit like that and think, you always draw the corners of your mouth up a little.

Agda.—Do I?

Helge.—That looks so mysterious. I believe that's what made me like you at first.

Agda (*Looks curiously at him*).—How funny! With you it was your eyes—yes, and then your hair, of course. (*They sit quietly, hand in hand.*)

Helge.—When I sit like this and hold your hand, and hear you talk, I don't understand that it can't always be so!

Agda.—Always!

Helge.—Yes, or next year—next week! (*He rises and bursts out.*) I think it's impossible—that it isn't *so*!

Agda (*Frightened*).—What is it, Helge? You are so strange! What *is* it?

Helge.—Nothing. (*He sits down again.*) Kiss me, Agda!

Agda.—No, No, Helge! It's late. I certainly must go.

Helge.—Not yet! We have some time yet!

Agda.—Why couldn't it be like this, as long as we care for each other.

Helge.—Well, of course it could.

Agda.—Do your parents know anything about it?

Helge.—No. Besides—that doesn't have any significance. There is something higher than parents. (AGDA *looks at him with a questioning glance.*) Agda! If our fatherland demanded it, would you be able to sacrifice your happiness?

Agda.—Our fatherland?

Helge.—Would you be able to?

Agda.—Yes,—then. (*With a sigh of relief.*) But it isn't demanding it, is it?

Helge (*Rises, walks around, forgets her*).—That's what they all say—but no one—no one will do anything. What will be-

become of it? Words, hardly words, sighs, curses! No one who dares anything, no one who—acts! We are supposed to endure—to be quiet—to be patient—and then perhaps it will dawn some time! How long shall we be patient? Until everything has been taken away from us? And then, when the day comes, we won't know what to do with it. No, it must happen now! Why doesn't it happen now, just now? I can't understand that. All that's necessary is only that one—only one—

Agda (*Breathless*).—What, Helge?

Helge (*Stops and looks at her*).—Why, it's only necessary that one person—sacrifices himself for all.

Agda.—Would you be able to do that?

Helge.—Yes, if I were chosen.

Agda.—But what would you do?

Helge.—A deed, so un-heard-of that all would awaken —all would tremble!

Agda.—What deed?

Helge.—That! (*He looks at her and smiles.*) Oh a person can't confide such a thing to a—girl!

Agda (*Rises*).—Oh shame on you Helge—shame—shame! I who—I hate them, hate them!

Helge.—Do you dare to listen to it?

Agda (*Stamps her foot on the floor*).—I want to know it—I want to!

Helge (*Seizes her hand*).—Swear that you won't betray me!

Agda.—I swear.

Helge.—Never—if it meant—your life!

Agda.—Why don't you believe me?

Helge (*Leads her to the window and points out*).—I shall kill—*him* over there!

Agda (*With a shriek*).—God—Helge!

Helge.—Were you frightened? Do you see, there is still—a light in some of the windows over there? That's *his* room. He's sitting up there, working—forging plans against us. I've seen it so many evenings. The light is never extinguished there before midnight—and I can't go to sleep until then. Before it's dark there, I don't have any peace. It's just as if it were hell that's glaring in my face. I want to put it out—put it out!

Agda (*Snuggles tightly to him*).—Why *you*—just *you*?

Helge.—And if I were the chosen one, if it were intended that I—just I—should do it! Why does the thought always pursue me? Why can't I get rid of it, otherwise? I've thought about it

for a year. At first it seemed only a fancy, but now—it seems as if it is the only reality—it seems as everything else— did not exist. A few days ago I met him on the street. He was riding. I stopped and looked at him. He met my glance and—(*clinching his fist*) he smiled a little! It was only a moment, but I felt then that I'd be able to do it.—Not only want to, but even be able to! My hand wouldn't tremble. I'd be as calm, as immovable as—death itself! Don't you believe me?

Agda.—Yes

Helge (*Walks around and talks in a rather cold excitement*).—Why do they fail so often, those people that want to do something like that? I've thought about that, too. It's because they wish to save themselves, they hope to be able to flee. And then they become cowardly in the last minute, and they shoot amiss. But if a person has decided to die, then what does he have to fear? For the one who wants to sacrifice his life, nothing is impossible. That's the condition! That's the price! It was a long time before I understood that, and during that time it seemed impossible to me. But now, since I know—that too—now—

Agda.—Don't talk any more, Helge! It's getting so dreadful.

Helge (*Stops*).—Are you afraid?

Agda.—Yes. (*She nestles close to him.*) God be praised that it isn't so!

Helge (*Severely, as if speaking to a stranger*).—Yes! Yes, indeed! (*He pushes her away from him.*) Now you must go!

Agda.—Shall I go—already?

Helge.—Yes, it's late. They might come any time at all.

Agda (*Looks at her watch*).—Oh yes! It's soon twelve o'clock. Are you going to bed, too?

Helge.—Yes, perhaps!

Agda.—Helge, I believe papa has night turn this whole week, and I'm going to be at home every evening.

Helge (*Nods*)

Agda.—Well, good-night!

Helge (*Takes her hand*).—Good-night. (*Their eyes meet.*)

Agda (*Lets his hand loose, making a gesture with her hand at her heart while she utters a shriek.*) Helge! It's so! (HELGE *turns away and nods.*) You intend to do it?

Helge (*Whispering*).—Yes. (*He goes to the table, sits down,and stares rigidly straight ahead.*)

Agda (*Goes over to him, falls on her knees beside him, takes his*

hand between both of hers, and presses it to her bosom.) Helge darling! Darling Helge!

Helge (Looks at her with the same rigid stare).—Forgive me! I'm so sorry for your sake. I've borne it alone—so long. I had to tell it.

Agda.—Yes, Thank you! Thank you! *(She becomes calm and still again.)* When Helge?

Helge.—Soon! Everything is planned. If you betray me, I must die, anyhow.

Agda.—I'll not betray you. *(She snuggles close to him.)* Helge! Listen! *(With her face close to his.)* I want to die with you!

Helge (Looks at her with beaming eyes).—Do you?

Agda.—Yes.

Helge (Warding her off).—No, no—not *you*!

Agda.—*Let* me, *let* me, Helge!

Helge.—But you are so young. Much younger than I.

Agda.—I am eighteen.

Helge.—Don't you like to live, Agda?

Agda.—Yes, but when you'll be gone.

Helge (Almost happy, childishly confidential).—You see, Agda, the old people—they don't want to, we are the ones that must do it. Have you ever thought about the fact that all, who have died for a cause willingly, have been young? All martyrs! I have investigated it. Isn't that strange?

Agda.—Perhaps a person can't love later in life. Then I shall be glad to die.

Helge.—Yes. What is this life without honor? It's a pity about the old people. They have never obtained what they wanted, and that's why they pine away, envious of those who succeed.

Agda.—I never thought that I'd grow old.

Helge.—I've been afraid of that. Before I knew you I thought that there wasn't anything of any worth. As far back as I can remember, I have dreamt about glory, but since I became older, I began to doubt—that there was any. Well, in books, perhaps, in history, but *not* in *life*. Nobody interpreted it just as I did, you know. What they were satisfied with, what they called glory—Oh, how paltry it was! *(Passionately.)* I can't wait, I can't be contented! What do I care about life! It is immortality I want—now— now! I can't wait!

Agda (Rises).—You're going to be a hero!

Helge (Rises also).—Do you think so? Perhaps they will for-

get me! Then is it such a great thing that I'm doing? Sometimes I doubt it.

Agda.—Nobody else dares to do it, you know.

Helge.—No—and that is why I must. Now, since you know it, I am calm. I am almost glad, Agda! They, who, some time in the future, will become free, will perhaps, perhaps remember us. We shall live in freedom, Agda—in freedom! Isn't that a thought—Oh, how radiant! (*They stand hand in hand, looking into the distance with gleaming eyes.*)

Helge.—Come! I'll show you! (*He goes to the desk in the background, takes a key out of his pocket, opens a drawer, and picks up a pile of papers which he lays on the desk. Then he picks up a revolver which was lying under them.*)— I bought that last summer. When we were out in the country I practiced. Be careful—it's loaded.

Agda.—Give it to me!

Helge.—Hold it like this!

Agda (*Takes the revolver with both hands, bends down, and kisses it.*)

Helge (*Looks at her*).—I love you!

Agda.—And I, *you*!

Helge.—We still have two days left!

Agda.—Two days? Oh, yes!

Helge.—We'll be together the whole time. I have thought out a plan. Hush! (*He listens to a noise in the vestibule.*) They're coming!

Agda.—Heavens! (*She makes a move toward the door.*)

Helge.—You won't have time. Lay down the revolver! (*While* AGDA *lays down the revolver and shuts the door, he hurries to the center table and extinguishes the light in the hanging lamp. He goes back to her in the dark and takes her hand.*)

Come in to my room until they're gone to bed. (*They steal away into his room.*)

(*One hears the outside door of the vestibule slam. Voices and noise are heard in the vestibule. Then the door is opened and* ADELAIDE *peeps in.*)

Adelaide.—No, it is dark. (*Noise in the vestibule.*)

Gawsh! Wait, till I've lighted the gas. (*A gleam of light shines through the open door.*)

Adelaide (*Comes in, goes to* HELGE'S *room and calls softly.*) Helge!—No, he has gone to bed. I told you so, didn't I?

Ulfstjerna (*Comes in, and stumbles on the threshold*).—The devil!

Adelaide (*Laughs*).—Please don't make such a racket!

Ulfstjerna.—That damned threshold is going to be done away with! And that, to-morrow! (ADELAIDE *laughs.*) Aren't you going to light the lamp?

Adelaide (*Goes to the sofa and throws herself down upon it carelessly.*)—Light it yourself, my old man!

Ulfstjerna.—Well, where are the matches?

Adelaide.—They're on the table.

Ulfstjerna (*Finds the matches and fumbles for the lamp*).—Didn't I say so? The globe is still warm.

Adelaide.—It must be *you* that's warm. (*She watches him while he tries to light the lamp, laughing continuously.*)

Ulfstjerna.—What in hell are you laughing at? Are you drunk?

Adelaide (*Good natured*).—You're fit to say that, aren't you! Wait, I guess I'll—(*She goes to the lamp and lights it. Then she extinguishes the light in the vestibule.*)

Ulfstjerna (*In the armchair*).—Where is Lina?

Adelaide.—Why, I guess she's gone to bed, or else she's out yet.

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, of course she's out roaming with her gallant. And you tolerate it?

Adelaide (*Again on the sofa*).—Pshaw! She's a human being, too, isn't she?

Ulfstjerna.—Do you call that being human?

Acelaide.—Yes—Don't you?

Ulfstjerna.—You ought to think of Helge at least. Who knows what he might start?

Adelaide.—He doesn't think about anything like that. You know that well.

Ulfstjerna.—I don't know anything that goes on in this house. But—he's my son, isn't he?

Adelaide.—Yes, God knows that!

Ulfstjerna.—What are you saying?

Adelaide.—Sometimes a person can hardly believe that he is.

Ulfstjerna.—Well, well, you're doing him an injustice anyhow! Devil of a maid that can't keep herself at home! I can't understand, anyhow, what they see in her.

Adelaide.—Men aren't so particular. What do *you* want her for?

Ulfstjerna.—I want my slippers and my jacket!

Adelaide.—Wait then! (*She goes to* ULFSTJERNA'S *room. As soon as she disappears,* ULFSTJERNA *rises, goes to the window, and eyes* HELGE'S *desk, askance. As he sees the papers that remain lying there, he lifts them, but drops them again just as* ADELAIDE *returns.*)

Adelaide (*With his jacket and slippers*).—Here they are. But aren't you going to bed?

Ulfstjerna (*Taking off his coat and donning his jacket*).—No, perhaps I'll sit up and work a little.

Adelaide (*Again on the sofa*).—Pshaw! Do go and lie down! Oh! How warm I am! (*She unbuttons her waist.*)

Ulfstjerna (*Looks askance at her*).—Aren't you going to bed?

Adelaide.—Yes, I suppose I am. How did you like that Bogard?

Ulfstjerna.—That death-dancer!

Adelaide.—Yes,—he certainly wasn't talkative.

Ulfstjerna.—So much the better for it. Why, he was an idiot!

Adelaide.—I wonder if it's true what Reback said.

Ulfstjerna.—About his poems! That's all humbug.

Adelaide.—No, I mean that he is so—so *strong*.

Ulfstjerna (*Looks askance at her*).—Does that interest you?

Adelaide (*Laughs*).—Interest! No, but—

Ulfstjerna.—Don't you think I noticed that you made eyes at him?

Adelaide.—Well, what of it? That was innocent pleasure, wasn't it?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes—woman's innocence! But as for the rest of it, a person ought not to put more confidence in Reback than what is fair. He's a fox! He has such an unpleasant manner of flattering.

Adelaide.—Unpleasant! Well—

Ulfstjerna.—The manner is disagreeable. It sounds as if he doesn't believe what he says, himself. Besides, he is a *Jew*.

Adelaide.—A person never thinks of that.

Ulfstjerna.—*I* think about it. As a *Teuton I* think about it—always!

Adelaide.—Perhaps *I'm* not a real *Teuton*.

Ulfstjerna.—You—no—You're a Mongolian, aren't you?

Adelaide.—Suits me! He is liberal at any rate! (*She yawns and stretches herself.*) Now I'm going to bed.

Ulfstjerna.—Do go!

Adelaide (*Looks at him, smiling*).—Are you really going to work?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, I said. I have a poem in my head.

Adelaide.—That's too bad! (*She rises.*) Well, good night, then! (*She goes up to him and bends over him to kiss him.*)

Ulfstjerna (*Turns his face away*).—Button your waist!

Adelaide (*Laughs*).—For you!

Ulfstjerna (*Lays his clinched fist on the writing-desk*).—How many poems, do you think, have remained unwritten on account of you?

Adelaide.—Ah—you don't say so! Well, I declare! Shall I make a light in your room?

Ulfstjerna.—No, I'll sit there—at Helge's desk!

Adelaide.—Well, good night then!—Don't forget to turn the light off! (*She goes.*)

Ulfstjerna (*Looks in the direction she goes, then he strikes his fist upon the table*).—No—a person ought to live in celibacy! (*He stares straight ahead. His face becomes old and tired-looking. Suddenly he rises, goes to listen at* HELGE'S *door, then he goes to the writing-desk and picks up the papers. Immediately his eyes fall upon the drawer that* AGDA *closed only half way.*)

What's that? (*He opens the drawer and picks up the revolver.*)

A revolver? (*He is startled and lays the revolver down hastily. Just as he rises, he meets* HELGE'S *glance. The latter has come out of his room quietly. He has seen his father and has made a warding-off gesture back towards the room while he closed the door. Now he rushes forward, pushes* ULFSTJERNA *aside, and snatches the papers.*)

Helge.—Papa!

Ulfstjerna (*Surprised, embarrassed, and suddenly quite sober*). Helge! Haven't you—gone to bed?

Helge (*Throws the papers in a drawer, locks it, and pockets the key. He stands before the desk as if on guard, looking at his father with glaring eyes.*) Spy! Spy!

Ulfstjerna.—Please don't shout so! Mamma might——

(*He sits down in the arm-chair, wipes his forehead, and then lets his hands drop.*)

Helge (*Follows him whispering*).—Is it possible? You—a traitor, too!

Ulfstjerna (*Bewildered*).—What do you mean? I just wanted to—

Helge.—What did you want—in my drawer?

Ulfstjerna.—I wanted to—(*He straightens up with an attempt at authority.*) Where did you get the revolver?

Helge.—It's mine. I've bought it.

Ulfstjerna.—What are you going to do with it? You know it's forbidden.

Helge.—I don't allow myself to be forbidden. We all have them, all who—have any honor to lose.

Ulfstjerna.—It isn't loaded at least, is it?

Helge (*Sornfully*).—No. You don't need to be afraid. But the papers—what were you going to do with the papers? Steal them?

Ulfstjerna.—Are you crazy, boy? I steal?

Helge.—What did you want then? Explain.

Ulfstjerna (*Embarrassed*).—Why, it was only—because I was interested.

Helge.—Interested?

Ulfstjerna (*Gradually growing a little safer*).—Yes. Why, certainly I've been able to understand that you—have been busy writing something, and that's why—I wanted to see if it—amounted to anything?

Helge.—What should I be working with?

Ulfstjerna.—How do I know (*He looks at him.*) Perhaps—poetry?

Helge (*Wondering*).—Poetry?—Did you read anything?

Ulfstjerna.—No, but—I didn't see any poetry.

Helge (*Relieved, almost laughs.*)

Ulfstjerna (*With suspicion*).—Not? What are you writing then?

Helge.—Not anything like what you think. Poetry! Oh, no!

Ulfstjerna.—Then what is it?—It was something.

Helge.—I can't tell you. Not now. Some time, perhaps, you'll see it. It is politics.

Ulfstjerna.—Politics? Do you busy yourself with such things?

Helge.—Yes. Theoretically, of course.

Ulfstjerna.—You ought to let it alone. It's both stupid and dangerous. (*He rises.*) Well, anyhow, I'm glad that you're not going around here with any poetical fancies in your head.

Helge (*Looks at him curiously*).—Are you glad? Why so?

Ulfstjerna.—Because—one victim ought to be enough.

Helge.—Victim?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, victims! Because we are victims! Look at me! Do you think I'm happy?

Helge.—No,—but papa, isn't it your own fault?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, it's my fault. My wish—my fate! And still, can I help it? I was an instrument—a charming instrument. Once the Master played me, played joyfully, played as if he wished to praise his work. And then all listened—yes, Helge, *all* listened! But the Master left me, and then life took hold of me and poured into my ear its woeful sound just as it did to all the rest of us. I know that it vexes you and mamma,—but how do you think it cuts me? I, who have trembled under the Master's hand—in bliss—for it was bliss! And then to wait for His return—wait in anxiety and trembling fear that I am no longer worthy, that I am out of tune, broken, ruined—perhaps forever! That's an inferno, Helge!

Helge.—Then wasn't it worth—the sacrifice?

Ulfstjerna.—Well, was it? (*He looks at him pleadingly.*) Do you think it was?

Helge.—Yes.

Ulfstjerna (*Looks at him*).—You—who never—

Helge.—Papa—I love your poems.

Ulfstjerna (*Radiant*).—You, Helge! (*He seizes his hand and kisses it.*)

Thank you, thank you! Well! You see, that was my life, that was! (*He collapses in the arm chair, the tears run down his cheek.*) Yes, that was my life! Everything else is worth nothing—nothing! Why have you never told me that before?

Helge.—You wanted to have flattery. And that—I couldn't give.

Ulfstjerna.—Flattery! No! Then you haven't understood me. It was the pleasure of the others that I wanted, and when I obtained that, then perhaps I was satisfied with flattery. Do you think I took delight in it? Oh no! It's been a miserable surrogate. And that was the way with everything! I needed pleasure to be able to sing—and what pleasure did I get? A spree now and then! I needed love, gratitude, admiration—yes, Helge, I needed all these things! And what did I get? Miserable courtesy, poor criticism, a little bit of flattery, perhaps! I couldn't write poetry while in doubt and distrust. And soon I stood there doubting myself. Do you understand what it is to be compelled to cope with yourself, to have your own past for your rival, your enemy, and to feel how forgetfulness steals over you—relentlessly—forgetfulness

of life itself—and in the midst of others, who grow up, young, ambitious, rapacious, who rob an older person and slander him?—They are grave-diggers! Their song is my dirge! There's nothing but rivals, successors, foes! For that's what we *all* are, we authors,—all of us,—no matter how we disguise ourselves—deepest within our hearts, we are enemies—in life and death! We can love the poem, but we hate each other. That's the truth. Do you understand now, how the thought that my son, my own son—

Helge (*Severely*).—You won't have to fear for me.

Ulfstjerna.—Oh, that wasn't *it*, either! I feared for myself—I hoped for you. Do you *hate* me now?

Helge.—I don't understand you?

Ulfstjerna.—That's the kind of person I am—*life* has made me like *that*. But do not judge me as I am now. (*He lays his hand on a book on the table.*) Here is where you find me. Here is my real self. The other is only—the refuse.

Helge (*Bursts out*).—I don't understand you. Isn't life more than poetry?

Ulfstjerna (*Shakes his head*).—Not for us—poets.

Helge.—Then I'm glad that—

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, be glad, my son. Because we must live anyhow, you know. And thus our lives become our own caricatures.

Helge.—Father—why do you just *wait* for the Master? Why don't you *call* Him *yourself*?

Ulfstjerna.—Don't you believe I've done that? But *He* won't listen to me.

Helge.—Then have you kept yourself worthy?

Ulfstjerna.—What do you mean?

Helge.—Don't you understand? You were to be our singer, and you have allowed yourself to be allured by our enemies.

Ulfstjerna.—Hush! No more about that!

Helge.—How could you do it?

Ulfstjerna.—I couldn't do anything else. I had to live, didn't I?

Helge.—Couldn't you fight your way then, you as well as others?

Ulfstjerna.—No, I could not. The others—they have bills and claws, they have—but what did I have to fight my way through with? No weapons, you see—no weapons for the battle. Too vulnerable, too proud, too weak, perhaps, too—but not a cheat!

I couldn't live like a vagabond, could I?—So I had to earn my bread! Is that *my* fault? What has *my* country done for *me*?

Helge.—Father, you don't understand. You can't demand anything—you must give everything!

Ulfstjerna.—You are strict, you are! You are young, yes, you are young! What was it you called me? Traitor!—That's a hard word!

Helge.—Forgive me! I didn't know, you know—

Ulfstjerna.—I don't understand what you meant with it—

Helge.—I didn't mean anything. Don't think about it any more.

Ulfstjerna.—Helge, there's something you're hiding from me.

Helge.—No, I assure you. But it's late, and I am tired, papa.

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, indeed, you are quite pale—Now we're going to bed—Good night!

Helge.—Good night! You go—I'll turn the light off.

Ulfstjerna (*Stops at the door*).—You don't know how I fear for you, and how proud I am of you. I wanted you to become all—that I haven't been able to become!

Helge.—Don't worry about *me*, papa—Good night! (ULFSTJERNA *goes.*)

Helge (*Stands, listening a moment. Then he steals to his door, opens it a little, and whispers*).—Agda!

Agda (*Inside*).—Yes!

Helge.—Wait a moment! I'll turn the light off first. (*He extinguishes the light, and then goes back.*)

Come now! (AGDA *comes out. He takes her hand and leads her toward the door of the vestibule. Suddenly he stops.*) Agda! Are you crying?

Agda.—Oh! Helge! (*She throws herself around his neck, crying. They stand without making a motion, closely embraced.*)

ACT III

Same place. Morning. ULFSTJERNA *is seated by the window, looking out.* ADELAIDE *comes from the bedroom, in a dressing gown.*

Adelaide.—But where is he? Ulfstjerna!

Ulfstjerna (*Without turning*).—Here I am.

Adelaide.—Are you sitting there? And dressed already! I didn't hear when you got up.

Ulfstjerna.—I didn't want to disturb you. I intended to go out, but still I remained sitting here. I've been sitting here watching the day break.

Adelaide.—Have you had coffee yet?

Ulfstjerna.—No, there's no hurry.

Adelaide (*Looks at him*).—Don't you feel well?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes. Surely I feel well. But I'll wait till Helge comes up.

Adelaide.—Comes up! Why he's gone out long ago, hasn't he?

Ulfstjerna.—No. He's sleeping.

Adelaide.—Bless me! Then Lina has neglected to call him, of course! He used to awaken without being called, though.

(*She goes toward* HELGE'S *door.*)

Ulfstjerna.—No, don't waken him. He's sleeping so soundly.

Adelaide.—Have you been in his room?

Ulfstjerna.—No, I just opened his door a little.

Adelaide (*Looks at him with astonishment*).—Did you open his door a little?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes.

Adelaide (*Shakes her head, and then she suddenly bursts out*).—Well, anyhow, I'll find out if Lina—! (*She goes out to the vestibule.* ULFSTJERNA *remains sitting in the same position until* ADELAIDE *comes back.*)

Adelaide.—That wench has overslept, of course!

Ulfstjerna—Shch!

Adelaide.—What is it?

Ulfstjerna.—Don't yell so!

Adelaide (*Crest-fallen*).—Mercy! Pardon! (*She sits down at the table.*) Is it still snowing?

Ulfstjerna.—No, it has stopped now. I believe it's going to clear up.

Adelaide.—Why, its hardly dawn yet. Such a winter!

Ulfstjerna.—Do you know—I believe I've never seen a morning come so quietly. It seemed to come with the snow-flakes—They became lighter and lighter. They seemed to have been dipped in a delicate flower sheen. And when it stopped snowing, the morning lay there, quiet and white over the whole city. (*He rises, comes down to her.*) Why do you look at me, Lalla?

Adelaide.—Mercy! Can't I look! Has anything happened?

Ulfstjerna.—No. What should have happened?

Adelaide.—You look so—strange.

Ulfstjerna.—Do I? Yes, perhaps something has happened. (*He makes a gesture with his hand to his heart. He breathes deeply.*) I've such a strange feeling here, so tender, so soft! It seems as if it had thawed, as if spring were coming!

Adelaide.—Are you talking about spring?

Ulfstjerna.—About *my* spring! *Yes!*

Adelaide.—Dear Ulfstjerna, are you going to have a spring again now!

Ulfstjerna.—And why shouldn't I?

Adelaide.—I'm just thinking about how it happened last time. It started with spring—and ended with bankruptcy!

Ulfstjerna.—And what then! That's the way of spring. But this time I am solvent, you see! This time I'm going to deposit something, that no one can embezzle, no one can take away from me!

Adelaide.—What's that?

Ulfstjerna.—My son!

Adelaide.—Helge? No, Ulfstjerna. Don't deposit him!

Ulfstjerna.—It's wonderful, nevertheless, to have a son, I tell you! It's the most wonderful thing in life, its flower, its completion. It is to have conquered death itself, for a father cannot die. He has forced his way beyond the limits of his own life—he has touched eternity. In his paternal wish he is immortal, he is initiated into the mysteries of creation.

Adelaide.—Yes, yes, dear Ulfstjerna! But what's the question about now?

Ulfstjerna (*Angry*).—Nothing!

Adelaide (*Sees a letter on the table. She picks it up*).—What's that? Have you written to—the governor?

Ulfsterna.—Yes.

Adelaide.—What have you written?

Ulfstjerna.—My resignation. I intend to tender it to-day.

Adelaide.—I haven't heard anything about that.

Ulfsjterna.—No, it wasn't until last night that I made my decision.

Adelaide.—Last night? On what grounds?

Ulfstjerna.—I don't want to be found in a position unworthy of me any longer.

Adelaide.—It wasn't less unworthy yesterday, was it?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes. Because I'm not the same person, myself.

Adelaide.—Is that so?—But life is the same, I believe. Meat hasn't been reduced in price, neither has butter.

Ulfstjerna.—We'll have to reduce our rations. Don't try to persuade me. My decision is irrevocable.

Adelaide (*Takes the letter, resolutely*).—To-day, nothing will become of it anyhow.

Ulfstjerna.—What? Do you dare? Give me the letter!

Adelaide.—No. You'll have to sleep on it a couple of times at least.

Ulfstjerna.—Now, at this minute. I'm going to mail the letter. Give it to me! (*He tries to take it away from her.*)

Adelaide (*Defends herself*).—Ulfstjerna! If you don't think about *us*—think about Helge anyhow, now, just as he's going to study for his graduation.

Ulfstjerna.—How short-sighted you are, Adelaide! Why, it's for Helge's sake that I'm doing this.

Adelaide.—For Helge's sake?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes. He considers my position as a little lowering for me.

Adelaide.—Has he said so?

Ulfstjerna.—Don't you think I've noticed it? Why that's *it*! Why that's what——

Adelaide.—Has he said so?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, we talked about it last night.

Adelaide (*Reaches him the letter*).—If Helge has said so, then it's right, I suppose.

Ulfstjerna (*Irritable*).—See! You believe him, but me—

Adelaide.—Dear Johan, you've become such an alderman these days. Well, in God's name, go then!

Ulfstjerna (*As before*).—I'm allowed to eat my breakfast first, am I not?

Adelaide.—Yes, that's what I think, too. There isn't such a rush, is there? I'll, tell Lina.

Ulfstjerna.—Never mind! I'm going at once, so the business will be done! I'll, just mail it. I'll be right back. (*He goes toward the vestibule.*) But don't say anything to Helge—yet.

Adelaide.—As you wish.

Ulfstjerna (*Goes*).—

Adelaide (*Waits until she hears the door of the vestibule slam shut; then she goes to* HELGE'S *door and calls softly*).—Helge, are you awake? (*She listens*) Well, I'll say so—it is past ten. (*She listens*) No, not yet. (*She leaves the door.*)

(LINA *comes in with a breakfast tray and places it on the center table. After a little while she withdraws*)

Helge (*Comes out of his room*).—Good morning!

Adelaide.—Good morning, my boy! You've slept long today.

Helge.—Yes, I believe I've overslept.

Adelaide.—I began to be worried about you. I wondered if you weren't feeling well.

Helge.—Why, surely I'm well. I've been sitting up late these last few nights.

Adelaide.—Yes, I heard so.

Helge (*Suspicious*).—What did you hear?

Adelaide.—That you sat up yesterday and talked with papa.

Helge.—With papa. Oh—yes, I did. Is breakfast ready?

Adelaide.—Yes, if we're not going to wait for papa.

Helge.—Where is he?

Adelaide.—He's gone out on an errand. But he'll soon be back.

Helge.—Well, I'm in a hurry.

Adelaide.—Then we'll eat. (*They sit down at the table.*)

Helge.—I believe this egg is spoiled.

Adelaide.—Put it aside then! Take one of mine.

Helge.—No, thank you. It doesn't matter.

Adelaide.—But you ought to eat a couple of eggs. You really look quite ailing. Are you sure that you feel quite well?

Helge.—Why shouldn't I feel well? You are funny with your ideas.

Adelaide.—I know best how weak you are. And with all this reading. Have you much to do now?

Helge.—Yes. I'll be away nearly all day now for some time. I don't believe I can come home for dinner today.

Adelaide.—Not?

Helge.—No. Don't wait for me.

Adelaide.—Do you have any money?

Helge.—Yes, I think it'll be enough. But—

Adelaide.—I have some, if you need it. Just tell me!

Helge.—Yes—dear mamma—if you could—

Adelaide.—How much do you want? Ten, twenty crowns?

Helge.—Thank you! Ten will be enough.

Adelaide.—Wait a moment! (*She rises and goes to the right.*)

Helge (*Rises quickly, walks around the room in passionate anxiety. Then he stops and whispers*).—Agda! Agda! Agda! (*He*

hears his mother come. He sits down again and acts as if he were eating.)

Adelaide.—Look here! You take the twenty!

Helge.—Thank you (*He takes the money, looks at his mother for the first time, and says with a weak accent.*) You are good, mamma.

Adelaide (*Sits down*).—Oh! Why, that's all I can do for you—give you food and mend your clothes, though I'm a little careless at times. Do you know, sometimes I imagine I'm a thrush, and that I've hatched a cuckoo in my nest. (*Helge looks at her as if questioning. She continues more seriously.*) As long as you were little and remained in the nest, then I thought, of course, you were my young one; but then, one fine day, you were full-fledged, and since then you've become such a shy, strange bird, that I only hear calling once in a while—far, far in the distance!

Helge (*Sits quietly and smiles stiffly, then says as if suffocating*). —Southern cuckoo—dead cuckoo!

Adelaide (*Frightened*).—Oh God! Helge!

Helge.—Why, I'm only fooling.

Adelaide.—You must not fool like that! Until you were ten years old, I didn't believe that I'd be allowed to keep you.

Helge.—Was I really so weak as that?

Adelaide.—Yes. And then you had every possible children's disease. It was a miracle that you pulled through them.

Helge (*Looks straight ahead*).—Perhaps it was for some purpose.

Adelaide.—It certainly must have been! (*She changes the conversation.*) Do you know, we had a real pleasant time yesterday! You could easily have come along.

Helge.—Well, you know I didn't have time.

Adelaide.—I thought it was possibly because Reback was along.

Helge (*Suspicious*).—What difference would that have made?

Adelaide.—I've a suspicion that you don't like him.

Helge.—Reback! There's no one like him! He is a—(*He stops.*)

Adelaide.—What?

Helge.—He's a *man*!

Adelaide.—But he doesn't care about us women at all—does he?

Helge.—Why do you think that?

Adelaide.—I feel it in my bones. And such men—fie, no! You won't get like that, will you Helge?

Helge.—Mamma!

Adelaide.—Oh! See how he blushes! Well, well! Believe me if I'd been a man, I certainly—

Helge (*Amused for the moment*).—What then?

Adelaide.—Then—! Well, now you musn't fool me into talking nonsense. I must get dressed. I have a rehearsal.

Helge.—Was papa to come home again?

Adelaide.—Yes, *papa*, why, of course! Can you imagine—

Helge.—What?

Adelaide.—Well—he'll have to tell it himself. He has made a decision—a great decision—that's going to influence our whole life.

Helge (*Indifferent*).—Is that so?

Adelaide.—Yes, I guess you'll hear about it. I'll —wash my hands of the guilt! (*She goes, turns around when she reaches the door, and make a threatening gesture at him with her finger.*) I'm afraid you're going to be a heart-breaker, you are! (*She goes out to the right.*)

Helge (*Rises, as before*).—Agda! Agda!

Lina (*Comes in, arranges the tray, while she looks askance at Helge, who has gone to to his desk*).—Where's Mrs. Ulfstjerna?

Helge.—She's dressing.

Lina (*Pointing to the tray*).— I think I'll let it stand here for Mr. Ulfstjerna.

Helge.—Yes, I think that will be best.

Lina.—Mr. Helge!

Helge.—Yes?

Lina.—Now I can't be quiet any longer.

Helge (*Uncertain*).—What—do you mean, Lina?

Lina.—Oh, I think you understand, Mr. Helge! Not that I want to meddle with things that don't concern me; and I haven't said anything yet, though I think I've seen a thing or two; but now—now I think it's going too far!

Helge.—What are you talking about?

Lina.—Oh, don't let on! I'm talking about her, this here girl, Agda—

Helge (*Rushes at her*).—If you mention her name again I'll kill you!

Lina (*Frightened*).—God forbid! (*She sits down and begins to cry*).

Helge (*Is sorry for what he has said. He goes, and then comes back*).—Lina! I've never done you any harm, have I? (*Lina*

shakes her head to the contrary.) I don't believe you are mean. (LINA *resumes her former attitude but is more forceful.)* Help me now, Lina! (*He bursts out.*) Why, there's nobody that—Won't you help me?

Lina.—Well, what shall I do?

Helge.—Don't tell! Only two days—two days more you need to be quiet. After that everything will be clear—I'll promise you that. Everything will be clear.

Lina.—Well, I don't want to make any trouble. I just think that you should think a little about the girl, Mr. Helge—

Helge.—Then be quiet about it! Will you help me? Yes or no?

Lina.—Of course I will, but—

Helge.—You shall never need to be sorry for it. But do as you like! It won't matter. I'm going now. Tell mamma that I've gone. (*He goes quickly into the vestibule.*)

Lina (*Watches him go. She shakes her head*).—He's gone crazy!

Adelaide (*From the right*).—Have you everything in order for Mr. Ulfstjerna? Where is Helge?

Lina.—He's just gone.

Adelaide.—Did he go? Couldn't he wait for me!

Lina (*Designedly*).—No, I guess he couldn't.

Adelaide.—What are you meddling with? You mind your own business! Tell Mr. Ulfstjerna that I had to go to the rehearsal. I'm coming home about two o'clock.

Lina.—Then how about dinner?

Adelaide.—Dinner! You ask Mr. Ulfstjerna about it. Or else—take whatever you think will do.

Lina (*While going*).—Well, this is some house, this is!

Adelaide.—What are *you* muttering?

Lina.—I believe Mr. Ulfstjerna's coming! (*She goes.*)

Ulfstjerna (*From the vestibule, looking around*).—Isn't Helge up yet?

Adelaide.—Yes. Didn't you meet him? He just now went.

Ulfstjerna.—No.

Adelaide.—That's peculiar. (*She looks at* ULFSTJERNA.) But what's the matter with you? Has anything happened?

Ulfstjerna (*Sits down*).—Yes, something very strange!

Adelaide.—What then? Hurry! I must go right away.

Ulfstjerna.—Just give me a little coffee.

Adelaide (*Serves him*).—Here is some.

Ulfstjerna (Drinks).—I've talked with—the governor.

Adelaide.—With him—himself?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes. He was going out for a drive when I came. I met him in the vestibule. He stopped and talked with me. Can you guess what about?

Adelaide.—No.

Ulfstjerna.—About Helge.

Adelaide.—Helge?

Ulfstjerna.—You might know I was frightened. At first I thought he'd been reported. But it wasn't anything like that. Quite to the contrary—He said that he'd been recommended as a young man of talent and good principles. I remember the exact expression, "good principles."

Adelaide.—But who was to have recommended him?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, who? He didn't say, and I didn't dare ask. I was quite bewildered. Luckily he was in a hurry, so I don't think that he noticed it. It lasted only a couple of minutes. But just as he was going, he said that he would see what he could do for him, and that he would, at any rate, receive him on Friday.

Adelaide.—Receive—Helge?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes. Have you heard anything about it?

Adelaide.—No.

Ulfstjerna.—Not I either.

Adelaide.—Perhaps he doesn't know about it, himself.

Ulfstjerna..—Yes, he must. The Governor said that he, according to his promise, would receive him on Friday.

Adelaide.—Then perhaps he wants it to be a surprise for us.

Ulfstjerna.—Do you think, so? (*He rises.*) Don't you understand that it's impossible, all of it? It can't be true. It must be a mystery—I told you, didn't I, that I had a talk with Helge last night?

Adelaide.—Yes.

Ulfstjerna.—According to that conversation—according to what he said then, it's impossible that he'd want anything like that— absolutely impossible! Or else he's a prodigy of deception. Another thing—why should he want me to resign at the same time that he himself—

Adelaide.—No, that's so. And you—did you tender your resignation?

Ulfstjerna.—No, I didn't get it done—after that. I have it here.

Adelaide.—Well, I don't understand that anything's the matter, Johan, it can't be anything dangerous, can it?

Ulfstjerna.—Dangerous! No, but—it must be a mistake—as soon as Helge comes home, I'll talk with him.

Adelaide.—He said that perhaps he wouldn't come home for dinner?

Ulfstjerna.—Not? Why?

Adelaide.—He has so much to do these days.

Ulfstjerna.—These days? And you said that he left just as I came?

Adelaide.—Yes, just a moment before. I don't undertsand that you didn't meet him.

Ulfstjerna.—When I was on the last step I thought I heard someone up here in the attic. But when I came up, there wasn't anybody here. Perhaps it was he!

Adelaide.—Then you would have seen him, wouldn't you?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, provided that he didn't hide from me—

Adelaide.—Why would he hide?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, why? (*Their eyes meet, and glide quickly from each other.*)

Adelaide.—Johan! I'm getting so worried—Now when I remember that he's been so peculiar a few days—and just a minute ago. Oh God!

Ulfstjerna.—What is it?

Adelaide.—Just a minute ago he said something so strange. Hush! There's the door bell.

Ulfstjerna.—Perhaps that's he.

Adelaide.—Why, he has a key!

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, that's so.

Adelaide.—And then rehearsal! Now I'll be too late. I wonder if I should send excuses.

Ulfstjerna.—No, you just go! When Helge comes home everything will be made clear, you know. It's some mistake.

Adelaide.—God grant it!

Lina (*From the vestibule*).—It's Doctor Reback.

Ulfstjerna.—Reback! What does *he* want? Well, ask him to step in.

(LINA *opens the door for* REBACK.)

Reback.—May I step in?

Adelaide.—Why, of course, but I beg to be excused. I must run along—rehearsal, as usual. Thank you for the pleasant time you gave us yesterday!

Reback.—The gratitude is on my side. (*He shakes hands with* ULFSTJERNA.)

Adelaide.—Well, good-bye! That's odd—we were talking about you (*She goes out to the vestibule.*)

Reback.—Not anything awfully bad, I hope?

Ulfstjerna.—What?

Reback.—I hope you didn't say anything awfully bad about me.

Ulfstjerna.—I haven't talked about you.

Reback.—I thought your wife said so.

Adelaide (*Comes back, attired in street clothes. She goes to the shelf and takes a rolled manuscript*).—Of course, I forgot the roll.

Ulfstjerna.—Did you say that we were talking about Reback?

Adelaide.—Not we! It was Helge and I. Helge admires you! Good-bye. (*She goes.*)

Reback (*Turns away*).—Isn't your son at home?

Ulfstjerna (*Suspicious*).—No—are you looking for him?

Reback.—Why should I be looking for him? It's you, of course.

Ulfstjerna.—What do you want *me* for?

Reback.—Nothing in particular. I was passing, and then I decided I'd make a little call.

Ulfstjerna.—At this time I really ought to be in my office.

Reback (*Smiles*).—It seems as if I haven't miscalculated, anyhow.

Ulfstjerna.—It's an accident.

Reback.—A person must take accidents into account. What's the matter? Why so suspicious—dear master?

Ulfstjerna (*Uncontrollable*).—Don't call me master! It insults me.

Reback (*Looks at him*).—Insults you?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, from your mouth it insults me.

Reback.—I don't understand that.

Ulfstjerna.—If I tell you that I feel just as unworthy to bear that name as you do to pronounce it. Yet—yet——

Reback (*Smiling*).—I don't believe that of you.

Ulfstjerna.—What do you know about me?

Reback.—That you are—an author.

Ulfstjerna.—What do you know about authors—you who—who—

Reback.—Who?

Ulfstjerna.—Don't you think that I've seen through you?

Don't you think that I've felt the chillness of your soul in all your beautiful, flattering words? You've always been a stranger to me. Now I know why. All that's highest, holiest in my life is for you only a means—to what? I don't know.

Reback.—No, you don't know it.

Ulfstjerna.—What is it you want of me? Why do you come here? What is it you're prowling—

Reback.—Ulfstjerna! Let that be enough now.

Ulfstjerna.—I suspect you—in the very depth of my soul I suspect you. And just the thought that my son—(*He stops, as if struck by a sudden thought, and repeats hesitatingly*) my son—

Reback.—Let's not mix him up in this.

Ulfstjerna.—Why not?

Reback (*Looks firmly at him*).—Because—He's too good for that.

Ulfstjerna.—Is that so?—It looks as if the admiration is mutual.

Reback.—One word, Ulfstjerna! I haven't tried to defend myself against your accusations, though I don't know the reasons for them. Besides you may be right in a thing or two. There's much that I don't consider holy, but there's one thing I do namely,—youth—the poem that's to become a reality. That's what I wish to have said to you.

Ulfstjerna.—Why?

Reback.—Perhaps you'll understand it—some time. And now I'm going.

Ulfstjerna (*Absent-minded*).—Already?

Reback.—Yes, already. Good-bye, Ulfstjerna, we'll not meet very soon again, perhaps. (*He goes toward the vestibule.*)

Ulfstjerna (*Calls as* REBACK *is just leaving*).—Reback!

Reback (*Stops.*)

Ulfstjerna.—Before you go, I want to ask you for some advice. Not so much for my own sake, as for—Helge's.

Reback.—About what?

Ulfstjerna (*Takes out his resignation from his pocket and reaches it to him*).—Read this, and tell me your opinion of it!

Reback (*Takes the paper, opens it and reads*).—You're resigning?

Ulfstjerna (*Looks at him, testing him*).—Yes.

Reback (*Gives back the paper*).—What can I do about it?

Ulfstjerna.—Then you approve of the step I'm taking?

Reback.—I neither approve of it nor censure it. You'll have to do your own judging about it. I just wonder—

Ulfstjerna.—What?

Reback.—If the time is well chosen.

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, I just wanted to hear your thought about that.

Reback.—Well, I believe you ought to wait a little.

Ulfstjerna.—Think so? And I intended to call on the governor to-day.

Reback.—Today? (*With hasty decision, he says in a harsh and firm manner.*) Don't do that! Wait a few days!

Ulfstjerna.—Why?

Reback.—Because, as I said before, it isn't an opportune time.

Ulfstjerna.—Give me reasons!

Reback.—It's a serious piece of advice I'm giving you. And if you don't obey me, you'll rue it.

Ulfstjerna.—Why? There must be some reasons?

Reback.—There are, but I don't have the right to tell them to you.

Ulfstjerna.—And you think that I'll allow myself to be satisfied with that! You want to mystify me! But that won't happen. The affair's decided. Today I am asking for an audience.

Reback.—Wait, only a few days!

Ulfstjerna (*Looks at him sharply*).—Until—Friday perhaps?

Reback (*Blushes and looks into his eyes*).—Why just Friday?

Ulfstjerna.—I'm just asking. (*A silence.* ULFSTJERNA *turns away, goes to the background, and stops at* HELGE'S *writing-desk. Suddenly he makes a gesture with both his hands to his head, and whispers*): The revolver! (*He turns around and looks at* REBACK *with bewildered eyes. He runs up to him and seizes him by the throat.*) Satan! It's you that—confess, confess!

Reback.—Let go! You're crazy!

Ulfstjerna.—Don't deny it! I know all about it! Helge has confessed everything—your whole damned conspiracy—I have it—I have it here in my hand!

Reback.—I should have divined it. His father's son!

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, he's my son! My son! What is it you want to do with him? The unhappy one! So, it's true! But what's true? Give me assurance! Tell me all about it! This is worse than hell!

Reback (*Cold-blooded again, goes to him and says curtly and in a commanding tone*).—What has he confessed?

Ulfstjerna.—Helge? Nothing! That was only to fool you into the snare. I've divined it myself. A lucky chance—perhaps providence. He hasn't said anything. My poor boy! But I'll save him—against his wishes.

Reback.—Save him—you can't.

Ulfstjerna.—And my wishes as his father?

Reback.—Don't count here.

Ulfstjerna.—We'll see. If necessary I'll go to the governor and confess it all to him—and implore his mercy.

Reback.—His mercy!

Ulfstjerna.—Well, then, I'll buy my son's life with theirs—the lives of the really guilty ones.

Reback.—Do you know them?

Ulfstjerna.—One of them, at least!

Reback.—Well, I can be sacrificed. But, still once more, you can not save your son, you can only dishonor him.

Ulfstjerna.—Dishonor?

Reback.—Yes, that's the choice.

Ulfstjerna.—It's his life that's at stake. I choose his life.

Reback.—You don't understand what I'm telling you.

Ulfstjerna.—No, I don't understand.

Reback.—You'll have to choose. The one alternative is to accomplish his deed which he himself has wished, and after that, if human power can save him, he'll be saved. The second alternative is to balk out, and then death is certain—a traitor's death. He shall not escape it.

Ulfstjerna.—You devils! Is that the truth?

Reback.—That's the truth.

Ulfstjerna (*Crushed*).—That's too heavy. No, no—I can't bear it!

Reback (*Goes up to him and lays his hand on his shoulder*).—It must be borne. Now the storm is over us, now it means to bear or burst! And what strength is fostered in need! What new souls grow up under oppression, stronger, braver, less selfish than ours! When our children become heroes, Ulfstjerna, shouldn't we be able to bear it.

Ulfstjerna.—Helge—and *this*! I can't understand it!

Reback.—And yet it's true. Hard times are at hand, and the will of man gets hard again, it gets ready for a leap, it embraces the whole in a moment—a thought, a deed. Look around!

Don't you see a thousand evidences of it! Youths and maidens, while smiling, accomplish what we write and dream. Charm, sacrifice, martyrdom, why, these are living realities round about us. Aren't we able to grasp that to-morrow, today, perhaps, it means us? You chose authorship, Ulfstjerna—Your son chooses the deed. Humble yourself!

Ulfstjerna.—It isn't *his* deed. *He* hasn't wanted it. You're the ones who've forced it on him.

Reback.—You're mistaken. It was his thought! He knew what he was subjecting himself to. Do you suppose we drive victims to a thing like that?

Do you know how I felt the day he came to me? For years we've fought a quiet, despairing, hopeless struggle in the dark, always yielding, crowded out from place to place, calling our "No!" which no one heard, feeling the oppression grow from all sides—without dawn, without air. Then *he* came and pointed to the *deed*, the deed, that clamoured high to the skies, more powerful than a thousand moans, and then I felt that *day* was breaking, red and threatening, but yet it was the day. And I thought, "Our country is in distress! Our country is again fostering heroes!"

Ulfstjerna (*Rises, looks at him with hateful glances*).—*Your* country! What right do *you* have to call it *yours*?

Reback.—As to that let *my deeds* judge.

Ulfstjerna.—And even *judge*? You're a stranger. You'll never be anything else. You can assume our language, our customs, our money, our art, our science, but our blood you can *not* assume. You are and will still remain—the Jew! You love our country, you say?—Don't you hate it, too? Say, don't you—down there in the depth of your heart—you, who can smile when our children give their lives? That's why your head is so clear, that's why you can calmly stand back a piece gathering the threads in your hand and abiding your time—biding your time!

Reback.—The time I bide is still far in the distance. My eye shall not see it. Some time, perhaps, when all bars are let down—but hush, you're not pulling my secret out of my breast. For thousands of years have I been quiet—and still the time has not come. Now my country is *here*, where I, too, suffer, where I, too, am oppressed. Don't you understand that my soul is with you, my soul that's been tempered in the wilderness? When the country is in distress—can't I call it mine, I, who feel the distress? When it means battle, can't a place be found for me, I, who under-

stand what battle is? When laws are trampled down, what law do you then have to go by, if not mine, which says, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth?" When your home grows dark and desolate—can you not even then understand the homeless person?

Ulfstjerna, you are so much weaker than I, so much richer than I—call me brother *once*—only *once*!

Ulfstjerna (*Turns away*).—I can't. (*Silence.*)

Reback.—Good-bye then! (*He goes toward the door.*)

Ulfstjerna (*Cries in despair*).—My *son*! Give me back my son!

Reback (*Stops and looks at him*).—I can't.

Ulfstjerna.—Then isn't there any salvation?

Reback.—No, I've told you that. The deed or death! That's our law. Good-bye! You've great fates in your hands now, Poet! (*He goes.*)

ACT IV

Same place. Evening.

HELGE *and* AGDA *are seated on the sofa, hand in hand, They are quiet. A tower clock in the distance is heard striking.*

Helge (*Counts*).—Eight—nine—ten! Now it's ten o'clock.

Agda.—Yes.

Helge.—It's strange—I've heard the clock strike every hour to-day.

Agda.—It's been so quiet to-day. I guess it's the snow.

Helge.—Just think! It will go and go and strike and strike—year after year! I mean the clock.

Agda.—Yes, I understand.

Helge.—There's something awful about time. Sometimes I think that it was when people invented it—when they started to count—hours, days, years—that *happiness* was gone.

Agda.—Why Helge, people haven't invented time, have they?

Helge.—Yes, in a way. Time is only an idea, you see, nothing in itself. In reality there is no time. Well, that's too long to explain.

Agda.—You don't need to explain. (*She kisses his hand.*)

Helge.—You mustn't kiss my hand.

Agda.—Not? (*She kisses it again.*)

Helge.—Have you read "Romeo and Juliet"?

Agda.—No—Will you read it for me?—To-morrow, I mean.

Helge.—Perhaps. It was at Verona.—Verona! That sounds like the name of a flower.

Agda.—Were they married?

Helge.—No. They loved each other. Just one night they loved each other, and then they had to die. But there was always summer there.—They didn't know what snow was.

Agda.—Do you believe that they loved each other more than we do?

Helge (*Draws her to himself*).—No—no other people have ever loved as we do!

Agda.—Never!

Helge.—How pale your face is—and little! Nothing but love, love! I know that no one else has seen your face but myself!

Agda.—No, no one!

Helge.—And no one else will ever be allowed to see it!

Agda.—No, no, no one!

Helge (*Kisses her*).—That's good! (*They sit quietly again.*)

Helge.—Agda! There's one thing that torments me—terribly!

Agda.—Tell it, Helge!

Helge.—Formerly, before you were my accomplice, (*He smiles.*) I *call* you that.

Agda.—Why, Helge, you promised, didn't you?

Helge.—I *must* say it. Formerly I always thought that my deed was great and beautiful. It didn't matter how people would judge it, it was beautiful in itself—But now—of course— I understand that you can't see it that way. You must find it—abominable, don't you?

Agda (*Reflecting*).—I've never thought of that.

Helge.—But I've thought about it—all the time since yesterday—That's the terrible thing about it—that since yesterday my deed isn't the same any more. It's as if it had—shrunk together. I can't look at it any longer. It's so dreadful, so ugly!

Agda.—Why Helge!

Helge.—No such deeds should be allowed to happen. Life shouldn't be permitted to be like that.

Agda.—Why, Helge!

Helge.—Don't think that I'm going to back out! It must happen! No one shall hinder me! If I thought that you wanted to hinder me—(*He rises and walks away from her.*)

Agda.—Don't *think* Helge! You promised, didn't you, *not* to think about it?

Helge.—Why I must—It's only when you kiss me that I forget it—for a moment.

Agda (*Goes to him*).—Helge—I have thousands and thousands of kisses!

Helge (*Pushes her away from him*).—No, I must not forget! I don't want to.

Agda (*Bursts out*).—What do you want then? Why did you take me? Others have their whole lives. I have only one day—and you don't want to give me that! Why, I wanted to give myself to you thousands and thousands of times, only that you might forget it a moment. Why I'm living only that you may forget.

Helge (*On his knees, with his head in her lap*).—Yes, yes—I will forget.

Agda.—When you leave me, it's just as if my blood gushed after you. I feel as if I'd bleed to death. This morning, when I was dressing, I saw your face—here—through my skin, I thought it was my heart, and it smiled at me.

Helge.—Agda!

Agda.—To-morrow you must not leave me—not a moment. Will you promise me that?

Helge.—Yes.

Agda.—We shall be glad—Say! We'll pretend it's our wedding day. We'll go out for a walk together and look at the shops, won't you do that? I'll wear my best dress. I know a place where there are cheap rings and quite pretty, too. A person might think they are gold. Do you believe you could give me one like that?

Helge.—Yes, yes!

Agda (*Kisses him*).—Thank you!

Helge (*Rises. He has decided*).—Yes—that's how it will be!

Agda.—What?

Helge.—You're going to stay here until my parents come.

Agda.—Oh, I forgot. They'll come soon, I suppose. I must go.

Helge.—No, you're going to stay. We'll tell them all about it.

Agda.—All? What?

Helge.—That we're—engaged.

Agda.—I'll never dare. What would they think about me?

Helge.—Why that will be all right! Don't you understand that that will be the best? Then we can be together—the whole time.

Agda.—Oh yes, but—will that be all right?

Helge.—It's decided. I want them to know it if—

Agda.—If?

Helge.—Don't you understand that what you said—yesterday, you're not bound to that. You don't have to follow me, you're free.

Agda.—Hush! Don't talk about that!

Helge.—It would make me so happy to think that they would have someone when I'm gone. You'll be here in my place.

Agda.—Don't talk about it! Why, that's decided, Helge!

Helge.—But—if you don't have the courage?

Agda.—Courage! Why would that be necessary? When my heart no longer smiles, how shall I be able to live!

Helge.—How wonderful you are! You are braver than I am.

Agda (*Mysteriously*).—I know something you don't know.

Helge (*Suspicious*).—What do you know?

Agda.—I won't tell. You'd laugh at me. Why, you don't believe it, do you?

Helge.—Oh!—Is that so?

Agda.—Hush! But your parents—no, I don't dare. If you'd talk with them first.

Helge.—No. Then I'll have to explain to them—and I'm not able to do it. It's better to have them see it with their own eyes. (*A forced smile.*) How surprised they'll be!

Agda.—I'm most afraid of your mother. She looks so—aristocratic.

Helge (*Laughs*).—Mamma aristocratic? No, it will be harder to make peace with papa.

Agda.—I'm not afraid of him. He always nods so friendly at me when I meet him on the stairs. Once he took hold of me under my chin and said—

Helge (*Twitches his eyebrows*).—What did he say?

Agda.—He asked me what my name was.

Lina (*Comes from vestibule quickly*).—Now, they're coming!

Helge (*Rises*).—Already!

Lina.—Yes, and they're hurrying up the stairs. It will be best for Agda to come into the kitchen, and then I can let her out.

Helge.—Miss Agda will stay here.

Lina.—Here?

Helge.—Yes, you just go! Don't let on anything.

Lina.—But—

Helge.—You just go!

Lina (*While going*).—Well, that will be—

Agda.—O Helge, I'm so frightened!

Helge.—You don't need to be afraid. Come, sit down here. Give me your hand! There! (*They are seated on the sofa hand in hand, waiting.*)

After a while a noise is heard in the vestibule, then voices. The door is opened and ADELAIDE *comes in with her street wraps on.*)

Adelaide.—Well, you are home!

(HELGE *and* AGDA *rise. He continues holding her hand.*)

Adelaide.—Mercy! You have company! Why, it's little Gauvin, isn't it? But good heavens—children—(ULFSTJERNA *has entered. Behind him* LINA *is seen curiously gaping at the door.*)

Johan! Do see!

Helge (*With exertion.*) Papa! Mamma!

Adelaide (*Catches sight of* LINA, *and rushes at her*).—What do you have to do here? You just get out of here! (ADELAIDE *pulls off her hat and coat.*) Take this! (*She shuts the door to the vestibule when* LINA *goes. Then she opens it a little again.*) And don't you dare to listen!

Ulfstjerna (*Has meanwhile, approached the young people*).—Why are you standing there?

Helge.—Papa, this is my fiancee.

Ulfstjerna.—Your fiancee? I don't understand.

Adelaide.—His fiancee! Do you hear, Ulfstjerna?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, I hear.

Adelaide.—And we, your father and mother, what are we?

Helge.—Dear mamma!

Ulfstjerna.—Hush, Lalla! Let me attend to this. Are you serious Helge?

Helge.—Yes. Nothing can change our intention! If you don't want it to happen—we'll go away!

Ulfstjerna.—Do give me some time to recover myself! It's so sudden! Since when has she been your fiancee?

Helge.—Since to-day! I beg you. Ask no more!

Ulfstjerna (*Looks at them and brightens up*).—Well, then I'll not ask any more questions! Then I wish you welcome, dear child! Come then!

(AGDA, *modest and hesitating, approaches him. He embraces her and kisses her.*)

Adelaide.—Why Johan!

Helge.—Papa!

Ulfstjerna (*Lets* AGDA *go; he paces the floor with increasing*

joy).—Such a surprise! Good heavens! (*He looks at them.*) You're engaged—and perhaps you want to be married, too? Say, don't you? Well, well, you'll have to be a little calm, my children!

Adelaide.—Indeed, Johan—

Ulfstjerna (*Looks at her and laughs*).—Oh you—you don't understand anything! Yes, yes! Well now, let me have a few words with mamma. Go to my room a while.

Helge.—You really want it?

Ulfstjerna.—Do I? Depend on me! You just go! (HELGE *and* AGDA *go to the room at the right.*)

Adelaide.—What does this mean? Are you in the conspiracy, too?

Ulfstjerna.—May be—may be!

Adelaide.—His fiancee! A girl like *that*—and *our* Helge.

Ulfstjerna.—If she'd come from the street I'd bless her anyhow.

Adelaide.—Now I don't understand anything.

Ulfstjerna.—Neither do I—understand it clearly—but—(*He stops in front of her.*) It explains his behavior at any rate.

Adelaide.—You mean?

Ulfstjerna.—I mean that—that's what lies at the bottom of this story about the governor.

Adelaide.—The governor! Good heavens, why I'd almost forgotten it!

Ulfstjerna.—Really?

Adelaide.—But I don't understand anyhow.

Ulfstjerna.—Don't you understand that he thougnt we'd be against this engagement, and that's why he wanted to make himself independent of us?

Adelaide.—Yes, that's right. Get a position so that he could marry! What a crazy boy!

Ulfstjerna (*Bitterly*).—Why that's how it always goes. It's my story that's being repeated!

Adelaide.—Yes, good Lord! Well you're wiser than I am, anyhow, Ulfstjerna, I'd never been able to solve it.

Ulfstjerna.—No—no! But we must be careful—as exalted as he is. For that reason don't let on that you know anything. That might spoil it all.

Adelaide.—I'll surely be quiet! Besides—

Ulfstjerna.—What?

Adelaide.—It's a long way from here to there. I was engaged twice myself—before I married you.

Ulfstjerna (*Looks at her. Then he goes to the door at the right, opens it and calls*).—Now you may come in.

(HELGE *and* AGDA *enter.*)

Adelaide (*To* AGDA).—Come, then, my young one! What's your name?

Agda.—Agda.

Adelaide.—Yes, Agda! Kiss me. (*She kisses her.*) Well, so you want my Helge, do you? You're not satisfied with a little bit. (*She looks at her.*) Anyhow, you're very sweet! Well, would you believe it? She's darker than I am. But how do you fix your hair?

Agda.—Isn't it all right?

Adelaide.—All right! Why, you look like a Methodist.

Agda.—Helge thinks it's all right like this.

Adelaide.—Helge—what does he know about anything like that. Wait and I'll show you! Stand here! No, on your knees! That's the way! (*While* AGDA *lies on her knees before her, she rearranges her hair.*)

Helge (*Who has been standing in the background, goes quickly up to* ULFSTJERNA).—I thank you, papa.

Ulfstjerna.—No, no! Why,—I want only your happiness—only your happiness, Helge! If you only had a little bit of confidence in me.

Helge.—I have!

Ulfstjerna (*Interrupting*).—Then speak!

Helge (*Reserved again, and warding off*).—What do you mean?

Ulfstjerna.—Why, I mean—that I'm your father, Helge. Let me help you.

Helge.—There's nothing you can help me with.

Ulfstjerna.—Nothing?

Helge (*Reflecting*).—But—well! There's one thing.

Ulfstjerna.—Do tell me!

Helge (*Looks away with a smile*).—If—anything should happen to me—

Ulfstjerna.—What should happen to you?

Helge.—I don't know; I'm saying *if*—a person can never know, can he? It's only a loose supposition, you understand?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes.

Helge.—Then promise me—not to abandon Agda, but to take care of her, to let her live with you. Do you understand?

Ulfstjerna.—No, I don't understand.

Helge.—Don't you understand that she's my (*He looks at him*

clearly and unflinchingly.)—my wife!

Ulfstjerna.—Your—wife?

Helge.—Yes—before God!

Ulfstjerna (*Looks at him*).—Do you believe in God?

Helge.—No, but anyhow—that's what I call it. Will you promise me that?

Ulfstjerna.—What is all this, Helge?

Helge.—Will you promise it—for my sake?

Ulfstjerna.—Alas! My wishes!

Helge.—Promise!

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, I promise you!

Helge.—Then I'm satisfied. (*A sudden thought makes him look cheerful.*) Then, papa, I'll give you something! Something that I wanted to give—my best friend. Wait, I'll soon be back. (*He goes back to the writing-desk, opens a drawer, takes out some papers, and glances at them.*)

Adelaide.—Look, Helge! Isn't she sweet like this?

Helge (*At the writing-desk, gives them a fleeting glance*).—Yes, very! (*He takes the papers, and goes into his room.*)

Adelaide.—He didn't even see it! That's the way the men are, my young one. Now I'm going to get washed. You shouldn't have oil in your hair.

Agda.—I don't. I assure you!

Adelaide.—Well, well, don't get so hot about it. You'll get one of my bottles to-morrow. (*She goes out to the right.* ULFSTJERNA *has sunk down into the sofa.* AGDA *stands beside the table. On account of the stillness* ULFSTJERNA *notices that they are alone.*)

Ulfstjerna.—You don't look glad, my child?

Agda.—Yes, I am—very glad!

Ulfstjerna.—Are you? Very glad! (*He rises and bursts out.*) What business did you have here? What unfortunate fate brought you into his path?

Agda (*Frightened*).—Then you don't want Helge and me to—oh, I surmised that, I surmised that!

Ulfstjerna.—You misunderstand me. It's for your own sake that I feel sorry that it happened. Here, you see, *here* gladness doesn't thrive.

Agda (*Grasps his hand and kisses it*).—You are so good! I love you.

Ulfstjerna.—Well, I'm not bad! But then why do they strike me?

Agda.—Who—strikes you?

Ulfstjerna.—Who, do you ask? Everybody! The gods! Once, you see, there was something very pretty—here, within me. But where is it now? Words—words written on the sand! That was all—and now! The gods are laughing at me.

Agda.—I don't understand.

Ulfstjerna.—No, you're so young. How old are you?

Agda.—Eighteen years.

Ulfstjerna.—And how long have you known Helge?

Agda.—It will be a month to-morrow.

Ulfstjerna.—To-morrow? How strange!

Agda.—What?

Ulfstjerna.—And where have you met?

Agda (*After some hesitation*).—Sometimes outside, sometimes here.

Ulfstjerna.—Here?

Agda.—Don't get angry! Sometimes in the evenings, when Helge was alone, he used to read to me—(*With an inspiration.*) your poems.

Ulfstjerna.—What! What! My poems! Did he really? Tell me! How does he read them? Well?

Agda.—Yes, indeed! Charmingly!

Ulfstjerna.—I'm glad to hear it! Well—you read my poems, and then—you fell in love with each other?

Agda.—Yes.

Ulfstjerna (*Looks at her, struck with a sudden thought*).—"*Quel giorno piu non vi legammo avante!*" Was that right? Was it my poems that—? Galeotto, Galeotto!

Agda.—What are you saying? I don't understand.

Ulfstjerna (*Looks at her bewildered*).—No, how could you understand? The fault is mine! See, the gods are laughing at me!

Agda (*Passionately*).—You think I want to force myself in here. Yes, I know you believe that! If you knew everything you wouldn't judge me so hard. If you knew what a price I'm paying.

Ulfstjerna.—What are you saying? Come here! Nearer! Look at me! (*He takes her head between his hands and looks into her eyes.*)

Agda (*Breathless*).—Do you know?

Ulfstjerna (*Pushes her away from him. He paces the floor, then stops, and looks at her*).—What kind of human child are you? I can't grasp it. Are you eighteen years old? Do you love him?

Then what do you want? What do you believe? What are you hoping for?

Agda (*Whispers*).—I believe—I believe—

Ulfstjerna.—What?

Agda.—Don't you believe in—miracles?

Ulfstjerna.—Miracles? No!

Agda.—Why you must! You who are a poet! To compose, isn't that to believe in miracles?

Ulfstjerna (*Looks at her*).—Where do you get that idea?

Agda.—I believe that a poet is almighty. I believe that everything he composes, happens—how could I otherwise laugh or cry about it? It happens somewhere, in the invisible—alas, I can't explain it.

Ulfstjerna.—What thoughts you have!

Agda.—You are so kind! I believe in you!

Ulfstjerna (*Uneasy*).—In me! Well—well. What do you want of me?

Agda (*Seizes his hand and presses it to her bosom*).—I believe in you as I do in Providence.

Ulfstjerna (*Loosens himself*).—Go away! What do you want of me? (AGDA's *glance becomes lifeless. She goes to the table, sits down, and bends her head down.* ULFSTJERNA *paces back and forth in rebellion.*)

Adelaide (*Comes from the right*).—Where is Helge?

Ulfstjerna.—Helge. I don't know. In his room, I believe.

Adelaide.—What's the matter with you? Have you had a squabble already?

Ulfstjerna.—No, we haven't had a squabble, but I'm afraid this is going to be a dreadful evening. Where has gladness flown? Why, isn't there an engagement—a wedding?—Where shall we get gladness? Hush! I know—champagne! Say, Lalla, don't we have any of the champagne left that I got on my birthday?

Adelaide.—One bottle, I believe.

Ulfstjerna.—Find out, will you? We must drink with the young people.

Adelaide.—Helge never drinks any, does he?

Ulfstjerna.—Nobody knows what Helge does. And perhaps he'll drink to-night.

Adelaide.—Well, I don't object. (*She goes out to the vestibule.*)

Ulfstjerna (*Goes to* AGDA, *places his hand on her head*).—Not like that! Lift your head up! *Believe* then!

(AGDA *looks at him with a questioning glance.*) No, child, life isn't a poem. But perhaps—

Agda.—What?

Ulfstjerna.—Perhaps death is! Where do you come from, girl?

Agda.—Where? I? Why, you know that.

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, you've lived here, in the same hall as I have. I've often met you. Once—didn't I talk with you once?

Agda.—Yes.

Ulfstjerna.—And now! Now my future is in your lap! Strange, strange!

Adelaide (*Comes back with a bottle of champagne and some glasses. She places them on the table*).—Yes, there was really one left.

Ulfstjerna.—See! Give it to me! I'll open it!

Adelaide.—Are'nt we going to tell Helge first?

Ulfstjerna (*While he opens the bottle*).—No, Helge is very strict. He thinks there's poison in you, dear bottle! Forgive him. He's very young yet, very young and very strict! Let's play while he's away!

Helge (*Enters from his room. He has a rather large envelope in his hand. He stops*).—What are you doing? Are you drinking champagne?

Ulfstjerna (*Sets the bottle down*).—To your welfare, my children!

Helge.—Thank you. It's all right without it. Papa, may I speak with you.

Ulfstjerna.—Certainly. (*He goes aside with him.*)

Helge.—Here's something I want you to hide for me.

Ulfstjerna.—I? Careless fellow!

Helge.—But you must promise that you won't open it until—the hour is up.

Ulfstjerna.—And when is the hour up?

Helge.—You'll surely understand when it is—then?

Ulfstjerna,—Well! Give it to me!

Helge.—Do you promise me that?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes. (*He takes the envelope and pockets it.*)

Helge.—No. Don't carry it about.

Ulfstjerna (*Smiles*).—Is it dangerous?

Helge.—Perhaps.

Ulfstjerna.—Then lay it on my table! (*He looks at him, and gently smooths his hair.*) You—grim enthusi[illegible] hastily

turns away from him. Helge goes into the room to the right, and comes back out immediately.

Ulfstjerna.—Have you filled the glasses, Lalla? (*He takes his glass. When* HELGE *comes back he says.*) The first glass we drink to you, our children. To your welfare! (*They all drink except* HELGE *who sets his glass down untouched.* ULFSTJERNA *looks at him.*) Not even to-night?

Helge.—No. Why to-night? It's all right without it, papa!

Ulfstjerna.—Perhaps you're right, but I don't like that you don't take it. Don't forget gladness, Helge. Then pour some more for us, Lalla! We're no dainty feeders.

Adelaide.—No, that's true. Do you remember, Johan, the first time we drank champagne together.?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, I remember! The first time—and since then many, many times. That has always been our weakness, champagne! If we were ever so poor, we'd drink the wine of the rich, anyhow. (*He raises his glass towards the lamp.*) This is the prettiest wine. It's like gold and pearls. It's like the morning sun and the dewdrops! And hear how it fizzes! This is the wine of song! That's why I've loved it! I drink it for the froth! I drink it for the rising pearls! (*He drains his glass. Then he goes over to his armchair and sits down. He is absorbed in thought.*)

Helge.—Mamma, to-morrow I'll be away the whole day.

Adelaide (*Tipples her glass without ceasing*).—The whole day? Where are you going?

Helge.—I'm going out—with Agda. I've been thinking we'd go out to our country place. I want to show it to Agda.

Adelaide.—Dear children, what are you going there for? It's barricaded and all snowed in—and in this cold, too!

Agda.—That doesn't matter.

Adelaide (*Looks at her.*)—No—o, when a person is in love, then—well, go! (*She yawns.*) I'm tired. Indeed, I believe I'll go and lie down. Say Johan! Wonder if we should go to bed or are you going to compose another poem to-night?

Ulfstjerna.—No. There's an end of composing now. Just now I saw—my last poem.

Adelaide.—What did you see?

Ulfstjerna.—I saw a child playing. It was far—far in the future. The sun was shining. The trees bowed themselves to the wind. He played in the sand before the white wall of a cottage. He had an old book in his hand and he tore the leaves out,

one by one, and let them fly before the wind. There was somebody who called the child—"Johan," was called.

Adelaide (*Laughs*).—I suppose you fell asleep, my old man! It was I who called you.

Ulfstjerna.—Was it? Perhaps.

Adelaide (*Rises*).—Now I'm going to lie down. Are you coming along?

Ulfstjerna.—You go. I'll come after a while.

Adelaide.—Good night then? (*She finishes drinking her glass.*) The champagne tasted good. (*She retires to the right.*)

Ulfstjerna.—That's the best thing she knows, but she always gets sleepy from it.

Agda (*Who has been sitting and conversing quietly with Helge, becomes uneasy. She rises*).—Shouldn't I go now?

Ulfstjerna (*Rises also*).—No, you stay, my child. I'm going. (*They look at him with a questioning glance.*) I need some air. I'm going out a while, and then you may be by yourselves.

Agda.—Will that do?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, that will be all right. Whatever else can be said about Johan Ulfstjerna, he's *not* been a *philistine*. I'll be glad, my child, if you stay under my roof. (*He pours some champagne into the glasses.*) But first—the last glass! (*He raises the glass and listens.*) What's the clock striking?

Helge.—Eleven, I think.

Ulfstjerna.—Isn't it midnight? (*He goes to the window and looks out.*) It's starlight. Then it will be cold. (*He turns around. His face beams.*) The last glass! I drink it to thee, my country! There in the darkness, thou liest. Over thee the stars sparkle, and thy frozen lakes do roar. Thou art growing very large. For me thou art growing. Thy shadow looms above the heavens and overshadows everything. I see the stars no more. I no more hear the song. Thee alone I see, thee, my quiet, lamenting country! Is it thy will? Thy will be done! (*He drains his glass.* HELGE *and* AGDA *rise and drink.*)

Ulfstjerna.—And now—the end! (*He throws the glass on the floor and it is shattered.*)

Helge.—Papa!

Ulfstjerna (*Looks at him and smiles*).—It was only a glass. Do you worry about a trifle like that? (*He goes toward the vestibule. Then he stops.*)

You drank at last, anyhow, Helge! Good night! (*He goes*

out into the vestibule. HELGE *and* AGDA, *motionless, stand there, hand in hand.*)

ACT V

This act takes place in the ante-chamber to the governor's reception room. It is a large office with scanty and stiff furniture. To the left are two doors. To the right in the background is another door. In the background are two windows. Placed diagonally near the window to the right, is a large writing-desk. Between the windows is a shelf on which are books, records, etc. In the foreground to the left is a table on which lie several newspapers. Near the table are some chairs and a sofa. Chairs are also placed around the walls. On the walls are a few portraits of officials.

At the writing-desk in the background sits the secretary with his back to the audience. He is speaking with a gentleman who is standing near his desk. At the door farther to the left, two armed policemen are stationed. At the door to the right stands a guard in uniform. Durng the course of the scene several men are, one by one, ushered in to the secretary. They talk with him, give reports, etc.

A guard enters and makes an announcement to the secretary. The secretary nods. The guard goes back to the door and ushers in ULFSTJERNA.

Secretary (*Rises, and shakes hands with* ULFSTJERNA).—Welcome, Mr. Ulfstjerna! How are you?

Ulfstjerna.—Thank you! And how are you?

Secretary.—Poorly enough. My nerves! Too much work, not enough rest, that's the whole thing. It will just go till it falls to pieces. You don't look real well, either.

Ulfstjerna (*Has looked around the room absentmindedly*).—Oh, yes! There's nothing the matter with me.

Secretary.—How can I be of service to you?

Ulfstjerna.—A few days ago when I had the honor of speaking with His Excellency, he mentioned something about receiving my son some day. Wasn't that to-day.?

Secretary.—We'll see. (*He goes to the table and reads on a list lying there.*) Quite right. Here's his name. Helge Ulfstjerna. Isn't that right?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, that's he.

Secretary.—Is there any obstacle?

Ulfstjerna.—No. None that I know. Is it soon his turn?

Secretary.—There are three people before him. One is in there now—Dr. Reback.

Ulfstjerna (*Is startled*).—Reback.

Secretary.—Yes. I believe it's some business from the University. A fine man! It's said that he's soon going to be a professor.

Ulfstjerna.—Is that so? And he's in there now?

Secretary.—He's been there long enough. See here he comes.

(*The door to the right is opened and* REBACK *enters. When* ULFSTJERNA *sees him he quickly turns away and goes down to the table in the foreground.* REBACK *comes forward and bows to the secretary.*)

Secretary.—I hope you are satisfied. (REBACK *bows curtly.*) Don't you know Ulfstjerna?

Reback.—Yes, slightly.

Secretary.—Excuse me a moment. I'll just—

(*He goes to speak to the guard who then retires to the right. Then the secretary talks with the stranger, who rises and goes a few steps forward in the room.*)

Reback (*Approaches* ULFSTJERNA).—Ulfstjerna!

Ulfstjerna (*Without looking at him*).—Look out! Don't talk to me!

Reback.—You're not going to stay here. Come with me!

Ulfstjerna.—No. I'll stay with my son.

Reback.—Consider. This day will decide our fate.

Ulfstjerna (*Breathes deeply*).—Now I have considered! (*He turns toward him—From this moment his face is calm and clear, his behaviour is quiet and self-controlled.*)

Reback.—Ulfstjerna!

Ulfstjerna.—Hush! Go!

Reback (*Bows deeply to him and returns by the door farther to the left. The guard has returned. Upon a questioning look from the secretary he bows. The stranger goes in to the right.*)

Secretary.—Did Dr. Reback leave?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, just now.

Secretary.—Is there anything between you two?

Ulfstjerna.—No.

Secretary.—Well, pardon me, but—it looked like it. (*He laughs.*) You've a hard time to keep peace in this country.

Ulfstjerna.—Perhaps it will be better.

Secretary.—Let's hope so. What was it you wanted?

Ulfstjerna.—I should like, if it's possible, to be allowed to have a few words with His Excellency before my son sees him.

Secretary.—I understand. But wouldn't it be better if you both went in together?

Ulfstjerna.—No, I should like very much to have a private audience with his excellency.

Secretary.—Well. I'll deliver your message when he'll be at his leisure. I suppose there will be no objection under such conditions. His Excellency has always cherished good will for you.

Ulfstjerna.—I thank you.

Secretary.—Sit down and make yourself at home.

Ulfstjerna (*Sits down at the table in the foreground facing the audience. He takes a newspaper and holds it before him. After a while he lays it down. He stares straight ahead and whispers*).—But how—how!

(*The secretary has gone back to his desk. The guard enters from the left, makes an announcement, goes out again, and returns with* HELGE. *The latter wears a black suit, but he does not wear a frock and white tie. He is pale, and in appearance as calm as a sleep-walker.*)

Secretary (*Turns around in his chair*).—This is—Mr. Ulfstjerna, Jr?

Helge.—Yes.

Secretary.—You are expected. But I think it will be a little while before you may have an audience. Sit down back there a while. You'll meet an acquaintance. (HELGE *looks at him with a questioning glance.*) Well, you'll find out who it is, yourself. (*He turns around again and continues writing.*)

Helge (*Goes down to the foreground. He stops when he sees his father*).—Papa!

Ulfstjerna (*With a faint smile*).—Well, you didn't expect this?

Helge.—No. (*He looks at him as if he were an enemy.*) Why are you here?

Ulfstjerna.—Come, sit down! (HELGE *approaches him, hesitating a little.*) Sit down. (*Softly.*) Be careful!

Helge(*Sits down*).—Why are you here?

Ulfstjerna.—I should ask you the same.

Helge.—I'll explain it all to you—later. But go now, papa!

Ulfstjerna (*Shakes his head*).—I must stay—I, as well as you!

Helge.—What do you want of me?

Ulfstjerna.—Nothing. It's all a chance. But I'm glad that

I came. I wanted to see you. I didn't see you all day yesterd did I?

Helge.—I was out in the country.

Ulfstjerna.—With Agda?

Helge.—Yes.

Ulfstjerna.—And then you forgot us—old people!

Helge (Looks at him and whispers).—Papa!

Ulfstjerna.—What is it?

Helge.—Your hair!

Ulfstjerna.—What's the matter with my hair?

Helge.—Why, it's turned—white!

Ulfstjerna.—Has it? That doesn't matter. That's ought to be.

Helge (In despair).—I beg you—go! Let me be al

Ulfstjerna.—No. You must have a friend here an your enemies. Won't you let me be your friend?

Helge (With a sigh).—Father!

(Meanwhile there's a certain uprising among tho present. A detective in civil clothes has entered and eagerly with the secretary. Then they have all gone in t governor's room. Now there is no one in the room bu policemen and a gentleman who is sitting on a chair in th waiting his turn.)

Ulfstjerna.—There's one thing I want to tel I'm no longer in their service.

Helge.—Not?

Ulfstjerna.—No. I've asked to be discha *his resignation from his pocket.)* Here's my wanted to hand it in a few days ago, but it was d going to hand it in.

Helge.—Is that why you've come here?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes.

Helge.—Now, now! Don't do it, papa!

Ulfstjerna.—Don't think about it. At I am morally free.

Helge.—Yes, yes,—that's good. I th everything. Forgive me! And now you'r

Ulfstjerna.—Be careful, Helge! *(The detective come out from the right again. Th other, whereupon the latter quickly goes. T toward the stranger waiting in the background.*

Secretary.—Now it's your turn. But, I beg your pardon, you must first allow yourself to be searched.

Stranger (*Rises*).—Searched?

Secretary.—It is His Excellency's order. No one is permitted to have an audience with him, unless his body has been searched.

Stranger.—If that's the case—certainly!

Secretary.—May I ask you to step in here a moment? (*He leads him to the left door nearer the front, and beckons to the armed policeman. They all retire to a room within. Even the guard has gone in to the right, upon the order that the secretary had given when he came out.* ULFSTJERNA *and* HELGE *are alone on the stage for a moment.*

Helge (*Rises*).—Now everything is lost!

Ulfstjern.—Give it to me?

Helge.—What?

Ulfstjerna.—The revolver!

Helge.—You know it?

Ulfstjerna.—Give it to me! Quickly! That's the only salvation. (HELGE *takes his revolver out of his pocket and gives it to* ULFSTJERNA *who hastily pockets it.*)

Helge.—You know it?

Ulfstjerna.—Everything! Sit down! (*He sits down.*)

Helge (*Puts his hand to his head*).—Wait! When I've been searched, you ask to talk with me, and then you give it back to me!

Ulfstjerna.—Yes, yes. Sit down and be calm! (*While* HELGE *sets himself, the secretary comes back.* ULFSTJERNA *rises and goes toward him.*)

Ulfstjerna.—Has anything happened?

Secretary.—Not directly, but it looks as if we're on the tracks of some sort of conspiracy.

Ulfstjerna.—Conspiracy! Against whom?

Secretary.—Against whom? Do you ask that? Your countrymen are beginning to give us trouble, my dear Ulfstjerna. If all were like you it would look better here in the country.

Ulfstjerna.—It will be better—perhaps.

Secretary.—We hope so. (*The two armed policemen come back with the stranger. One of them reports to the secretary.*) All right! (*To the stranger.*) Then if you please! Do you think you'll be in there long?

Stranger.—No. Only a few moments. Unless His Ex-

cellency keeps me. (*He goes in to the right. The secretary goes back to his desk.* ULFSTJERNA, *who has remained a moment in the background and looked out, comes back down to* HELGE.)

Ulfstjerna.—Agda is standing down there.

Helge.—Agda!

Ulfstjerna.—I guess she's waiting for you. (*He looks at him.*) Don't you want to see her?

Helge.—I want my deed. That's all!

Ulfstjerna.—You'll get it!

Secretary (*Comes down to them*).—I guess it's uncertain if His Excellency will receive you to-day under the present conditions. But, for all eventualities, perhaps you'll allow yourselves to be searched now, so that will be over. (*He beckons to the armed policemen.*)

Helge.—You'll wait here, won't you father?

Ulfstjerna (*Nods*).—(HELGE *goes in to the left with the armed policemen.*)

Secretary.—I forgot. Do you still wish to see his Excellency?

Ulfstjerna.—Yes.

Secretary.—As soon as he's at his leisure I'll ask him. (*The stranger comes from the right. After greeting* ULFSTJERNA *he takes the secretary out to the left.*)

Secretary.—Now I'll—(*He goes in to the right.*) Ulfstjerna (*Looks around. His glance falls on the guard who stands erect at the door all the while. He smiles and says to him.*) Do you always stand here, my friend?

Guard.—Yes, during reception hours.

Ulfstjerna.—Don't you get tired?

Guard.—Oh, yes. Sometimes.

Ulfstjerna (*Nods at him*).—Perhaps now you'll soon have—a rest.

Guard (*Looks at him as if to question him.*)

Secretary (*Comes out*).—Yes, His Excellency will receive. Go right ahead. (*He goes to his desk and sits down.*)

Guard.—Whom shall I announce.

Ulfstjerna (*Looks at him and smiles*).—Announce—Johan Ulfstjerna!

Guard (*Goes to the right.* ULFSTJERNA *follows him quickly. After a few moments the guard comes back and resumes his post at the door. Helge and the armed policemen come from the left. One of policemen goes forward to the secretary and gives his report.*)

Secretary (*To* HELGE).—I guess you'll have to wait a little.

Helge (*Looks around*).—Father? Where's my father?

Secretary.—He's with His Excellency.

Helge (*Cries out*).—With His Excellency! Father!

(*The secretary looks at him, surprised. At the same time the report of two shots is heard. All stand petrified. Then the report of another shot is heard. The guard opens the door and rushes in. The secretary and the armed policemen do likewise. Shouts and noises are heard. People come rushing in from the left.* HELGE *stands there as if rooted to the spot.*)

Secretary (*Comes out, calling*).—The Governor is wounded! Shut all the doors! No one is allowed to go out. A surgeon! Quickly! A surgeon! (*Out to the left.*)

ULFSTJERNA, *pale but calm, comes from the right arrested by the two armed policemen.* HELGE *runs forward and throws himself upon him.*)

Helge.—Father, what have you done? That was *my* deed!

Ulfstjerna.—Hush! Hush! You see I must die so that you may live!

(*The policemen push* HELGE *away, and he falls to the ground while they are leading away* ULFSTJERNA.)

THE ROMANTICISM OF ROSTAND

By Eleanor W. Thomas

Correct as has been Edmond Rostand's judgment as a playwright and unprecedented as was the immediacy of the popularity of his masterpiece in drama, we have come to believe that he is above all else poet. If poet, he must lead us far afield where the magic casements open on the land of things as they ought to be, on the world of the dreamer, on the ever-living domain of adventureful romance. Largely because the young poet did this, he received prolonged applause from critic and Parisian play goer, and was enthusiastically welcomed elsewhere than in France.

His work came as a great fresh current of air to the men of a decade fed from what Stevenson calls "the meat market of middle-aged sensuality"—the plays and tales of the pioneers of naturalism. Hauptmann's *Before Dawn* had been published in 1889; the Théatre Libre of Antoine in Paris and the Freie Bühne in Berlin had been representing plays since 1887 and 1889, the former date being the year of the publication of the first of Strindberg's morbid ravings. Not many years later, Wedekind assumed the role of an animal tamer inviting us to see his show where men and women were but wild beasts in action. The drama of France itself, Mr. Brander Matthews wittily describes as devoting itself to the treatment of marriage defined as other people's wives, and the novel as dominated by M. Zola with his disconcerting "habit of holding an inquest on humanity in the presence of the corpse." Out of the ordure of *La Terre* a finer realism was to rise in both fields of fiction, but meanwhile naturalism painted the minute details of a sordid life where man's will was thwarted by the inexorable laws of heredity or the unescapable bars of environment and where the attraction between the sexes was not romantic love but a deplorable passion, urging man to his undoing. The facts of experience, which must be the material of the naturalist's art, were too exclusively the ugly facts of experiences frequently abnormal. These plays of the 1890's make us sympathize with the

comic protest of Mr. Chesterton's Book Reviewer who will not read a rotten page of *Sex-Hate* or the *Social Test* or *Husks* or *Heritage*, but would have that fizz suppressed, and exclaims:

> O Moses, give us all a rest!
> I'll read *Jack Redskin on the Quest.*
> And feed my brain with better things.

M. Rostand is host at a feast of these better things hungered for by the Reviewer.

Very early M. Rostand wrote an *Essai sur le Roman sentimental et le Roman naturalist*, and when only eighteen composed *Les Romanesques*, a happy, easy little farce, which viewed seriously is an examination of the nature of the romantic. The stage direction reads: "The scene is where you will, provided the costumes are pretty." Here, at once, we meet something very unlike the minutely described and strongly localized scenes of the naturalist, his kleinmalerei. Yet the two acts which follow seem to be a burlesque of romantic comedy: the two young lovers thinking to emulate Romeo and Juliet, find themselves but the marionettes worked by too cruel and too clever fathers, and disillusioned they, agree "Our poor poesy was mockery. In bursting thus before our wondering eyes, fair iridescent bubble, you are no more than a little soapsuds spattering on one's nose." Percinet's gallant rescue of Sylvette from the abducting brigand was but a mock rescue from the hired Straforel. Percinet then runs away in search of real adventure and receives many actual buffets, encounters actual dangers, and returns in rags to save Sylvette from a seemingly determined lover, the disguised Straforel. On the realization that this second rescue of a fair lady by her daring lover was but another hoax planned to gain for Straforel his delayed pay, the lovers wake up to what constitutes real romance: "Poetry, you see, is in the hearts of lovers; it comes not solely from adventures. We were fools to seek it elsewhere when it was within us." Here, then, Rostand is leaving burlesque and indicating something of the real nature of the romantic: it is subjective —"When the soul loves, she can embroider true flowers on a false woof." In the end, however, Sylvette craves indulgence for the piece, in a rondel, making fun of the conventional elements of the libretto:

> Old wall, lovers, scented thymes,
> Costumes light and easy rhymes,
> A swordsman dight in a gay mantello.

In this first play of Rostand's appears one trait of his romanticism: its literary flavor. He never hesitates to call to his assistance the suggestions of romantic art known by all; here it is *Romeo and Juliet*, but Juliet's abduction arranged as in a Watteau picture, for the romantic past suggested is not of the sixteenth, but of the eighteenth century, when men fondly imagined themselves fine figures in velvet and lace observing the rules of the game in a garden planned by LeNotre. Frolicking as the play is, it yet reveals characteristics of the author's romanticism which his greater works develop.

On April 5, 1895, at the Theatre de la Renaissance, Sarah Bernhardt and Jean Coquelin presented *La Princesse Lointaine*, the first work of Rostand's to prove his genius and to place him among leading romanticists. The source of the story is the twelfth century history of Joffroy Rudel, the troubadour of Provence, whose great love for the unseen and far away Melissinde, the Lady of Tripoli, inspires his friend, the knight Bertrand, and a company of pirates, to sail with him to the East that he might catch one sight of his Lady before death closed his eyes forever. Arrived at Tripoli, Bertrand goes ashore to beseech the Lady to visit his dying friend. There he is mistaken by Melissinde for the poet, rumors of whose love have come to her, is loved by her, and though bound straitly by his loyalty to Rudel, he loves in return. A black sail seen through the window leads them to think the poet dead, but when they find the ominous sail to be on another ship, remorse seizes them for unfaithfulness, and they reach Rudel in time for him to lift Melissinde into the unreal world of the verge extreme of love where he dwells, so that upon his death, in an ecstacy of devotion, she and Bertrand renounce each other.

The story and its treatment reveals many elements of romanticism. It is in medieval romance that we find again and again the motive—an idealizing love for a princess never to be won—and it is medieval romance, too, which lends such incidents as Melissinde's giving of her sleeve to Bertrand, and his killing of the goblin knight, dight so richly in green armor. The mariners reach a land with golden beach and silver fringe of waves, whence comes the sweet fragrance of myrtles. Here later nineteenth century romanticism is responsible for the character of the details. It is a red city which lies beneath a glowing sky; Melissinde with her lilies and bandeau of pearls suggests Rossetti, while her long hair falling in its golden wealth over the dying poet brings to

mind Maeterlinck's Melisande, though the black sail conjures up the dying Tristan and the splendid approach of the Princess in her barge reminds us of that black browed beauty of Egypt floating down the Cydnus not to comfort a poet but to conquer a warrior. The closing of the window through which happiness sees duty is the sort of detail the Symbolist loves. Romantic allusion abounds, and the story embodies the theme chiefly loved by romance: that of the undaunted pursuit of an ideal, of a passion fully lived up to after the manner of passions in the world of romance. Rudel sings:

> O Love supreme that burns
> Hopeless of Love's returns;
> Tireless by night it yearns,
> And day!
> With such vain dreams that are
> Loftier than life can mar
> I love the Princess far Away.

Only romance recognizes such self devotion as that of the troubadour and such exaggerated faithfulness as leads to the final renunciation of Bertrand and Melissinde. Yet in the midst of the exaggeration, how much of the truth of romance does Rostand give us: the influence of the ideal, of the worship of the something afar. To the scepticism of the spirit of negation, the physician Erasmus, who, however, looks less wise without cap and gown, Father Trophine affirms that "Humble folk admire what is great, and feel, untaught, the poesy of things," and to the materialist's question, What's the use of romance? gives answer:

> Every ray from the ideal sent
> Into the soul destroys an evil there.
> All noble aims bring forth a nobler aim;
> No dream suggests a dream of lower flght;
> * * * * *
> Yes, I approve adventures aiming high,
> There's but a single vice: inertia!
> And but one virtue * * *
> That?
> Enthusiasm!

These last words strike a note of Rostand's romanticism led more loudly later in his masterpiece. Rudel dies and and and Melissinde are to give up joy, but "it is something to

have wept, to have done, to have watched, seen, smelt the mystic rose, something to be wiser than the world, to be sure of a desire."

La Samaritaine, written by Rostand to be performed in Passion Week in Paris in 1897, is interesting from the point of view of romance as harking back to such religious love poetry as the mystic, erotic love poems to the Virgin of the twelfth century, to the spirit of the troubadour Court of love, and to medieval mysticism in the Francis of Assisi teaching of human love as but a stepping stone to divine love. Here again is seen Rostand's tendency to employ the methods of an earlier literature to aid him in removing us from the world of the commonplace, of disillusion, into a region of faith where ideals are believed in as working principles.

Exquisite as was *La Princesse Lointaine*, it was the heroic comedy of 1897, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which entitled Rostand to rank among the first French dramatists and among the great romancers. His choice of subject was most fortunate, for the life of Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac (1619-1655) abounded in the changes, the contrasts, and the interesting events which make romance and drama. Poet, satirist, philosopher, duellist, soldier, and lover, in the Paris of the great Cardinal Richelieu, the Paris made familar to us by Dumas as throbbing with mystery and adventure, Cyrano had a career determined by a great passion and checkered through his own sensitive and uncompromising disposition. It was a theme fit for the poetic power and dramatic instinct of Rostand.

The very name of the play is one of those that sound sweet upon the tongue, while the drama to which it gives title has connection not with the romanticist school of the end of the nineteenth century but with an older school of high romance. Though closely related to seventeenth century French fiction, it strikes the vein of old French and Spanish literature, and draws us not into a Maeterlinckian world of lonely towers by iridescent pools where there are strange movings in the wind and whisperings of coming evil from hidden vaults beneath disease stricken castles, nor into a decadent world where love is an obsession, the sole motive and end of life, but into the chivalrous world of Cervantes, the Gascon life of adventure of Dumas, the Paris of cape and sword where the poet finds not only amourous wooing but also valorous fighting, where the hero does not ignore "la douceur feminine" but fails not "à sonner les verités des éperons." Rostand is careful to pay tribute to his great masters: Cyrano takes

off his hat to Don Quixote and suggests that battles with wind mill sails may land one in the mud—but perhaps project one to the stars, and it is D'Artagnan who makes his bow to Cyrano on his first appearance and then leaves to him the stage.

The stage, then, is one of colorful action where men forget their heaviness and take delight in a personage larger than human, strutting it may be with a swashing and a martial outside through most varied scenes. Walter Besant joins with others in exalting cheerfulness as the necessary mood of true romance; Stevenson insists on high spirit, action, as making the romantic, and Brunetiére writes of the probable appearance of a vortex of actions, a concourse of people. These traits we find in *Cyrano*: here is exuberance of life, enthusiasm, élan, experiencing of life and pronouncing it good. The Gascon cadets are introduced by Cyrano as lying and fighting without dismay, spouting of heraldry and arms, with veins a-brimming with blood so blue—historical characters renowned for wit, courage and love of women. And the flower of them is Cyrano, the dominant personage of romance, who sweeps all forward with the rush of his spirit, a great romantic character, wtih exaggerated motives and powers, yet real to us as one of the most lovable male characters of fiction. Amazingly versatile, he at one moment attracts us by his wit or by his fearless bravery, and the next receives our admiration for his tenderness, his concealment of deep wounds to his spirit by jests that sleep in knavish ears. He is the lineal descendant of the great heroes of romance above all as being—it has been well said elsewhere.—

> Of them who in their lips love's standards wear.

These men who do deeds play their parts in great scenes; the bustling concourse of society gathered at the Hotel de Bourgogne; the picturesque rotisserie filled with idlers coming and going; the battle field of Arras—yet is it a battle field? for here we are present at a scene out of medieval romance with seventeenth century additions; and lastly, the quiet old convent garden amid falling leaves of autumn with nuns passing and re-passing and distant sounds of the organ. How at variance is this drama of stirring life with the doctrine of Hauptmann, who predicts that action upon the stage is to give way to analysis of character and exhaustive consideration of motives which prompt men to act, or with the

plays of the Symbolists "where life reveals itself in static moments and is ever menaced by the unknown."

The art of the romancer is at one with that of the realist in the accuracy of the milieu of the comedy, for Rostand in *Cyrano* rivals Thackeray in *Henry Esmond* in a faithful reproduction of the scenes, the speech, the customs, and the ideals of the century he is reviving.

Medieval motives prominent in *Cyrano* are the love of woman already spoken of and the union of grotesque and sublime. It is only at death that the sense of humor of the man with the ludicrous nose allows him to tell the woman he has worshiped:

> *Grace a vous une robe a passé dans ma vie.*
> *Toute ma vie est là.*

The play again celebrates the worthiness of battle for the unattainable:

> *Mais on ne se bat pas l'espoir du succésí*
> *Non! non c'est bien plus beau lorsque c'est inutile.*

Mr. Charles Renault thinks of Cyrano's *panache* as symbolic of a dash that scorns to gain, of a belief in grasping after the too remote:

> O'er truth and daring floats a plume
> That is no flaunting feather vain!
> It marks for ay the hero's doom,
> O'er truth and daring floats a plume!
> It nods o'er chisel, brush, and loom,
> And consecrates the poet's strain.

In *L'Aiglon*, Rostand is attracted by the modern problem of the influence of heredity, and shows the son of Napoleon as weakened at crises in his career by recognition of his Austrian inheritance, and therefore failing to carry out high purposes. This naturalist's idea, though, is clothed in romantic garb. Characters and incidents are idealized, for men and women are capable here of extreme love and devotion and the scenes and events belong to the remote world of court intrigue and military plot. Most impressive of all is the early morning scene at Wagram where the Duke hears voices of the dead, then turns to bow to his fate as symbolized by the Austrian troop. In spite of indecision, the Duke is made in part of heroic material, while Flambeau, the Grenadier, has stepped out of old romance.

Chantecler which after being long heralded, was acted in 1910,

is a play *sui generis*, and yet again, even though he is writing social satire, it is Rostand the romanticist whom we must study. Though the ideas and interests of the play are those of the present day literary and social world, Rostand gives to this world the charm of remoteness by placing it in a barnyard and a forest, where humanly loyal and humanly envious birds and beasts live comedy and tragedy. With few exceptions, the symbolism of the piece is obvious. The fops, the pedants, the cynics combine against the idealists Chantecler and his friend, Patou the dog, but our sympathies are enlisted on the side of the idealists. Patou growls against the satirist whose eye never brightens with wonder and admiration, and who would kill among us love by persiflage; or against the esthete who has not "the courage of colors on his wing." The blackbird, the witty critic, seems to him but a beastly little undertaker who, after burying Faith, hops with relief and glee. As for him, he desires escape—"the fresh illusion of lapping up the stars." Chantecler finds all the world interesting and sings in praise of the transforming power of the Sun:

> Artists who making splendid the great things
> Forgets not to make exquisite the small.
> O Sun, without whose golden magic, things
> Would be no more than what they are.

As in *La Princesse Lointaine*, the spirit of negation is reproved and Faith and Enthusiasm triumph, for even when Chantecler finds that it is not his voice which has brought forth the sun, he is happy in the belief that he will rouse sleepers to a new day, for always must there be "in the soul a faith so faithful that it comes back even after it has been slain."

The distinguishing note of the great romantic revival is thought by leading French critics to be individualism, the ego against society, the lyrical cry; Mr. Theodore Watts thinks it to be a "renascence of wonder". *Chantecler* is remarkable as combining both these notes with a tone not usually belonging to romanticism: a tone resulting from keeness of wit, cleverness of repartee, delicious satire, a satire at times hardly escaping mockery. And yet how close akin to the great nature odes of the romantic renascence of the early 1800's are Chantecler's magnificent hymns to the Sun and the wonderfully beautiful antiphonal of the birds in the serene silence and coolness of the forest at night when they chant their gratitude to the God of Little Birds

and to His Gentle Saint, the good Saint Francis, the "tender dreamer of a generous dream."

From this examination of the plays of M. Rostand, we may arrive at certain general conclusions regarding the composition of his romanticism. In the first place, eclecticism is prominent. Though steering clear of goblins and fairies and weird and mystic and gloomy effects, Rostand shows the influence of most of the other phases of the romanticism of the past hundred years. Then, secondly, there appear in his dramas traits strange to romance differentiating his romanticism from that of others. M. Rostand therefore defies classification with any one school: too much of a romancer of the healthy adventure-loving type to be one of the Neo-romanticists, he is too literary, too exquisite, a little too much of the *fin de siècle* to be altogether of the old school.

Let us review some of the outstanding features of these two traits of his work as romanticist.

Very striking is his use of satire, the play of his humor, a certain lightness of touch. Though too full of zest for life ever to be bitter, it is as if M. Rostand said: "Come, let us not take our romance too seriously. After all there is a matter of fact view of all things, and do not be mistaken about me; I see the earthly connections of these things, but I choose to believe that it is wiser and better and truer to look upward to the stars. Nevertheless, the idealist has his laughable side. My young lovers, dreaming day dreams, are hoaxed; my poet needs a wise priest as apologist; it is Cyrano's wit and virility that must save him from sentimentalism; L'Aiglon is keen enough to jest, bitterly it may be, at his helplessness—though we do not wholly acknowledge that helplessness, and Chantecler has to rise above the fear of making a fool of himself in order to do his bit in the world." The virtue of this corrective use of humor appears with great appropriateness in the death scene of *Cyrano*. The hero feels the absurdity of a man with a ridiculous nose being the central figure of a beautifully arranged death, and his jests time and again save the situation from inferior sentiment until he dies smiling that he has kept to the end his brilliancy of wit, his gaiety of soul. Here are no fine large words about untarnished honor and eternal love.

In this attitude to romance, M. Rostand is at one with the Shakespeare of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, who revels in burlesquing his own art, yet teaches "the best in this kind are but shadows and the worst no worse if imagination but mend them."

A second trait of M. Rostand's work which distinguishes him

from the Neo-romanticists and Symbolists of the later nineteenth century is the joyousness, the delight in activity, which springs naturally from the sanity of a wholesome mind and which vitalizes his best creations. Gossiping on romance, Stevenson praises its presentation of men who found "everything good which accompanied their stay on earth." Though he feels sadness, Cyrano is one of these and reminds us of Dumas' Fouquet: "*l'homme de bruit, l'homme de plaisir, l'homme qui n'est que parsque les autres sont.*" Chantecler, the indomitable, sounds the clarion call to work and even the wraiths of the soldiers of Napoleon, still stirrred by devotion to an idea, cry out of their old agony: "*Vive l'Empereur.*" The enthusiasm of the poet vents itself in a lavish expenditure of himself which has struck critics not wholly friendly to him: Mr. Norman Hapgood wrote of *Cyrano* as "a brilliant exhibition of all that M. Rostand had on hand", and Mr. Henry James, realist of realists, was pleased by the happy ease of the author of *Les Romanesques* and the succeeding more serious plays. In his youthful enjoyment of life, Rostand, though less robust, is as a romantic in the excellent company of Scott and Dumas, and one hardly thinks that in the next world they will ever turn upon the creator of Cyrano with his own query: "*Mais que diable allait-il faire en cette galère?*"

It is, too, this happy exuberance which causes Mr.Chesterton to comment on the excellence of *Cyrano* as "heroic comedy," for here there is not the spiritual breakdown of tragedy but a story with death as outcome made into comedy through the strength of man's spirit. The dramatist shares with us his belief that "merriment is one of the world's natural flowers, and not one of its exotics," and yet gives us "outbursts of a human sympathy and bravado as old and as solid as the stars." The critic well remarks that death is more joyful in Rostand than life is in Maeterlinck.

This genre, heroic comedy, links Rostand with the 1830's and Alfred de Musset and Victor Hugo rather than with later romanticists, just as his use of satire and artificial verse forms suggest Banville, and his combination of romance and satire, his power of fantastic embroidery in style, Pierre de Marivaut, the opponent of Voltaire.

M. Brunetière lists as a mark of French romanticism virtuosity, the gift enabling one to appropriate the inventions or the ideas of his contemporaries with a view to transforming them and giving them definite expression. To the virtuosity of M.

Rostand attention has often been called. The theme of *L'Aiglon* is the contemporary problem of heredity, but M. Rostand treats it in romance. So one motive of *Chantecler* is that beloved by our quarter-century, the relative parts in life of man and woman. Ascribing to the poet lack of originality, one critic of *Cyrano* goes so far as to say that the Gascon cadets rise from the dregs of Dumas's musketeers, and another speaks of Rostand's work as Hugo brought up to date. Dear as one may hold D'Artagnan and the Three Musketeers, Cyrano is surely of a finer brand, and Hugo's romantic dramas use medieval motives, or those of the eighteenth century school of Terror far more largely than Rostand's—remote spots, secret hiding places, the hero with sin scathed brow, courting violent death for the sake of love. In this respect of indebtedness to his predecessors, Rostand's work offers comparison with the Celtic revival of romance in drama for the Celtic plays of the past two decades are racy of the soil and seek to resurrect such simplicity as was the aim of our early nineteenth century romanticist. The writings of M. Rostand, however, are redeemed from smell of the lamp by their freshness of spirit and beauty of form and poetry. He is at one with other romanticists of recent years in perfection of form. Though in *Chantecler* a squib is shot at theories of art and the pedants are rendered most ridiculous, the author himself is, when at his best, complete master of stage craft and always great poet. Only in *L'Aiglon* does he fall into the error to which romanticists are prone and present situations too highly ingenious and use symbols childishly apparent.

We have already noted the slight extent to which M. Rostand bases romantic appeal on the machinery of medievalism, differing in this from his great contemporaries, Maeterlinck and Stephen Phillips, and we found in his work the individualism and the idealism, the mood of aspiration, of the romantic. The last assumes varied phases, apparent as it is in *La Princesse Lointaine*, *Cyrano*, *L'Aiglon* and *Chantecler*. One by-product is the attitude to death so often found in old romance. A German student of the plays comments on how the three heroes all prefer "*in das geheime Haus des Todes zu stürmen, ehe der Tod sich zu ihm wagt.*"

Coleridge laid down as principle of successful romance that it must produce a willing suspension of disbelief and so give illusion of reality. Does Rostand give such illusion? The answer must be in the negative, and yet we must grant that he hardly attempted such accomplishment. Rather with his own Manager

of *Chantecler*, he requests those who sit before what he intends that they recognize as a curtain to allow him to raise it to show them the interesting things that are immediately behind it and perhaps to suggest to them the wonders of the blue distance beyond. After all, is it not an unanswered question, this of how to present the probable so that it seem not improbable, the impossible so that it seem possible?* Sir Henry Irving reprimanded a stage hand for a poor imitation of thunder, and received the defense: "Please, sir, that wasn't me that made the noise. It's the real storm outdoors; it's ragin' so and I couldn't, ear you tell me when to begin."

We were told twenty years ago that *Cyrano de Bergerac* gave no true judgment of life. Are we as sure now that Rostand's idealism is not realism? At that time the Decadents of the fin de siècle were declaring the citizens of France inapt in public and private affairs, inefficient reproducers of future generations, incapable of the devotion of deep set faith. Since then have come the days, the months, the years of 1914-1917 and the world wide admiration for a France organized once more for victory, of a France blotting out Germanized thought and making clear to us as never before the meaning of the French *élan*, the French *ame*, the French love for *la gloire*, the French enthusiasm for the idea, an idea to be realized in a world made safe for Democracy largely through French self-devotion. Rostand, the romanticist, the idealist, the believer in a remoter Sun, has expressed for us something of the spirit of the men who worked the miracle of the Marne and who stood firm at Verdun, letting not the enemy pass. We have heeded his appeal: "Let us call again to the somber shore the wave singing of the Ideal."

*Cited in Charlton Andrews: *Drama of Today*.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

A FANTASY

By Bertram Bloch

(The room is undoubtedly an artist's studio. The furniture, the pictures, the tools of the trade all proclaim it, and if they were not sufficient to establish the fact, the extraordinarily large glass windows at the rear, and the skylight overhead, leave no chance for error. At present the windows are open, showing a sky faintly star-studded. It is evidently a very beautiful night, and here in this high place one would be tempted to sit and look out upon it. But not so the young man in the room. His restless movements, his uncertain gestures proclaim thoughts in which the beauty of the night has no place.

He is a tall young man, rather thin and pale. He is attired in clothes a bit the worse for wear. He isn't shabby, but—well, it is easy to see that he is short of money. On a chair, flung down so carelessly that the greater part of it rests upon the floor, is an overcoat. On the coat is a soft hat.

The young man, who has been walking about the room, drops suddenly upon a settee and covers his eyes with his hands. He groans, he starts to rise, then checks himself for a moment; then very deliberately goes to the overcoat and takes from the pocket a revolver. He looks at the small, shiny weapon for a few seconds, then raises it slowly to his head. The strain is too great. He trembles, and almost falls. He sits down, holding the revolver limply. He wipes the perspiration from his forehead . . . Again he raises the revolver, this time with resolution . . . But before he can pull the trigger, two figures enter through the window. They are halberdiers, clad in black and white doublet and hose. On their breastplates is a coat of arms—a huge bowl afloat in a heavy sea; there are three men in the bowl . . .

The guards turn at the window and look out and down, as though awaiting some signal from below. Receiving it, they nod, then move swiftly over to the chair and seize the young man. He does not resist. He seems to be in a daze.

A drum is heard. Then a trumpet. Through the window marches

a guard of black and white halberdiers. Behind them comes a clerk, then a herald and then three judges, attired in black and white robes, and wearing long capes. They are very wise looking, oh very, as they peer out sharply from under their wigs. They pass close to the young man, gaze scornfully at him, and then take their seats upon a dais. The herald blows his trumpet. Immediately there enters a host of strange folk, quaintly clad—no, not so quaintly at that—for their clothes are just what we would expect them to wear. They are the Mother Goose folk—Little Boy Blue, Mother Hubbard, The Little Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, Jack and Jill—all of them. They murmur together and are very much excited.

The guards keep back the crowd. Then enter two attorneys with briefs under their arms. One is in black and white. He is the prosecuting attorney, a large, corpulent man with a self satisfied smile. The crowd hisses him, but cheers the attorney for the defence, a mild mannered little man, looking out of place in his robe of red and white . . . The attorneys take their places before the court.)

Herald.—Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! The court of the three wise men of Gotham is assembled. Let those who have business with the court come forward that they may be heard!

(*There is silesnce*)

Mother Hubbard.—Deary me, deary me, I forgot to give my poor dog a bone. (*She starts to struggle towards the window much to the amusement of the others in the court-room*)

Chief Justice (*Sharply . . . He is a rather big man with a most assured air. A sort of "Of course, I may be wrong, but—" manner*).—Silence!

Clerk.—Silence!

Guard.—Silence!

(*But* MOTHER HUBBARD *is undaunted and continues to force her way through. She finally gets out, still crying, "Oh, my poor dog, my poor dear dog"*)

Clerk (*After there is quiet again*).—Since no petitioners have come forward, the court will proceed with its calendar. The case of Gotham vs. Humpty Dumpty.

(*The crowd murmurs*)

Chief Justice.—Silence!

Clerk.—Silence!

Guard.—Silence!

(*The crowd quiets down somewhat*)

Chief Justice.—Bring in the prisoner.

(*The crowd looks towards the window*)

Prosecutor (*Rising with great deliberation*).—May it please your Honors—that is impossible.

Chief Justice.—Why impossible? There is a prisoner, is there not?

Prosecutor (*Loftily*).—I would not be here otherwise.

Chief Justice.—Well then? If there is a prisoner he can be brought in, and if he can be brought in, he must be brought in. Fetch him.

Prosecutor.—I must repeat your Honor, that that procedure is impossible. The prisoner, Humpty Dumpty, was so broken by his fall that we have been unable, despite the splendid assistance accorded us by his Majesty himself, we have been unable, I repeat, to pull him together again.

(*The judges confer*)

Chief Justice (*Reluctantly*).—Very well, the trial may proceed, but since it is certain that we shall sentence the prisoner, and since the prisoner must then be present under the laws of his benign and in the opinion of the court somewhat indulgent Majesty, will you see to it that the prisoner Humpty Dumpty be brought before us no matter how shattered his state, what time we are prepared to issue sentence upon him.

(*The prosecutor bows and whispers to a guard, who sallies forth amid the boos and jeers of the crowd. The Chief Justice raps for order. Then angrily*—)

Chief Justice.—Silence! If there are any further demonstrations in favor of the prisoner we shall order the court cleared.

(*Silence follows this statement*)

Chief Justice.—Proceed.

Clerk (*Rising and reading from a scroll*).—The prisoner Dumpty is charged with the high crimes of attempted suicide, criminal negligence, disturbing the peace, mayhem and failure . . . On the fourteenth day—

Judge on the right.—Skip all that. I have a supper engagement. I must meet my wife. If he is charged with all this, he must be guilty. Let us sentence him and go home.

Prosecutor (*Jumping up excitedly*).—I pray your Honors will do nothing so unprecedented as that. Never has it been said of this court that it condemned a man without a fair trial. Think, your Honors! What would become of me, the prosecuting attorney, if the court decided questions of guilt without hearing the testimony of the state. My office, an honorable and ancient office, would be destroyed and I, a faithful citizen of the state,

would starve. What could I turn to, your Honors, what would my family—

Chief Justice.—Enough, enough. It will be quicker to hear the evidence than to listen to your protests. Proceed.

(*The judges settle back in their chairs; the one on the right continually looking at his watch and grumbling . . . The crowd presses forward and is restrained by the guard*)

Prosecutor.—I'll endeavor to detain the court as short a time as possible.

(*The judges nod approvingly. The one on the left takes out a book and begins to read. The Chief Justice eyes the ceiling . . . The prosecutor digs down among his papers*)

Jill (*Pointing to a girl in the crowd*).—Oh, there is Marjory Daw.

(*A few voices*).—Where, where?

Jack.—No. That isn't Marjory. She won't be here. She has left poor Humpty.

Bo-Peep.—Yes . . . I saw her myself this evening with a fine dress on and a bright hat.

The Little Old Woman Who Lived in A Shoe.—She'll come to a bad end, will Marjory Daw . . .

(*The* PROSECUTOR *begins to speak, and the crowd becomes silent again*)

Prosecutor.—The accused, Dumpty, has long been known to this community. Perched high above us more earthly mortals—(*This is said sneeringly*) he sat, by his own volition, mind you, upon a wall and spent his time gazing over the country, occasionally essaying to catch some of its beauty, and place the said beauty upon a piece of canvas prepared for that purpose—

Chief Justice.—There are so many rogues doing that today that I have a mind to urge the passage of a law ordering the leveling of all walls, and the destruction of all landscapes. Surely we have enough canvases to last us. And if we didn't there is no one today who knows how to catch beauty . . . Are you certain that he was not up there to plot mischief? You know that would simplify matters a great deal.

Judge on the right (*Earnestly*).—A very great deal, a tremendously great deal. Just tell us that, and we'll sentence him in the shake of a stick. That would give me time to get home and shave before keeping my appointment.

Judge on the left.—Do you shave yourself? My doctor told me—

(*But the other is listening to the* PROSECUTOR)

Prosecutor.—I regret your Honors, that I did not think of that when I prepared the indictment. Had I done so, the case would have been much briefer undoubtedly, and I regret exceedingly that the thought had not occurred to me at the proper time.

Judge on the right.—Change it now. The court grants you permission.

Prosecutor.—I thank your Honors, but I feel that in justice to myself I have no right to change the charge. I have worked with my usual zeal upon this case and have prepared a most wonderful and intricate brief, which I am sure will earn for me the commendation and plaudits of the world. Can I then, I ask you, cast aside the result of my labors and venture forth upon a new and untried path?

Chief Justice.—Stick to the old. That's my motto. Whatever is new is wrong.

Prosecutor.—I thank the court.

Simple Simon.—Why do they talk so much?

The Little Old Woman.—Hush Simon. You mustn't ask foolish questions.

Simple Simon.—But that fat man talks so much.

The Little Old Woman.—Sssh. He is very wise, Simon. You must listen to him.

The Old Lady Who Went Up In The Basket (*Wringing her hands*).—Oh, I hope they won't do anything to poor Humpty.

Chief Justice.—Silence!

Clerk.—Silence!

Guard.—Silence!

(*But the* OLD LADY *continues to sob*)

Chief Justice.—Who is making that noise?

Clerk.—If it please your Honor, it's the Old Lady who a short time ago went up in a basket nineteen times as high as the moon.

Chief Justice.—Why is she crying?

Clerk.—She is the prisoner's mother.

Chief Justice.—Prisoners have no right to have mothers. This court will not be sentimental. Take her out.

(*The crowd murmurs, but the guard leads the* OLD LADY *out*)

Prosecutor.—Again thanking the court, I proceed. I shall endeavor to prove to your Honors that the accused, after spending years upon the aforementioned wall, and in that time contributing nothing to the state save a few so-called canvases, and

having learned that he was being looked upon as a useless character, the said defendant did throw, hurl, cast or precipitate himself off the said wall, thereby injuring himself past all redemption.

Chief Justice.—Never mind all that. You say that the accused sat upon the wall of his own volition?

Prosecutor.—Yes, your Honor, and therein lies his greatest offence, as I shall endeavor to prove by citations of law dating back to the case of Flint vs. Dinosaur, 41 Prehistoric Reports.

Attorney for the Defence (*Rising, and speaking quietly*).—We will freely admit that the accused exercised his own volition in the matter. In fact he acted against the dictates of those most interested in his welfare. The defence will not attempt to deny this.

Prosecutor (*Very much upset*).—I protest! May it please the court— (*The lights begin to dim*) I have gone to much trouble to prove this point. I object to the attorney for the defence adopting unfair tactics. I have traced the history of the accused. I have learned that he came from poor but honest parents—

Chief Justice.—Never mind his parents. What's the matter with the lights?

(*They continue to grow dimmer*)

Prosecutor.—He was always erratic as a boy, but not until he became a young man did he show unmistakable evidence of a disordered mind. His poor old mother—

(*It is growing quite dark*)

Chief Justice.—Some one see to those lights. Lights, I say! Lights, or I'll sentence every one present.

The Judge on the Right.—Oh, my engagement! I'll be late as sure as fish is fish!

A Voice.—Look out for Taffy in the dark.

(*There is a mingled cry of 'lights' and 'fish is fish' for a few seconds, and then absolute silence. The stage is black . . . There comes a knock. And another*)

The voice of the Prosecutor.—Is there any one at home?

The voice of the Old Lady.—Did any one knock?

Prosecutor.—Of course. Let me in, Mrs. Doane.

The Old Lady (*She is heard bustling about*).—Oh, it's you, Mr. Rorer . . . Just a minute . . . Deary me, deary me, where are those matches?

(*She strikes a match and lights a lamp on the table. It casts a light on the table and on three chairs, and that is all. The furniture is cheap and old. On the table is a work-basket with sewing materials in it and beside it is a heap of stockings*)

(*The old lady disappears after lighting the lamp. She can be heard breathing hard and fumbling at a latch. A door opens and for a moment moonlight enters. Then the door is closed. The* PROSECUTOR, *now a well-fed country type, dressed in a coarse suit, heavy shoes and with a red muffler about his neck, comes to the table.*)

Prosecutor (*Or* RORER, *as we'll now call him*).—It's a cold night, Mrs. Doane, a cold night.

The Old Lady (*Now* MRS. DOANE).—I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Rorer. I was napping. I didn't get no sleep last night, I was so worried.

(*She bustles about, preparing to light another lamp*)

Rorer.—You needn't light another lamp for me. I can't stay long. I've a lot of work to do, mam, a lot of work. Examination papers, you know, examination papers.

Mrs. Doane.—I know, I know, and I won't be keeping you long. It's awful good of you as it is—I thank you for it. Indeed I do.

Rorer (*Loftily*).—No thanks necessary. I am always glad to be of service. My duty to the state, mam, my duty . . . What is it you want with me? Something wrong with Gerald again?

Mrs. Doane (*Beginning to weep*).—Yes, it's Gerald again. He is going to leave me.

Rorer.—Leave you? Ridiculous! I realize that he is lacking in most of the qualities that go to make a dutiful son, but I assure you he will not do that.

Mrs. Doane.—It's kind of you to say that, Mr. Rorer, and I hope you're right. But I'm afeared. I'm awfully afeared, I am. He says he's going to go. Won't you try to persuade him not to, Mr. Rorer?

Rorer (*With assurance*).—Believe me, mam, he won't go. Not him. Three square meals a day will anchor him fast.

Mrs. Doane.—But he has given up his job down at the store, and is buying clothes.

Rorer.—That he has given up his job, I am ready to believe. Also that he is spending his money foolishly. But neither of these—

Mrs Doane.—Oh, I know he is going . . . Excuse me for interrupting you, Mr. Rorer, but it ain't any use trying to soothe me. He is going away. Going to Paris, France.

Rorer.—Paris! Oho! And why Paris?

Mrs. Doane.—He wants to study painting.

Rorer.—So that's it? Painting . . . He a painter! You must forgive me for laughing, Mrs. Doane, but the suggestion of Gerald as a painter is too much for my equilibrium.

Mrs. Doane. (*With all the heat she is capable of*).—Why not? Why shouldn't he become a painter? I suppose he's as good as the next one.

Rorer.—You don't suppose anything of the kind. If you did you wouldn't have asked me to come here. Let us be frank. Let us call a spade a spade. Gerald is a shiftless, incompetent, disobedient dullard.

Mrs. Doane (*With a low cry of protest*).—Oh, no, no.

Rorer. (*Raising his hand*).—My dear Mrs. Doane. Please. Do not permit your maternal instincts to triumph over your reason. Gerald has been a failure as a student and a greater failure in business. Only yesterday Mr. Calkins told me that the boy was a loss to him.

Mrs. Doane.—He never liked business. He wants to paint. He's left the store.

Rorer.—Young vagabond. He wants to idle, that is what he wants to do. I suppose he is using the money his uncle left him for his—ah—nefarious purpose?

Mrs. Doane.—Yes.

Rorer.—I thought so. I have always contended that is folly to bequeath money to minors. However—.

(*Voices are heard outside. Then a key is put in the door*)

Mrs. Doane.—He is coming. There is some one with him.

(*After a moment*, GERALD DOANE, *the young man of the revolver —now a mere youth—appears. Following him is the attorney for defence, a shabby, little man, carrying a black medical case*)

Gerald.—Hello mother. Good evening, Mr. Rorer. It's blowing up cold.

Mrs. Doane.—And you didn't wear your muffler . . . (*To the other man*) Evenin', Dr. Glover.

Gerald.—I brought the doctor in with me—met him on the street—told him he needed a cup of tea.

Glover.—He won't let me beg off, Mrs. Doane.

Mrs. Doane. (*Visibly embarrassed*).—You're more'n welcome sir.

Gerald.—Of course he is. We'll have a tea party, the four of us.

Rorer.—The three of you. I have other things to do . . .

Gerald (*His attitude towards* RORER *is defiant from the begin-*

ning. He can guess why he came).—Why, I thought you had dropped in to keep mother compauy.

Rorer.—I came because your mother begged me to come.

Gerald.—Is that so? Mother, are you setting your cap at Mr. Rorer?

Mrs. Doane (*Shocked*).—Oh, Gerald.

Rorer.—We have been speaking of you . . . Your mother tells me that you want to go away.

Gerald.—And you, of course, think I ought to stay here.

Rorer.—Think? It isn't a matter of thinking at all. There is no thought needed. Art. What do you know of art? Be satisfied with your job, boy, and be glad you have a roof over your head.

Gerald.—Thank you . . . And now mother, since Mr. Rorer won't stay, suppose we three have tea.

(Rorer *all but explodes.* Mrs. Doane *is shocked*)

Mrs. Doane.—Oh, Gerald, Gerald, aren't you shamed to talk like that?

Gerald.—Ashamed to talk like what? Mr. Rorer said he couldn't stay, didn't he?

Glover.—I—I guess I'll be on my way. Have a serious case down at the Lawrences.

Gerald.—You stay right here, doctor. If Mr. Rorer wants to stay, he is welcome to.

Rorer.—I have already told you that I did not come here to drink tea.

Gerald.—I know. You came to give mother and me your advice. Well, I don't want advice. I have listened to you and to the minister and to Mr. Calkins until I can hardly think for myself. I am tired of it. My mind is made up . . .

Rorer (*Clearing his throat*).—Another man would accept your insult and leave, but I shall not. At least, not until I have made another attempt to convince you of your stupidity . . . What makes you think you are an artist?

Gerald.—One doesn't think those things, one feels them.

Rorer.—So feeling makes an artist, does it? And how do you feel?

Gerald.—Oh, don't try to be—(*He stops, realizing the folly of endeavoring to argue with* Rorer.)

Rorer (*Well pleased with himself*).—Tell me, for my own information. I must confess that though I am more than usually

well read and well informed, I know nothing about these things. Do you feel it in the head or in the stomach?

Gerald.—No. You feel it in a place you don't know anything about, your soul . . .

Rorer (*Shaking his head*).—I'm afraid, my boy, you need Dr. Glover—not Paris. A strange feeling in one's insides is not the test, my boy . . . And that you'll find out soon enough. You may be able to talk this nonsense to your mother, who always had a streak of flying over the moon in her too, and to Dr. Glover but you can't talk it to the world. The butcher, the baker, the candle-stick-maker will be your judges, and when they condemn you to go without food and light, why then, you will have a feeling. They'll show you that it's results that talk in this world—not beliefs . . .

Gerald.—Thank you, Mr. Rorer . . . It's getting colder . . . Every minute it's getting colder . . .

Rorer.—You—(*He restrains himself; then buttons up his coat*) No, I must remember my position . . . I wash my hands of you . . . You are a Humpty Dumpty. Yes, sir, a Humpty Dumpty, and you'll have a fall. Yes, sir, a Humpty Dumpty of pride, and pride always goeth before a fall . . . Good night!!

(*He stalks out*)

Mrs. Doane.—Oh, Gerald, how could you talk to the principal like that. It was downright wicked.

Gerald.—I've been saving that up for five years. The mean coward. Humpty Dumpty! (*He laughs*)

Mrs. Doane.—I don't see anything to laugh at.

Gerald.—It struck me funny. Mr. Calkins called me a bad egg, and now the principal calls me, Humpty Dumpty. No doubt of it. Some kind of an egg I must be, don't you think so, doctor?

Glover.—Looks that way . . . Don't you worry, Mrs. Doane. Gerald will come out all right. He has courage. That's a whole lot . . . Gerald, I think I'd better go.

Gerald.—No. You stay right here.

Glover.—Your mother, I am sure, isn't in the mood to make tea tonight. Drop in tomorrow. I'd like to talk to you.

Mrs. Doane.—Won't you stay a little while, doctor . . . ?

Glover.—No, thank you. You don't want me . . . (*He picks up his bag*) Trust Gerald, Mrs. Doane . . . Good-night.

Gerald.—Good-night. (*He walks to the door with the doctor, thus disappearing*) Good-night.

(*The door is heard to close.* GERALD *returns, goes to his mother and puts his arm about her*) There, you hear what Dr. Glover said?

Mrs. Doane (*Doubtfully*).—Yes . . . But—but—the doctor is so queer . . . Folks don't think much of his judgment . . . (*Clutching her son's arm*) Gerald, you're not going, not really.

Gerald.—I got my ticket this evening. I—I was afraid my courage might ooze away. (MRS. DOANE *begins to cry*) Don't cry, mummy. It's all for the best.

Mrs. Doane.—It will be so lonely without you.

Gerald.—You'll have Beth and John. You mustn't cry, dear. I wish I could stay. But it was killing me here . . . I'll work hard, and you'll get long letters from me, and then before you know it, I'll be back again—famous. Won't you be proud of me, eh?

Mrs. Doane.—But how can you become a great painter?

Gerald.—Watch me.

Mrs. Doane.—I'm so afraid. The Lord only knows what will happen to you in that strange country—and I have heard tell that the French aren't all that they should be. There no telling what queer people you'll meet and what queer foreign dishes you'll be upsetting your stomach with.

Gerald.—Why, mother, don't you know that all the good cooks come from France?

Mrs. Doane.—You're joking with me. I don't like to joke about such things.

Gerald.—I'm not joking. All the chefs at the big hotels are Frenchmen. Why 'chef' is a French word.

Mrs. Doane (*After a moment*).—Well, maybe so . . . But—Oh Gerald, I don't want you to go . . . Why couldn't you be like the other boys in the village and settle down to a good steady job?

Gerald.—Because I've got to paint . . . Mother, forget the black side of the picture. Think how nice it will be when I am a successful painter. Only the other day a painter got $4,000 for painting a portrait. And often they get more than that.

Mrs. Doane.—$4,000

Gerald.—And not long ago a painting sold for thirty-three thousand dollars. Thirty-three thousand, and it wasn't even new.

Mrs. Doane (*Who, in her amazement can but echo him*).—Not new?

Gerald.—No, indeed. It was about five hundred years old.

Think of that! Of course, all pictures don't bring quite that much . . . but they bring enough to buy silk dresses with. That would suit you, wouldn't it?

Mrs. Doane.—Yes, Gerald, but—

Gerald.—Yes?

Mrs. Doane.—I'd much rather do without the silk dresses and have you stay here.

Gerald.—You'll have both in a few years, mother . . . (*He kisses her*) You know we must show them that Humpty Dumpty could stay on the wall, mustn't we? Of course . . . And now let's go to bed.

Mrs. Doane (*Sighing*).—You can do whatever you want with me, can't you? You just twist me about your finger. I guess I'm a very bad mother.

Gerald.—You're not. You're the best mother in the world . . . But come on now. Go to bed, and dream of silk and fame and Paris.

Mrs. Doane.—I know it's wrong for me to let you go.

Gerald (*Blowing out the light*).—Not a bit of it . . . Mind that chair . . . Don't cry, mummy, it'll all come out right.

(*The door is heard to slam . . . Silence . . .*)

(*After a moment a Victrola is heard. It is playing some light musical comedy music . . . The stage remains dark. Then a door opens, and the light from a hall shining in, shows faintly the side of a room. It also shows a maid standing at the door, and behind her, Gerald. The maid waits until the music stops*)

Maid.—I knocked Miss Marjory, but I guess you didn't hear me . . . Mr. Doane is here.

A Voice.—Well, why don't you let him come in.

(*An electric lamp, quite a large one, flashes up. It has been turned on by a woman reclining in a deep chair between a table on which the lamp is placed and the Victrola. The lamp lights up her face and hair and the upper prt of her shimmering dress*)

Marjory.—Come in, Gerald . . . I was playing to quiet my nerves.

(GERALD *enters. He is a bit older looking than in the last scene. He is wearing the clothes in which we first saw him*)

Gerald (*Closing the door behind him and approaching Marjory*). —Does that stuff soothe you?

Marjory.—Wonderfully . . . How are you?

Gerald.—Oh, so so.

(*He takes off his coat and sits down on the edge of the table*)

Marjory.—What's the matter?

Gerald.—Just tired, I guess. Discouraged a bit . . . I don't seem to get any further. They refused my canvases at the exhibition today . . . I'm getting used to it . . .

Marjory.—Did you bring my letters?

Gerald.—Yes. (*He takes a package from his pocket*) Which one did you want to see?

Marjory.—Let me have them a minute. (*He hands them to her. She looks them over*) Thank you . . . Here are yours, Gerald. (*She holds out a package*)

Gerald (*Starting up in surprise*).—You're going to keep yours? (*She nods*) But you said—you said you just wanted to see—. I say, Marjory, what's happened?

(*She is silent, looking down. Then she reaches over to the table and lights herself a cigaret*)

Marjory.—Gerald, I've been thinking things over . . . Been thinking them over a lot . . . a long time . . . (*She stops a moment*) Jerry—we'd better stop now . . .

Gerald.—Stop what?

Marjory.—Our—what'll I call it . . . our almost engagement. We're too deep now.

Gerald.—You want to break off—?

Marjory.—There's nothing to break—yet. We're not engaged, Jerry, though I'm awfully fond of you and you're awfully fond of me . . . But it won't do . . . Honestly, it won't.

Gerald.—Why not? If you're fond of me?

Marjory (*Looking at the tip of her cigaret*).—Jerry, I'm not getting any younger. It's time I was thinking of getting married. (*He makes a move toward her*) Not to you, Jerry . . .

Gerald.—Why not to me?

Marjory.—Jerry, I've got to have money. You know that. I owe a lot now. I can't keep on contracting debts forever. Now can I? Well, so—

Gerald.—In six months or a year at the most—

Marjory.—You won't be able to support me—nor in six years.

Gerald.—How can you say that? Because I haven't made money yet? I've never really tried. Why, if I make up my mind to it, I'll be able to sell pictures—do illustrating for the magazines.

Marjory.—I hope you will, Jerry, I hope to God you will . . . only—I haven't enough hope to take a chance.

Gerald.—It's no chance. Wait. That's all; wait a bit—

Marjory.—I've been waiting three years.

Gerald.—Waiting three years? Now, that isn't so, Margy . . . I never—

Marjory.—It is so. What do you know about it? Because I didn't go and tell you . . .

Gerald.—You didn't want to get married . . .

Marjory.—No. That's why I was willing to wait. But I do want to get married now, and you're not—well—there's no use quarreling about it. It isn't your fault.

Gerald (*Unable to comprehend fully*).—I don't understand . . . We've never spoken of love. I didn't know—that is I hoped—and I thought that perhaps you were in love with me, but because I hadn't made good yet, I didn't speak of it . . . And now you tell me that you do love me, but you won't marry me . . .

Marjory.—I'm not in love with you . . . I never let it come to that . . . I'm very fond of you—that's all.

Gerald.—Never let it come to that? You do keep a tight hold on yourself don't you? Well, why didn't you let it come to that?

Marjory.—I couldn't take the chance. You can't let your emotions run away with you. It doesn't pay.

Gerald.—But if I could make good, then you would let your emotions run away with you. Is that it?

Marjory.—I'm not going to talk to you if you sneer at me like that.

Gerald (*With warmth*).—But that is it, isn't it? You're always so fond of the truth. That is it, isn't it?

Marjory (*After taking some little time to make up her mind whether or not she will answer*).—I didn't intend making you and myself miserable by an unhappy marriage. That's the truth of it. Can you afford to keep me like this?

(*She waves her hand about the apartment*)

Gerald.—Must you be kept like this?

Marjory.—Yes, I must . . . I've got to have beautiful things around me, and beautiful things are expensive. I'm what the radical bunch calls a parasite—and I'm glad I am. I don't believe in working if you don't have to—and I intend that I won't have to . . . And every woman feels as I do, only some of them aren't honest enough to say it . . .

Gerald.—Don't you think that that is a pretty selfish philosophy?

Marjory.—Of course, I am selfish. Aren't you selfish too? You want me to marry you, tho you know that I'd have to work like a scrubwoman afterwards . . .

Gerald.—You wouldn't . . . you wouldn't! I tell you I'm going to make money . . .

Marjory.—Now, Gerald—I've been honest with you. You know the chance of your making money is pretty slim. You know it is . . .

Gerald.—It will be if you turn me down like this.

Marjory.—That's like a man! (*She is angry now*) Blame your failure on me . . . It's been my fault all along that you are a failure, hasn't it?

Gerald.—Oh, I'm a failure, am I?

Marjory.—You don't call yourself a roaring success, do you? I know you don't.

Gerald.—The past has nothing to do with the future . . . If you would have faith in me . . .

Marjory.—Oh, Gerald, don't fool yourself . . . Please, don't talk that way. Don't you believe that I'd be willing to take a chance, if there was any chance at all? But there isn't. Ask any of the boys. They'll tell you the same thing. Courtney and Williams and De la Schell . . . and that big art collector from London . . . what did he say? They won't let you hang at exhibitions; the magazines won't take your stuff; the public won't buy . . . And it isn't even because you are different from the others. It isn't as though you were starting a new school. There would be hope then. But this way . . . I don't know, but—well—you just haven't it in you.

Gerald.—So that's what they think, is it?

Marjory.—Every last one of them, Jerry. (*She goes to him*) I'm awfully sorry, really I am. But you see how it is. You must have noticed it yourself. Now, haven't you?

Gerald (*After a pause*).—Yes . . .

Marjory.—It's too bad . . . It isn't like being in business. If you can't get your stuff over, you're—well—you just aren't.

Gerald.—Then I just aren't? Eh?

Marjory.—Oh, you know what I mean.

Gerald.—Yes, I think I do.

Marjory.—And you believe me?

Gerald.—Believe what?

Marjory.—That I am awfully sorry.

Gerald.—I am sure you are. In fact, I suppose they all are.

(*There is silence for a time.* GERALD *looks down at his hands as though they had betrayed him*)

Marjory.—What are you going to do, Gerald?

Gerald (*Puzzled*).—Do?

Marjory.—Yes . . . You—you won't keep on with your painting, will you? . . . Please—I don't want to hurt you—but now that you know—don't you think it would be a mistake?

Gerald.—Why?

Marjory.—Why because—(*The thing seems so evident that she finds it hard to put into words*) Why—what's the good of being an unsuccessful painter?

Gerald.—Why not?

Marjory.—Why—you know how people—what they think of an artist who—It's—oh, I don't know—but I don't want to see you like old Fitzroy or one of that kind . . .

Gerald.—You mean you lose your self-respect?

Marjory.—You can't help it . . . And you're too good for that, Gerald. I mean that. Please don't smile at me. I do mean it.

Gerald.—I was only thinking what little use goodness was in this world . . . Well, I think I'll take your suggestion, and discontinue painting. There really isn't room for the successes and the failures too . . . Well, good-bye.

Marjory.—You are leaving town?

Gerald.—I don't know yet. I think so.

(*They shake hands. Then he goes out quickly. After a moment, she turns out the light and follows him, a look of fear on her face*)

(*The stage is dark . . . After a moment*)

Chief Justice.—Lights! Lights! Somebody is going to suffer for this.

Judge on the right.—As sure as fish is fish!

(*Gradually the stage becomes light, and we are back in the studio. The crowd quiets down*)

Chief Justice.—If that happens again, I'll sentence everybody.

Judge on the right.—Aren't we ever going to get through with this affair? I've got to get away.

Prosecutor.—I shall endeavor to prove—

Chief Justice.—Never mind proving anything . . . We've heard enough.

(*The judges confer together, while the crowd waits restlessly*)

Chief Justice.—The court finds the prisoner, Dumpty, guilty of every charge in indictment, and condemns him to remain broken up for the rest of his earthly life. Court is adjourned.

(*Before the judges can rise, the crowd breaks into cries of protest "No, no" "We won't stand for it" and so on*)

Chief Justice.—Silence!!

Clerk.—Silence!!

Guard.—Silence!!

(*The* CHIEF JUSTICE *waits for the noise to subside*)

Simple Simon.—But why must poor Humpty remain broken up? He is such a nice kind man.

Jack.—What's kindness got to do with it?

Chief Justice (*When every one is still*).—Court is adjourned.

Judge on the right (*Rising*).—I'll be late as sure as fish is fish.

(*But before he can step down, the murmuring of the crowd swells to a roar. A guard who has attempted to press the people back, is hurled against the bench. The judges draw together, somewhat affrighted*)

Chief Justice.—What is the meaning of this disorder?

Attorney for the defence.—If it please the court, I believe this disturbance is due to the fact that the court has given me no opportunity to put in the prisoner's defence.

Chief Justice.—There can be no defence . . . You yourself admitted that the prisoner has fallen . . .

Attorney.—It is the penalty I object to.

Chief Justice.—Objection overruled. Court is—

(*The crowd growls again*)

Attorney.—I have a right to be heard.

Judge on the right.—Give him a minute . . . Lord, lord, how late I'll be.

Chief Justice.—Very well, you may have a minute in which to present the defence.

Attorney.—Thank you . . . My case is a simple one. I admit that my client has failed to do what he promised the world he would do . . . That he has failed is not altogether his fault . . .

Prosecutor.—I object your Honors, this court deals with facts, not their causes.

Chief Justice.—Objection sustained.

Attorney.—Nevertheless I must speak of the cause of his failure . . .

Judge on the right.—Contempt of court . . . We'll sentence you—

(*But the crowd growls again and he shuts up*)

Attorney.—The condemned has worked faithfully at his art; he has not been negligent at any time. He has been true to himself, following his bent. That he has not succeeded is due to a defect inherent in his make-up, some weakness or combination of weaknesses which no doubt could be traced to his ancestors . . .

Prosecutor.—I object, your Honors. My opponent is about to launch into a discussion of heredity. Neither the court nor myself knows anything about heredity, so it ought not to be discussed.

Chief Justice.—You are right. This court deals with facts. Heredity has never been proved. No one has seen an heredity . . . Objection sustained.

Attorney.—Very well, I'll pass on. If the condemned had not followed the call of his soul . . .

Prosecutor (*Vehemently*):—I object. The attorney is talking poetry. Poetry has no place in a court-room . . . (*Very seriously, and heavily*) It's place is in the school, where it may be vivisected, and divided into metaphors, similes and the like.

Judge on the right.—Was that poetry? It didn't rhyme.

Chief Justice.—Objection sustained. The attorney for the defence will please to keep to prose . . .

Attorney.—Very well . . . (*He smiles, the least bit sadly*) If the condemned had not followed his best inclinations, then I say, it would have been fair to call him a failure, for then he would have failed to live life to its fullest.

(*The judges seem puzzled*)

As it is, he has done his best. No man can do more. He has worked with all his strength and energy. He has lost no opportunity to fit himself for his work. He has sacrificed ease and comfort and even at times food and shelter so that he might go on bearing the torch of art. And yet today, he is brought before you to be condemned as a common failure, and as such to be sneered and scoffed at, a broken man, to the end of his days.

Prosecutor.—Your Honors, I'd like to call my opponent's attention to the fact that the accused hasn't made $3000 in the past five years at his so-called, alleged, art.

Attorney (*When the prosecutor and the judges have finished laughing*).—I know that. But I refuse to call him a failure on that account. I refuse to call him a failure even though the best critics

and the best artists are unanimous in declaring that he will never paint well.

Chief Justice.—You disagree with them, do you?

Attorney.—No. They are probably right. Probably he will never paint successfully. I argue on another line entirely. Perhaps illustrations may help you to understand me . . . If he is a failure, then I too am a failure . . .

Prosecutor.—I object. We're not interested in the biography of my opponent.

Judge on the right.—No, let him go on. I like illustrations.

Attorney.—Thank you. I set out to be a great physician. But I lacked courage. I feared to make decisions which might bring death to those I tried to save. I became a miserable country practitioner. It broke me up—as the accused is broken up—when I realized that I would never be successful. But I recovered because I realized that if I could not be great, I could at least do much good in my calling. True, I still shrink from making important decisions, but here—in the country—I must make them . . . But in your eyes, I am a failure . . .

(*He gestures towards the people present*)

Look about you in this court-room. How many of these people successes? There's Little Boy Blue, a failure as a herdsman. There's Bo-Peep, a failure as a shepherdess. There was Old Mother Hubbard, gone out a little while back, a failure as a mistress and as a house-keeper. There's the Little Old Lady Who lived in a Shoe, a failure as a mother. There Jack and Jill—failures. Tom, the son of the piper, a failure as thief . . . The room is filled with failures, failures, who despite their failure, managed to find happiness . . . Unfortunately for the condemned, he failed—to use your term—followed a trade we call an art. There is room in the world for many doctors and for many lawyers and for many butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers, and if they are at all sharp, they can at least, make a living, and if one makes a living, one is not called a failure. But the world doesn't use many artists, and a living is hard to make. My friend, in the black and white robe, and you respected judges and I are in our trades no more efficient than the accused is in his, but—

Prosecutor.—I object, Your Honors! I will not be defamed. I will not—

Chief Justice (*Severely to Attorney*).—You are in contempt of

court. We fine you— (*The crowd growls. The Chief Justice swallows hard*) six cents . . . (*The crowd growls menacingly*) Er—we will remit the fine on the understanding that you will not repeat the offence . . . Proceed . . .

Attorney.—Very well . . . But we manage to make a living, whereas in his field, a living is harder to make . . . Now, I say, that if he had failed as a man, if he had not lived sincerely—

Chief Justice.—Time's up. Sentence stands. Court is adjourned.

Attorney.—I appeal—

Judge on the right.—If I'm late, I'll sentence you too.

(*The crowd murmurs again*)

A Voice.—Here comes Humpty now.

(*There is a mad rush to the window*)

Shouts.—Good old Humpty. We won't let them serve Humpty like that. Poor chap, he is all broken up.

The Old Lady.—Please try to save him.

A Voice.—We will by hook or crook.

Bo-Peep.—I have the crook.

Chief Justice.—Silence!!!

Clerk.—Silence!!!

Guard.—Silence!!!

(*But the murmuring continues. The top of a yellow figure appears outside the window*)

Chief Justice.—Seize the prisoner!!

(*The guard advances, but is met by the crowd and is forced back. Cries of 'Down with the judges' ring out. The crowd draws near to the dais*)

Chief Justice.—Put out the lights! Put out the lights!

(*One of the guards who has been holding* GERALD *runs over to the wall. He evades several of the crowd, and succeeds in turning out the light. The stage is dark*)

(*The noise continues for a time. Then quiet. The lights go up quickly. The guard is still at the switch, the other is with* GERALD, *but the rest of the rout has disappeared. There comes a knock at the door, and the guards flee thru the window. The yellow figure at the back is larger. It promises to be a disk . . . Another knock.* GERALD *starts. He rises, pockets the revolver and opens the door . . .* MARJORY *enters, a gorgeous cape thrown over her shoulders*)

Gerald.—Oh, it's you . . .

Marjory (*Obviously anxious*).—Why didn't you answer?

Gerald.—I did—as soon as I heard you . . .

Marjory.—I was frightened . . .

Gerald.—Why frightened?.

Marjory.—I was afraid—I thought—you looked so funny when you left me.

Gerald.—Did I?

Marjory.—Gerald, you mustn't do anything foolish.

Gerald.—What do you call foolish?

Marjory.—Anything—anything to injure yourself . . . You won't, will you?

Gerald.—Well, I'll be honest with you, Marjory, I planned to kill myself. I was sitting there with the revolver in my hand when you knocked . . . I was in a sort of dream and didn't hear you at first . . .

Marjory (*Clutching him*).—Oh, no . . . You mustn't Gerald . . . Please don't . . . I've—I've been wrong . . . I'll marry you.

Gerald.—You think I may succeed?

Marjory.—N—no. But we'll manage . . . We'll move into the country somewhere—

Gerald.—No, Margy, we won't. Thank you for your kind offer . . . It's a wonderful sacrifice for you, but as you, yourself said, it won't do . . . We're not of the same race, and we don't belong together.

Marjory.—What are you talking about?

Gerald.—You belong to those who must have success . . . I don't. You'd not be happy in the country. The air of the city is the only air you can breathe . . . You must have money. I'll not be able to furnish you with it . . . That ends the tale . . . .

Marjory.—But—you—?

Gerald.—I'll not kill myself . . . That is finished . . . So you need not have that dread on your mind.

Marjory.—Oh, thank you . . . Perhaps you are right, Gerald . . .

Gerald.—I know I am right . . . It was a big thing for you to offer yourself, but in your own words, it won't do . . . I must go to find my people. There must be lots of them. The people who have something—something inherently wrong in their make-up—some inherited—

Marjory.—What has heredity to do with it? I don't believe much in heredity anyway.

Gerald.—No . . . Of course you don't.

Marjory.—Are you going to leave town?

Gerald.—Perhaps. I may go back home. I have a good friend there—a doctor. Or I may stay here. I don't know. At all events, I won't shoot myself.

Marjory.—I'm awfully sorry, Gerald . . . (*She closes her cape*) I wish—I wish—but I guess it's no use . . . I can't change myself.

(*The yellow disk is now in sight. It is the moon. No, it is Humpty Dumpty, and as he rests upon the sill, he smiles*)

Marjory.—Look at the moon. Isn't it beautiful?

Gerald.—Yes . . Looks like Humpty Dumpty, doesn't it?

Marjory.—What queer ideas you have . . . But it does look like Humpty Dumpty. Before his fall . . .

Gerald.—No, after it.

Marjory.—It couldn't be afterwards. Don't you remember that he couldn't be put together again?

Gerald.—It doesn't say that. It merely says that all the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't put him together again. You couldn't expect King's horses and King's men to do a job like that.

Marjory.—No? Who then?

Gerald.—I'm not sure. Humpty would have to do it himself I suppose.

Marjory.—You do say the queerest things. (*She stands uncertain a moment*) Well—I—I—have an engagement . . . You'll—You'll excuse me, won't you? (*She holds out her hand*) I do wish you success, Gerald.

Gerald.—That's a wasted wish, Marjory. I'll never be successful. If you want to wish me something wish me happiness.

Marjory.—How can you have the one without the other?

Gerald.—That's what I'm going to find out . . .

Marjory (*Shaking her head*).—You do say the queerest things . . . We'd never have hit it off I'm afraid . . . Well, good-bye . . . You'll let me hear from you, won't you?

Gerald.—Perhaps.

Marjory.—Oh, please do . . I am fond of you, you know.

Gerald.—I'll see . . . Good-bye.

(*They shake hands. She goes out slowly. He stands smiling at the moon, as the CURTAIN falls*)

A NEW ASPECT OF SHAKESPEARE'S CONCEPTION OF WOMAN

By Max Huhner, M. D.

Vast as is the literature relating to the works of the great dramatist, there still remains a peculiarity in Shakespeare's conception of the fair sex, which has apparently escaped the observation of his many critics.

Almost every writer on the subject has delighted to expand upon his wonderfully beautiful and noble portrayal of womankind. Even the wicked characters in the plays find defenders, who endeavor to mitigate their crimes, and so recent a critic as Charlotte Perkins Gilman in an article in the Shakespeare symposium in the New York Times (May 5th, 1916) expresses herself as follows:

> The bad human qualities we find in both men and women, but in this world of drama, as in our common life, there is more wickedness, and baser, among men. In many cases the women do their mischief to promote the interests of those they love. For her daughter, Philoten, does Dionyza order Marina's destruction. She was jealous for her own child's advancement. For her son, Cloten, does Cymbeline's Queen plot and poison. For her husband does Lady Macbeth urge murder.
>
> Now the men villains are villains on their own account, light-minded at times, at others profoundly evil. We may call the evil characteristics human, shared by men and women; but the saving grace of doing it for the good of others, seems feminine.

This seems to be the prevailing opinion of critics today. Yet the present writer desires to point out a salient characteristic in Shakespeare's conception of woman, which is, in a sense, perhaps the exact reverse of the summary just quoted.

A great master like Shakespeare has, of course, portrayed all kinds of men and women, and while he has staged some of his female characters with almost divine attributes, bringing out all that is noble and sublime in the sex, he has also depicted wicked women, as well as wicked men.

In examining these delineations, however, one important characteristic seems to have escaped observation heretofore, and it is this to which I desire to call attention; namely, that in his portrayal of wicked *men*, the great dramatist frequently goes out of his way to bring out saving qualities, and this he does even in the cases of his lowest and vilest criminals. In the case of his *female* malefactors on the other hand, he never does any such thing, but, on the contrary often emphasizes quite the reverse. The majority of the *male* criminals in Shakespeare, show some, and often very marked repentance for the crimes committed, while *none of his women*, with but a single exception, ever repents.

After careful study of the plays from this point of view, it is evident that Shakespeare's conception of woman is erroneous and constitutes one of his greatest errors in judging mankind. That conception seems to be, that once a woman goes wrong, she continues in her wickedness and *never* reforms. The only exception seems to be the case of the Queen in *Hamlet*, who had violated her marriage vow during the liftime of her first husband, and who, on two occasions, both of intense excitement, shows some slight appreciation of her infidelity.

I will now illustrate the foregoing views by extracts from the plays, and thereby show how striking a difference there is in this respect, in the portrayal of male and female malefactors. This difference in conception could not have been accidental, but unfortunately must have been an unconscious conviction with the great dramatist.

Starting with the male characters, it appears that while some of them do not repent, a great many do. Thus while Suffolk in *Henry VI*, Falstaff in *Henry IV*, Aaron, Demetrius and Chiron in *Titus Andronicus*, Cornwall in *King Lear*, and Iago in *Othello*, show absolutely no signs of remorse, there is a host of other characters in whom remorse is brought out more or less prominently. Among these may be mentioned, Cardinal Wolsey, Macbeth, Claudius, Laertes, Edmund (in *King Lear*), King John and even Richard III. Though some of these continue in their wickedness despite their remorse, still by the evidence of the latter, Shakespeare indicates that they are not absolute devils, but have something of conscience in their makeup.

What is particularly characteristic, however, is that even in depicting the lowest and vilest wretches, the bard actually goes out of his way to bring out remorse, as for instance in the case of the

murderers of good Duke Humphrey in The Second Part of *Henry VI* (Act III, Sc. 2.)

First Murderer.—
Run to my lord Suffolk; let him know
We have dispatched the duke, as he commanded.
Second Murderer.—
O that it were to do!—What have we done? etc.

Here, although the murderer was a hired assassin, as low a creature as we can possibly imagine, and although he speaks but *two* lines in the whole play, Shakespeare introduces the element of remorse.

Again in describing the murderers of the two young princes in *Richard III*, he is very particular to impress the reader that they were of the lowest types of humanity, yet they too express intense remorse, as appears from the following lines:

Tyrrel.—
The tyrannous and bloody act is done,—
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of,
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
"O, thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,"—
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil—" there the villain stopp'd
When Dighton thus told on—"We smother'd
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse
They could not speak; and so I left them
To bear this tidings to the bloody king:—
And here he comes.

In the dialogue between the two murderers hired to kill Clarence (*Richard III*, Act I, Sc. 4) we find a discussion of conscience before the murder, and the second murderer in fact, backs out at the last moment, expressing remorse in the following words:

A bloody deed, and desperately dispatched!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievious guilty murder done!

and when rebuked by the other murderer for cowardice, he exclaims:

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say
For I repent me that the duke is slain.

It is true that in *Macbeth*, the murderers of Banquo show no remorse; but in the conversation preceding the crime, Shakespeare is particular to bring out that these men were not merely assassins for gain, but that they consented to commit the crime, because of certain supposed wrongs which Macbeth makes them believe, had been done to them by Banquo. Macbeth in fact skillfully silences whatever pricks of conscience they might have, by inducing them to avenge themselves and making it appear that by so doing, they are performing a noble duty both for themselves and the king. In urging them to commit the crime, he appeals to their manhood more than to anything else.

This element of remorse appears not only in the lowest of Shakespeare's malefactors, but in those at the top of the social ladder as well. In describing the execution of the traitor, Cawdor, (*Macbeth*, Act I, Sc. 4), although it has nothing to do with the general plot, Shakespeare is very particular to make the traitor penitent.

Duncan.—
Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Malcolm.—
My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Again in *Henry V*, the three traitors who had been bribed to murder the king, express deep remorse, though Shakespeare takes

particular pains to show how very vile they must have been to have consented to do the deed.

King John, portrayed as one of the vilest of English kings, and historically devoid of any trait of human sympathy, nevertheless expresses deep remorse at the supposed murder of Arthur. (Act IV, Sc. 2)

Hubert.—
Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
King John.—
O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.

In the same play, Hubert is portrayed at first as a very wicked man, willing to commit even murder to keep the good grace of the king. Shakespeare is very careful to bring out how little urging is needed to have him commit the crime, (Act IV, Sc. 2) and in the second interview between King John and Hubert, the former lays most of the blame for its commission to the eagerness with which Hubert went into the compact: (Act IV, Sc. 2)

King John.—
Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face
And bid me tell my tale in express words
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou did'st understand me by my signs,
And did'st in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, did'st let thy heart consent
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—etc.

After depicting Hubert in this way, the great dramatist makes this very man melt with pity when confronted by his intended victim, and as actually refusing to perform the deed, although such default might have caused the loss of his own life.

Henry IV, also, upon his death bed, shows deep remorse for the "by-paths and indirect crooked ways" by which he acquired the crown, and Henry V, who had no part whatever in the dethronement of Richard II, prays to God before the battle of Agincourt, not to avenge on him the part his father had in the murder of Richard, and details the amends he had made for his father's crime.

Exton, immediately after killing Richard II, is struck with remorse and exclaims,

O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

Aufidius after the murder of Coriolanus repents at once. Leontes (in *The Winter's Tale*) shows deep remorse for his ill treatment of Hermione. In *Cymbeline*, Iachimo repents for the wrong he had done to the reputation of Imogen.

Again in *As You Like It*, both Duke Frederick and Oliver are sincerely penitent for their misdeeds, as is also Angelo in *Measure Measure*.

Richard III, betrays his appreciation of his own wickedness, in his well-known soliloquy, after his dream.

King Richard.—
Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by;
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes, I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why,—
Lest I revenge myself upon myself.
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done upon myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all "Guilty! guilty!"
I shall dispair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they,—since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?

In *Lucrece*, even Tarquin repents his infamous deed.

> Now against himself he sounds his doom,
> And bears away the burden of a guilty mind.
>
> * * * * *
>
> He scowls, and hates himself for his offense.
>
> * * * * *
>
> He thence departs a heavy convertite.

The remorse expressed by such prominent characters as Macbeth, Cardinal Wolsey in *Henry VIII*, Claudius, Hamlet and Laertes in *Hamlet*, and Edmund in *King Lear* are too well-known to require illustration.

Such then is Shakespeare's delineation of *male* malefactors. With few exceptions, whether they be high or low, they are troubled with the pricks of conscience.

When we come to his portrayal of *female* characters however, we find just the reverse. With the single exception of the Queen in *Hamlet*, none of the female malefactors show any sign of repentance for their misdeeds. Not even the worst enemy of womankind could have depicted wickedness in all its forms, unmitigated by either conscientious scruples or remorse, more cruelly than does Shakespeare in his female characters of this class. As already stated this seems to be one of Shakespeare's greatest errors of judgment. This viewpoint is all the more marked because, as indicated above, the great dramatist so frequently goes out of his way to show the very opposite trait in delineating male character.

Take for instance, the character of Queen Margaret as depicted in *Henry VI* and *Richard III*. Although she participated in, and was indeed the prime mover in the murder of her husband's uncle, good Duke Humphrey, despite her love intrigues with the Duke of Suffolk, and her cruel, almost inhuman treatment of the Duke of York, we find not the slightest suggestion of remorse in connection with any of her misdeeds. Even after witnessing the tragic end of her enemies, and after having gratified her vengeance to the full, she shows not the slightest trace of feminine repentance. She does not even feel sympathy for the unfortunate mother of the two young princes who have just been murdered. There is in her makeup, nothing but revenge.

> I am hungry for revenge
> And now I sloy me with beholding it.

And this is almost her final sentiment before leaving the scene of action forever.

Can there be an example of wickedness more revolting than that exhibited by Regan and Goneral, the two daughters of King Lear? Crimes "too horrible to mention" have been committed for love, for power, for dominion, for revenge and for wealth. But here none of these motives are present. Both are married women; both had received their shares in the kingdom, and in fact, owing to Cordelia's disgrace, they have received even more than their share. There could exist no motive of revenge, to cause them to illtreat the king, their father, and yet they treat him worse than if all the motives mentioned had been present at the same time. Yet to their very last moments, not the slightest feeling of remorse is indicated, not even the moleculum expressed by wicked Edmund, who, has cruelly betrayed his own father, through ambition, but who shows some signs of regret in the very act.

Edmund.—

If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Cornwall.—

True, or false, it hath made thee Earl of Glocester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edmund (*aside*).—

If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty *though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.* (italics mine).

In his last moments, he exhibits undoubted signs of repentance, and even tries to make some amends for his misdoings. Goneral and Regan on the other hand, show not the slightest remorse from beginning to end.

In *King John* also, as illustrated above, while the men repent, there is no sign of penitence in Elinor, the mother of John, who urges him on in his wicked course, even against her own grandchild. In her interview with the king at the very commencement of the play, she absolutely admits that he is in the wrong, yet urges him to his misdeeds.

Lady Macbeth, is another instance in point. When conscience prompts Macbeth to desist from wrong doing, it is his wife who urges him on with the most powerful arguments which a woman and a wife could bring to bear upon a knight and husband. She too, shows no sign of remorse as long as she retains her reason. Her intense sigh, during her attack of somnambulism, is interpreted by some critics as the agony of conscience, but after all, this is only a theory to which some of the foremost Shakespearean critics

do not subscribe. The fact remains that Shakespeare makes her show no remorse whatever during her waking hours. Neither does Tamora repent in the slightest degree, though we would hardly expect any penitence in such a fiend.

In *Henry VI* Shakespeare introduces his own conception of Joan of Arc. He depicts her replete with wickedness and immorality. But throughout her entire career, as depicted by Shakespeare, even when about to be led to the stake, she continues to curse her enemies, denies her own father, brags in the most shame-faced manner of her immoralities, and shows not the slightest compunction; nothing but venom to the end.

In *Timon of Athens*, Shakespeare brings out, in the most striking manner, the contrast between his male and female malefactors. When Timon talks to the banditti, who are represented as the very scum in the scale of humanity, we find that they become conscience stricken, and one of them even considers giving up his wicked mode of living. On the other hand, when the mistresses of Alcibiades visit Timon, Timon in like manner discants upon the wickedness of their occupation, but we note no prickings of conscience in their case; quite the contrary, all they say is

> Well, more gold: what then?
> Believ't, that we'll do anything for gold,

and further on

> More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

The same contrast is strikingly brought out in *Pericles* also. Although Dionyza orders the murder of Marina, she too shows not the slightest compunction for the deed, though Cleon, her husband deeply deplores the supposed murder, although he really had nothing whatever to do with the crime, and only became an unwilling accessory after the fact, by promising to keep the murder secret, and by lying to Pericles about the detail of his daughter's death.

Again in *Cymbeline*, we find the queen described as cruel, murderous and wicked. But this is not enough. Shakespeare goes into very particular detail, to show not only that she is wicked to the end, and fails to repent of her crimes, but he even pictures her in her last moments as expressing her sorrow that all

her evil plans have failed of success. This is strikingly brought out in the description of her death by her physician. (Act V, Sc.5)

Cymbeline.—
O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?
Cornelius.—
More, sir and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering,
By inches waste you: in which time she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end and by his strange absence,
Grew shameless—desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died, etc.

The only male counterpart of this character is the degenerate Aaron in Titus Andronicus who, just before his death likewise fails not only to repent, but actually expresses his sorrow for any good he might have done.

There are some critics who doubt whether Shakespeare wrote the three parts of *Henry VI*. Their reason for this conclusion need not be examined here, as it has no bearing upon our subject. In her well-known work, however, Mrs. Jameson makes the point that Shakespeare's depiction of Queen Margaret, proves that he could not have written the plays mentioned. As her reasoning is at variance with the views herein expressed, and as her views seem to represent the prevailing opinion, I venture to quote.

Among the arguments against the authenticity of these plays, the character of Margaret of Anjou has not been adduced, and yet to those who have studied Shakespeare in his own spirit, it will appear the most conclusive of all. When we compare her with his other female characters we are struck at once by the want of family likeness: Shakespeare was not always equal, but he had not two *manners*, as they say of painters . . . Margaret of Anjou, as exhibited in these tragedies, is a dramatic portrait of considerable truth and vigor, and consistency—but she is not one of Shakespeare's women.

He who knew so well in what true greatness of spirit consisted—who could excite our respect and sympathy even for a Lady Macbeth, would never have given us a heroine without a touch of heroism; he would not have portrayed a high-hearted woman, struggling unsubdued against the

strangest vicissitudes of fortune, meeting reverses and disasters, such as would have broken the most masculine spirit, with unshaken constancy, yet left her without a single personal quality which would excite our interest in her bravely-endured misfortunes; and this too in the very face of history. He would not have given us, in lieu of the magnanimous queen, the subtle and accomplished French woman, a mere "Amazonian trull," with every coarser feature of depravity and ferocity; he would have redeemed her from unmingled detestation; he would have breathed into her some of his own sweet spirit—he would have given the woman a soul.

The above quotation of this Shakespearean scholar is perhaps of itself a sufficient justification for the publication of the present essay. Had Mrs. Jameson studied Shakespeare's wicked female characters, as herein analyzed, she would have seen at once, that the very points she emphasizes as non-Shakespearean, are exactly the points which prove that Shakespeare was really the author, and undoubtedly created this character. The character of Margaret throughout, is exactly in line with Shakespeare's delineation of wicked females. Whatever theory, moreover, certain students may have as to the authorship of *Henry VI*, there is certainly no doubt whatever about the authorship of *Richard III*, and the character of Margaret as delineated in the latter play, shows the same lack of remorse, the same want of sympathy, and the same portraiture as given in *Henry VI*.

We have aready given some detail of Shakespeare's portrayal of Queen Margaret to prove our point. Before concluding however, a few additional illustrations might be added which emphasize this characteristic and bring out Shakespeare's contrast betseen male and female malefactors.

When in *King Henry VI* (Third Part Act I, Sc. 1) Queen Margaret tortures the captive Duke of York in the most inhuman manner, the Duke of Northumberland, although of Margaret's party, and also a bitter enemy to York, melts into tears at his agony, and says:

> Beshrew me, but his passions move me so
> That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

And a few minutes later he again remarks:

> Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
> I should not for my life but weep with him,
> To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

All the while, however, Margaret is shamelessly exultant, and finally stabs York to death. In this scene in fact, Shakespeare almost makes a transfer of sexes, for his males weep, while the female character is bitter, harsh and scornful.

The pathetic description of the inhuman treatment of the Duke of York, seems to have made a deep impression on Shakespeare, for he repeats it with marked detail in *Richard III* (Act. I, Sc. 3), and here too Margaret on hearing a description of her cruelty, shows no remorse whatever, but immediately breaks out into the most violent curses upon her enemies.

Did space permit, we might quote a number of additional illustrations from other Shakespearean plays. The more important instances have already been given, and a study of them will show that with the possible exception of the Queen in *Hamlet* who exhibits some slight signs of remorse, none of the wicked women in Shakespeare possess the moral attribute of penitence, although similar male characters often possess it in very marked degree.

THE FOOL WHO LIVES CONTENTEDLY

By D. McVickar

With silver hook and purple line
Beneath the sun or red star-shine
The fool goes fishing in the sea,
The fool who lives contentedly.

An angel fish, a Devil fish,
A little herring for his dish,
The fool draws up from out of the sea,
The fool who lives contentedly.

THE WEDDED HUSBAND*

A REALISTIC CHINESE PLAY

By Shen Hung

CHARACTERS

Lord Wang, *An old man about fifty-five. Rich, responsible, experienced, determined,—sometimes to the point of obstinacy.*

Miss Wang, *A beautiful lady about twenty-four. Very quiet. A dutiful daughter who strictly observes the ethical teachings of Old China.*

Sir Chen, *A kind gentleman, but weak; he never could hold his own ground.*

Master Chen, *his son, the insane boy, about twenty. A simple, true, open-hearted man.*

Doctor, *A warm-hearted man; perhaps a little too frank.*

Mr. Yang, *A young man about twenty-five, educated in the new school. Independent and daring. However, he still observes the manners and ceremonies of the aristocrats.*

Maid, *Very devoted to her master and mistress.*

Place: *Tientsin, China.*

Time: *Just after the Revolution when nobles were still addressed by their titles and the people in general hesitated to break the old Chinese traditions.*

ACT I

The Betrothal

Place: *Lord Wang's second reception room.*

(In the houses of aristocrats there are generally three reception rooms: the big reception room, for polite guests, the second reception room, for intimate friends; and the Ladies' Reception Room, where the mistress of the house receives her friends.)

*For the right to produce this play, apply to the author, Shen Hung, Craigie Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

TIME: *Afternoon of a very hot summer day; the betrothal was announced that morning.*

LORD WANG, SIR CHEN, MASTER CHEN, DOCTOR, *and* MR. YANG; *all seated at the banquet table. Two servants fanning their masters with big fans. The banquet is about over.*

Two jugglers are exhibiting their stunts to amuse the men at the table; this is finished in two minutes. One servant lays his fan on a chair, takes up a bag of silver coins, and throws one handful after another to the jugglers. Each time he throws it, he calls out "This, the reward from LORD WANG," "*From* DOCTOR," *etc. The jugglers salute by half-kneeling on one leg. They pick up the coins and go out by left door.*

All stand up and salute each other by a "gentleman bow." The servants are busy arranging the table; they remove the tea cups to the tea tables.

Mr. Yang.—Your lordship, certainly a beautiful banquet. Thank you.

Lord Wang.—Please don't say thanks; our friendship is beyond that.

Boy.—When will the concert start?

Lord Wang.—About 2 o'clock. My son-in-law is here for the first time. Mr. Yang, will you show him my house and my garden?

Mr. Yang.—Yes, your lordship, let's take a walk in the garden.

Boy.—Father, let's go.

Sir Chen.—Perhaps Doctor would like to join us.

Doctor.—No, I prefer to sit down and have a smoke. It's too hot outside.

Mr. Yang.—Come along, Doctor, I have something to tell you.

(*All go out by the left door except the servants*)

First Servant.—Hot.

Second Servant.—Yes, very hot.

First Servant.—Hope it won't be so hot on wedding day.

Second Servant.—(*Hesitating*) Dreadful to think about—such hot weather!

First Servant.—What is the trouble?

Second Servant.—Nothing.

First Servant.—(*With suspicion*)—Are—are you well?

Second Servant.—I am all right.

First Servant.—Then make sure of it. The plague is raging in the city. You cannot be too careful.

Second Servant.—Exactly. You know Wang-far and Li-lien-sung. Are they not healthy and strong? Did they not talk and laugh with us just three days ago? Hm, the plague, that worries me.

First Servant.—But you must not worry. His lordship, our master and guests are happy today because of the betrothal ceremony, so we servants should also be cheerful.

Second Servant.—I wish I could be happy. But the plague—you know, there will be a big ceremony on the wedding day—suppose you or I—

First Servant.—Stop. The saying is "If you think of misfortune, misfortune befalls you."

Second Servant.—But I am not afraid of anything.

First Servant.—I am not either. But if anything happens to me on the wedding day, it's—it's because you think of it.

Second Servant.—No, I am all right, don't blame me for anything. Look how you yourself are scared by the plague. I am quite cheerful, why shouldn't we be? We had the betrothal ceremony this morning (FIRST SERVANT *does not answer*) Well, it's hot. (*Taking up a fan and fanning himself*) Whose pipe?

First Servant.—Belongs to Doctor.

Second Servant.—Shall I send it?

First Servant.—Lay it on the tea-table.

(SECOND SERVANT *does so while the maid enters on the right*)

Maid.—Ha, ha, the banquet is over.

Second Servant.—Ah, congratulations, the bride-maid.

Maid.—Yes, thank you. I am happy, happy, happy. I shall be with my Koo Niang for three more years.

Second Servant.—Her Ladyship did not come to see the betrothal gifts.

Maid.—Of course not. You ought to know our customs. She can't come, if the groom is here. She is coming now.

Second Servant.—Don't let her come. The party may return; the concert hasn't started yet.

Maid.—Then I better tell her (*Goes out*)

(*During the above conversation* the FIRST SERVANT *has practically finished the table. He puts the fruit dishes on the tea-table.*)

Second Servant.—Seems to me the maid is the happiest about the wedding.

First Servant.—She ought to be. Though she is only a maid, she is a great friend of our lady. She has been with her for ten years, and now threee years more.

Second Servant.—A good, clever maid.

First Servant.—Yes, she is very warm-hearted. Well, are we through here now?

Second Servant.—Yes, we want to hear the concert too.

(*The* DOCTOR *enters on the left, followed by* LORD WANG. *The* DOCTOR *takes his pipe which* SECOND SERVANT *lights for him. Both servants take the fans and begin to fan them.*)

Lord Wang.—You may go now (*The servants leave.*)

Doctor.—This room is the best: quiet and cool.

Lord Wang.—You like to smoke; smoking is your duty.

Doctor.—Not necessarily a duty. But smoking prevents the plague and does many other good things.

Lord Wang.—What are the health conditions in the city now?

Doctor.—You mean the plague? Furious.

Lord Wang.—Too bad.

Doctor.—The hot dry weather causes it. All gatherings are dangerous, including the concert today.

Lord Wang.—It's our custom to have some sort of entertainment for a happy occasion. If not the betrothal ceremony—

Doctor.—Betrothal ceremony! (*Puffing*)

Lord Wang.—Yes, why?

Doctor.—Well, old friend, you see yourself the boy is insane.

Lord Wang.—Only a little bit abnormal.

Doctor.—Even a little bit. I cannot see why you insist on marrying your daughter to him. It can't be for money. Sir Chen is not so well off as your lordship, if you permit me to say that.

Lord Wang.—Doctor! (*Trying to stop the* DOCTOR *and talk himself.*)

Doctor.—I cannot see any reason at all. It is a crazy idea. Insane!

Lord Wang.—Doctor!

Doctor.—I beg your pardon. I confess it's all useless now, since the betrothal was announced this morning.

Lord Wang.—Doctor!

Doctor.—Your Lordship, let's talk of something else.

Lord Wang.—No, Doctor. I wish to talk it over with you.

Doctor.—Well?

Lord Wang.—What do you think of me as a friend—as a man?

Doctor.—You are a faithful, responsible friend. Good, kind hearted, though sometimes obstinate.

Lord Wang.—What do you think of me as a father?

Doctor.—Well! It's very hard for me to understand your insistence on this marriage.

Lord Wang.—Do you still remember how I was about twenty years ago.

Doctor.—The old time memory is not so very pleasant, your Lordship.

Lord Wang.—Exactly, twenty years ago, I was a poor student.

Doctor.—Yes.

Lord Wang.—Sir Chen is a mighty good man, but a little too kind, too weak. And his son is also too weak, mentally.

Doctor.—Yes I agree with you perfectly.

Lord Wang.—During the years I have prospered, Sir Chen has met one misfortune after another. The old family is near ruin now.

Doctor.—Yes, you mean financially.

Lord Wang.—Yes, and that's due to his kindness or rather weakness.

Doctor.—Then is it your purpose in this marriage, to save Sir Chen's house?

Lord Wang.—Exactly, my daughter can save it. She is like me, responsible and dutiful. (*Short pause*) And don't you think it is proper for me to do this? I who owed everything to him.

Doctor.—To give your gratitude?

Lord Wang.—It is also a friend's duty.

Doctor.—In that case—(*looking for his tea cup*), I understand—

Lord Wang.—Here is your cup—your name is on it.

Doctor.—Thank you. In that case—of course you are less to blame. However, what does your daughter say?

Lord Wang.—She promised me.

Doctor.—Indeed! (*Music is heard*) My knowledge—er—I know— I thought there was another—let's join them in the hall; the concert has started. (*Both go out*)

(*The* MAID *enters at the right.*)

Maid.—Come along, nobody is here. The concert has started.

Miss Wang (*Entering by the right door. She is not particularly joyful today, nor very sad. In fact she has practically no expression on her face*).—They had their banquet in this room.

Maid.—Yes, and on the table are your betrothal gifts. Here is a golden hair-pin, wishing you every satisfaction in your marriage. Here are a pair of silver buckles, which will bring good fortune to both of you. Here are embroidered silk bags, for the prosperity of your family, filled with peanuts that greet you with joyful long life. And tea. Happiness in your marriage. Eggs, painted red, you shall be much happier when you have a baby. Sugar, ah, yes, very sweet, very sweet. So beautiful, so graceful.

Miss Wang (*During the previous speech, she is only nodding. Ordinarily a Chinese girl would be very happy and very proud of the gifts. Pointing to something on the table*).—What is that?

Maid.—A thumb ring.

Miss Wang.—A thumb ring for a betrothal gift! That means—from whom?

Maid.—Why so surprised? What does that mean?

Miss Wang.—That means good-bye for ever. From whom?

Maid.—From Mr. Yang.

Miss Wang.—Yes, of course. (*She forces a smile.*)

Maid.—Ah, miss, you have not smiled for the last five days. Are you happy now? You used to tell me everything. Tell me, are you happy now?

Miss Wang.—Of course.

Maid (*Sighing*).—Then Mr. Yang is mistaken this time.

Miss Wang.—Mr. Yang?

Maid.—Yes, he is here to join the ceremony and (*Swallowing*)—you are not angry with Mr. Yang? You were both so fond of each other before.

Miss Wang.—No, I am not angry.

Maid.—Mr. Yang guessed that you were very unhappy, because of this betrothal.

Miss Wang (*Pretending to be angry*).—How dare you tell me such a thing?

Maid.—Pardon, miss, I only tell what Mr. Yang said. Mr. Yang said you are going to marry a man whom you don't care for.

Miss Wang.—I know he will never forgive me.

Maid.—Miss, are you going to marry a man whom you don't love?

(*No answer.*)

Miss Wang.—Ah Koo Niang remember, remember the

tradition. You can never marry again, if you are once wedded to a man. Never—anything may happen; but you, never again.

Miss Wang.—I cannot think of this; I won't.

Maid.—Ah Koo Niang, think. (*In a low voice*) Now it is not yet too late.

(*She pauses.*)

Miss Wang.—It is my father's wish.

Maid.—But his lordship would not force you to this marriage if you refused?

Miss Wang.—He is my father.

Maid.—But your happiness in the future?

Miss Wang.—I have something more to consider than my own happiness.

Maid.—Something more?

Miss Wang.—Yes, it is a daughter's duty to obey her father. Our ethics teaches us so. If I should refuse him—the people—what would they say?

Maid.—*What* would they say?

Miss Wang.—They would call it a scandal; my father's reputation and family's reputation would then be ruined by me.

Maid (*Sighing*).—So the family—

Miss Wang.—No, not that, but—but my father's happiness. My refusal would break his heart.

Maid.—Miss, pardon, Mr. Yang is going to Mongolia tomorrow.

Miss Wang (*Slightly surprised*).—Going to Mongolia?

Maid.—Yes, to the great north, the great desert. He came here purposely to say farewell to you. Will you see him—in this room?

Miss Wang.—No, I cannot see him.

Maid.—Miss, you must. He will not understand if you you don't explain to him (*Laughter is heard outside*) Here he comes. (*She runs to the left door but suddenly turns back*) Gracious! The groom is with him. Let's get away, quick.

(*Both go out.* YANG *enters by left door, followed by* MASTER CHEN.)

Boy.—Mr. Yang, wait for me a minute. Wait for me a minute.

Mr. Yang (*Shaking his head*).—You are certainly fond of me aren't you?

Boy.—Surely. It is too hot, lend me your fan. (*Takes it*

and salutes by half-kneeling) Thanks (*Fans himself with two fans*) Like a butterfly!

Mr. Yang.—Well.

Boy (*Looking around*).—Say, don't tell anybody. I want to ask you a question.

Mr. Yang.—A question?

Boy.—Yes, is my wife pretty?

Mr. Yang.—Your wife?

Boy.—I mean her—Miss Wang. Once betrothed to me always my wife.

Mr. Yang (*Shaking his head*).—Is that so?

Boy.—That's tradition. My father told me that. Now tell me is she pretty. I love her.

Mr. Yang.—Why, have you met her before?

Boy.—Not yet.

Mr. Yang.—And you say you love her?

Boy.—Yes.

Mr. Yang.—How could it be possible? It's the greatest joke I ever heard. "Love at first sight," you go beyond that.

Boy.—If I want to love, I need no sight.

Mr. Yang.—Tell me why do you love her.

Boy.—Because, because she is my wife.

Mr. Yang.—Your wife, to love her is your duty. (*He pauses*) Now let us drop the subject. It is too ungentlemanly to joke about such a sacred thing as love.

Boy.—I mean it seriously. I love her.

Mr. Yang (*Shaking his head*).—Well?

Boy.—Another question, do you think she will love me?

Mr. Yang (*Thinking hard, then desperately*).—She hardly will.

Boy.—Not?

Mr. Yang (*Looking before him*).—No.

Boy.—Never mind, I love her all the same. I can wait.

Mr. Yang (*Looking at boy*).—Wait?

Boy.—If she does not love me today, I will wait till tomorrow; then day after tomorrow.

Mr. Yang.—Love is a matter of heart and not a matter of waiting.

Boy.—All the same to me. I wait, and wait, and wait till some day when my hair is white—

Mr. Yang.—Nonsense!

Boy.—And if she does not love me then, perhaps she will love me after my death.

Mr. Yang.—Stop, stop. My friend (*Moved*) My friend, I am sorry. I—misjudged you.

Boy.—You like me now, do you?

Mr. Yang.—Yes.

Boy.—Take a walk with me in the garden.

Mr. Yang.—No, we cannot go again. The ladies—

Boy.—It's too hot here; I am going alone. (YANG *catches him by his coat.*)

Mr. Yang.—No, you cannot go, because you are the groom.

Boy.—Too many things a groom can not do. Let me go. (*Attempting to run away.*)

Mr. Yang.—A groom is not supposed to meet his bride before the wedding day.

Boy.—Why shouldn't he?

Mr. Yang.—Oh, just a matter of tradition.

Boy (*Unbuttoning his coat*).—I see, I see, but I am going. (*Slipping out of his coat he runs away. At the door he turns back and laughs heartily, pointing at* YANG) Now, a walk in the garden. You cannot stop me, you get my coat.

Mr. Yang.—Here, here, get your coat. It is very impolite to go without your coat. Take it, I'll let you go.

Boy.—Throw it at me.

Mr. Yang (*Looking at him; smiling*).—A lovable fool, isn't he?

Maid (*Entering by right*).—Mr. Yang.

Mr. Yang.—Oh! How is the messenger?

Maid.—I have done the best I can.

Mr. Yang.—I am very grateful to you.

Maid.—My Mistress is here.

Mr. Yang.—Is she? (*Turning he sees* MISS WANG. *There is silence between them.*)

(*The* MAID *withdraws quietly*)

(*The two salute each other by half-kneeling.*)

Miss Wang (*Very slowly*).—Very glad to see you, Mr. Yang.

Mr. Yang.—Very glad to see your ladyship. (*Then*) Are you well?

Miss Wang.—Yes, thank you. *Deep silence*) I heard that you are going away.

Mr. Yang.—To Mongolia, the great North, the great desert, the land of hopes. I shall start tomorrow morning.

Miss Wang.—Tomorrow, that's three days before my wedding. Why in such a hurry?

Mr. Yang.—I don't mean to get away before your wedding. But, you know a broken hearted man is no decoration for a happy occasion.

Miss Wang.—Do you call it a happy occasion?

Mr. Yang.—Yes, well, he isn't so bad as people think he is. A mighty good man; surely a devoted husband. I begin to like him.

Miss Wang.—Mr. Yang, please understand, please forgive me.

Mr. Yang.—Yes?

Miss Wang.—It is not I who am untrue to you.

Mr. Yang.—Please don't say that. I shall not blame you. (*He pauses*) Doctor has told me everything.

Miss Wang.—Then no word is necessary from me. (*After a pause*) Shall this be our last meeting?

Mr. Yang.—Well, I am going to Mongolia tomorrow. Remember me as your friend, I shall always be at your service. Farewell to you.

Miss Wang.—Good-bye.

(*It is as if they have a thousand words to speak to each other, but don't know where to begin.*)

Maid (*Outside*).—Beg pardon. (*Enters.*)

Mr. Yang.—What is it?

Maid.—Let's get away quick. They are coming; the concert is over.

Mr. Yang.—Get away? I beg your pardon!

Maid.—No, no, we are not afraid of *them*, but the groom, he is coming with them. (*Laughter is heard.*)

(YANG *and* MISS WANG *salute each other by half-kneeling.* MISS WANG *goes out by the right door with the* MAID. YANG *follows several steps behind her, staring at her. They are half way down the stage when the others enter.*)

Boy.—Doctor, what is the secret, the point of your story?

Doctor.—The point of the story is they all regret it, after they have done it.

Mr. Yang.—They regret it?

Sir Chen.—Doctor is telling us the legend on which the opera is based.

Mr. Yang.—I see. (*Feels relieved.*)

Doctor.—This is called the legend of guitar. She was the most beautiful daughter of the emperor. Her marriage to the

Mongolian king was an arranged marriage—you know, to strengthen the alliance of the two nations.

Mr. Yang.—Why did they regret it?

Doctor.—She was very unhappy.

Lord Wang.—That's her sacrifice, admirable!

Doctor.—Two nations went into war all the same and she died. (*Glancing at* LORD WANG) Friends, sometimes sacrifice is worse than no sacrifice.

Lord Wang.—Well.

(MAID *runs in; saluting.*)

Maid.—Your lordship, my miss—she has fainted.

Lord Wang.—Fainted? Doctor, come with me.

Mr. Yang.—Hm.

(THE BOY *tries to slip out but is caught by* YANG.)

Boy.—I want to see her, to find out what is the matter.

Mr. Yang.—You stay here. I told you before: groom and bride should not meet before the wedding.

Sir Chen.—I am afraid that the weather is too hot. What do you think of a postponement of the wedding?

Mr. Yang.—That is the right way to do.

Sir Chen.—I hope his Lordship will consent to do so.

Lord Wang (*Entering*).—I was frightened, but Doctor wants me to tell you it is not serious.

Sir Chen.—Good! Lord Wang, I fear it is too hot.

Lord Wang.—Yes, it is.

Sir Chen.—Mr. Yang and I are talking about a postponement of the wedding.

Lord Wang.—Because of the hot weather?

Mr. Yang.—Yes and the plague.

Lord Wang.—No, we cannot do it.

Mr. Yang.—But my Lord, the plague is a serious matter.

Lord Wang.—No, I asked the fortune-teller to select a date for the wedding. He said four days from today we shall be under the best star.

Mr. Yang.—Pardon me, your lordship, that's superstition.

Lord Wang.—I know it, but that's tradition; and my duty is to observe the tradition.

Doctor (*Entering*).—Very fortunate.

Mr. Yang.—How is she now!

Doctor.—Overcome by heat.

Mr. Yang.—Nothing serious?

Doctor (*Shaking his head*).—No, at present nothing very serious, however she is very weak. Your Lordship, I wish to see the wedding postponed.

Mr. Yang.—We just decided not to do so on account of the star.

Lord Wang (*Looking at* YANG).—No.

Doctor (*Appealingly*).—She is very weak and liable to be attacked by the plague.

Lord Wang (*Walking away*).—No.

Doctor.—Please give me the pipe. Thank you. My advice was never followed, was it? (*He smokes.*)

ACT II

THE WEDDING

TIME: *Four days after the first act.*
PLACE: *Sir Chen's Reception Hall.*
A Chinese Marriage Ceremony:

The walls are decorated with red silk; red carpets are on the floor. A table at center with four chairs. Candles are burning.

1. *Ushering in the guests.*
2. *The master of ceremony takes his position.*
3. *Reading of greetings.*
4. *Introducing the groom; music.*
5. *Introducing the bride; music.*
6. *Solemnizing.*
7. *Bride introduced to groom.*
8. *They are introduced to fathers-in-law; to guests.*

During the above ceremony, the groom does all the bowing and the bride stands still with the bride-maids. Servants fan the guests.

Lord Wang.—The weather is so hot. If the guests will excuse the bride.

A Guest.—Certainly, let us all be introduced together.

(*The groom bows. The bride is given a mirror. The bride is also given one end of the red and green "happy-silk"; the groom, the other end. The groom, helped by his best man, walk backward to the "wedding apartment." They walk on red cloth or red carpets which two servants are busy in arranging. They are preceded by a happy young couple, each carrying one candle stand. The musicians and the lantern-carriers precede the candle-carriers.*)

(*Suddenly the bride drops her mirror. A shiver runs through the guests.*)*

A Guest.—She dropped it!

(*The bride throws away the silk.*)

A Guest.—She throws away the silk! (*The music stopped by* LORD WANG, *abruptly.* LORD WANG *shows surprise and indignance on his face. He starts to speak.*)

The Bride.—Help me, help me.

Guest.—She speaks! (*The music starts again, while the* MAID *helps her to walk.*)

Lord Wang.—What is the matter?

Maid.—Her ladyship is, her ladyship is very—, she is unconscious now.

Doctor.—Sick? (*Running to the bride*) What is the matter? Stop the music. Lord Wang, if you will entertain the guests in the other room—

Lord Wang.—But the wedding ceremony is not complete.

Doctor (*To the* MAID).—Let me help you. (*They go out through the left door.*)

Lord Wang.—Friends, kindly pardon me a minute, I must—(*He follows the* DOCTOR *and* MAID.)

Sir Chen.—I feel very sorry that the ceremony should be interrupted like this. But you will excuse my daughter-in-law.

A Guest.—Certainly, certainly. It is an accident. An accident very often happens. We do not mind the impoliteness; because it's an accident.

Sir Chen.—Perhaps it is the heat.

A Guest.—Perhaps, perhaps. Since it is the heat, she perhaps will soon recover.

Sir Chen.—And we may resume the ceremony.

(LORD WANG *is heard saying "I will take your advice this time." "I understand."*)

Lord Wang.—Our honored friends, I feel very sad because the ceremony cannot be continued today.

Guests.—We are very sorry, your lordship.

Sir Chen.—Serious?

Lord Wang.—Doctor thinks it is not serious unless it is the plague. Friends, if you will allow me to entertain you in the other room—

A Guest.—Certainly, certainly, your lordship. Since the

*The dropping of the mirror means exceedingly great misfortune. The bride is not supposed to speak, at least not before the guests.

important part of the ceremony has already taken place, your humble—er—friends beg to ask leave. (*He glances at the other guests*) Your permission.

Lord Wang.—I really do not know what I was saying. I don't mean to ask you to part from us.

A Guest.—No, not at all. Please don't let this matter worry your lordship too greatly. May we greet you with good day? (*Saluting.*)

Lord Wang.—Thank you. (SIR CHEN *and* LORD WANG *usher the guest out. All the guests salute the groom before they leave the room.*)

(*The* GROOM *picks up the "happy-silk" and piles it on a chair.*)

(*The* MAID *enters.*)

Boy (*Brightening up*).—Ah, how is she now?

Maid.—Very ill sir.

Boy (*As if the lady's illness does not concern him*).—Maid, do you know where Mr. Yang is?

Maid (*Very much surprised*).—Mr. Yang?

Boy.—Yes, I want to ask him something; I don't know what to do now. (*Sighing*) I am so lonely.

Maid (*Very angry, controling herself with difficulty*).—Mr. Yang is now in Mongolia. Your humble maid wishes he were here.

Boy.—I wish so too. I want to ask him something; but too far away now (*Sighing*) So many things the groom cannot do!

(LORD WANG *and* SIR CHEN *enter at the right.*)

Lord Wang.—We have dismissed our guests. It is too bad to have an interruption like this upon a wedding ceremony. But they are gone now.

Sir Chen.—It is too hot, your lordship.

Lord Wang (*To* MAID).—How is my daughter now?

Maid.—She is still unconscious, your lordship.

Lord Wang.—What did Doctor say?

Maid.—He sent me to wait upon your lordship.

Sir Chen.—I hope it is not the plague.

Lord Wang.—No, I think not. She was weak.

Sir Chen.—Perhaps not yet recovered from the fever she had a few days ago.

Lord Wang.—Maybe. I am disappointed. We old men cannot always take care of the young; and arrange all things for

them. They ought to know their own duty, their own responsibility. Such an interruption! Just because of illness!

Doctor.—Have you followed my advice?

Lord Wang.—Yes I have dismissed all polite guests. Yet I don't see the necessity of doing so.

Doctor.—Well (*A pause.*)

Lord Wang.—What about my daughter?

Doctor.—Too bad, too bad.

Lord Wang.—How, tell me!

Doctor (*Looking at him*).—You can guess it, can you?

Lord Wang.—What do you mean by that?

Doctor (*In a low voice*).—The plague. (*Then very loudly and with force*) The plague!

Boy and Maid.—Oh! The plague!

Lord Wang.—The plague, is it true? (*Looking at the Doctor's face*) Yes, it is. (*Pacing the floor*) No, I cannot believe it.

Doctor.—The plague is raging in the city. It spreads like fire. What a hot day it is, and a trying ceremony!

Lord Wang.—Doctor, are you sure of that?

Doctor.—Sorry to tell you I am only too sure.

Lord Wang (*Exceeding grief makes him give way like a woman*).—My fault, my fault. She was very ill; I insisted on the wedding to take place today. My fault!

Doctor.—To regret what has been carries us nowhere. The present is more important; the present demands more of our attention.

Lord Wang.—But how could I help regretting the has-been. Since the other day you told me the true state of things—, if anything should happen.

Boy.—Hm. (*He is playing with the silk during the preceding speeches.*)

Lord Wang.—I killed her, I killed— (*Completely losing control.*)

Doctor (*Trying his best*).—But she might recover.

Lord Wang.—Let us hope so, let us hope so. Then I shall do my best to make her happy, to make up my mistake.

Boy.—Father, she will recover.

Doctor (*Interrupting* Boy).—Very good, very good, now I want to say something.

Lord Wang.—Yes.

Doctor.—Advise you again. This time whether you like it or not, it must be carried out.

Lord Wang.—Doctor, your advice is always right. If I had ever listened to you before—

Doctor.—All right. Now listen to me. The plague is very contagious and very dangerous. As a matter of safety, I want to quarantine this house. Do you all understand me?

Lord Wang and Sir Chen (*Showing disapproval*).—Quarantine! Impossible!

Doctor.—It is absolutely necessary—a matter of life and death. I order you to leave here at once.

Lord Wang.—What about my daughter?

Doctor.—I will get nurses to take care of her.

Lord Wang.—But she will need some—

Doctor.—Now my friend, and Sir Chen, I have been a friend of your families for years and I am a doctor. I know what I am talking about. You never followed any of my advice before, and I don't care. But this time my duty as doctor demands me to *make* you follow my advice. All of you must leave here. Now are you going to co-operate or are you not?

Lord Wang.—To send away the maid and the servants too?

Doctor.—Unless you want to risk their lives.

Lord Wang (*Glancing at* SIR CHEN).—Perhaps this is the wisest way.

Sir Chen.—But your lordship, this is not our custom.

Doctor.—Every tradition has been broken down during the revolution, Sir Chen. Quarantine is a common practice of the West and surely a wise one.

Lord Wang.—We have to talk it over, Sir Chen. Let's go to your library. (*To* DOCTOR) We have some preparations to make.

(*Both go out.*)

Boy.—Doctor, I want to ask you a question.

Doctor.—What do you want to know?

Boy.—Do you want all of us to go away?

Doctor.—Yes.

Boy.—How about me?

Doctor.—You too.

Boy.—How about my wife?

Doctor (*A little surprised*).—Of course she can not go.

Boy.—Is she going to be all alone in this house?

Doctor.—The nurses will be here shortly.

Boy.—Why do you take away all her beloved ones?

Doctor.—It is for your safety, and for the community's safety. I can do nothing else.

Boy.—Suppose I stay here?

Doctor.—What is that?

Boy.—I stay here and nurse my wife.

Doctor (*Looking at* BOY, *cannot help laughing*).—Ha, ha, no, you cannot.

Boy.—Why not?

Doctor.—The reason is apparent. My friend, (*Short pause*) this must be a great shock to you, quiet yourself.

Boy.—Doctor, I am not nervous. I want to stay because I love her.

Doctor.—Sir Chen and Lord Wang, they are all going. They all love her.

Boy.—Let them go; but I am not going.

Doctor.—The plague is very contagious. (*To himself frowning*) What is the trouble; what idea is getting into his head.

Boy.—No, I won't desert her.

Doctor (*Appealingly*).—Now, my dear friend, you are not deserting her—nothing of that kind. The plague is very contagous and exceedingly dangerous. It means your safety, your life—

Boy (*Shaking his head*).—Because I am her husband.

Doctor.—The idea of deserting her. It's foolish. Quarantine is a universal practice of the West.

Maid (*Interrupting*).—Pardon my master, let your maid stay for you.

Doctor.—What's the idea?

Maid.—I am a maid. But my master—he cannot take chances.

Boy.—But why, why, you are only a maid.

Maid.—I am, sir. My mistress, her ladyship—would be very sad, if you—anything happens to you.

Boy.—I thank you, but you won't do. I am going to her right away.

(DOCTOR *catches him*)

Doctor.—Here, here! Where are you going?

Boy.—To my wife!

Doctor (*Staring at him fiercely*).—You fool!

(LORD WANG *and* SIR CHEN *enter by the right door.*)

Lord Wang (*Startled by the word fool*).—What is the matter?

Doctor.—You are his superior; you understand; you are sane. Why don't you explain to him? He wants to be with his wife.

Lord Wang.—Impossible!

Boy.—Doctor, I want to ask you—er—another—philosophical question.

Doctor.—Huh, philosophical! (*Shaking his head.*)

Boy.—People call me insane, a fool. So if my question is not right, please don't——

Doctor (*Impatiently*).—What is it?

Boy.—Why should a man love his wife?

Doctor.—Why should a man love? I give it up. I say, I give it up.

Sir Chen.—The plague is a serious matter. I have only one boy, that is you.

Boy.—Father, the plague is everywhere. This is as safe as any place.

Doctor.—Now tell me what good can you do by staying here?

Boy.—Nurse my wife; perhaps she is not so hopeless after all. She might recover.

Doctor.—Of course she might. But I warn you, if you stay, you will get it yourself.

Boy.—Doctor, doctor, I want to ask you another question.

Doctor (*Almost losing his temper*).—Yes, Sir.

Boy.—What is your profession?

Doctor.—I am a physician, a medical man.

Boy.—What will a physician do?

Doctor.—I am trying my best to take care of the sick; cure them and save their—

Boy.—No, Doctor, you don't do that. (*Pauses*) You don't cure the sick; you give them up. And now, now, now (*unbuttoning his coat*) you talk about my safety, the community's safety, you want to save your own life. (*Runs away, slips out of his coat; stands at the door; laughs, turns back and points at the* DOCTOR.) At last, to my wife. Doctor, you cannot stop me, *you get my coat.*

Doctor (*Roaring*).—Hu-er, hopeless now, hopeless now.

Sir Chen (*Dropping into a chair,* LORD WANG *helping him.*)

Maid.—If your lordship permits, I want to stay with my master and mistress. (*She walks in.*)

Doctor (*Sorrowing*).—Huh, three victims of the plague. My advice was *never* followed.

First Servant (*Entering by right*).—Sir, the nurses are here, waiting for your lordship's order.

Lord Wang.—(*Nods. The servant goes out.*)

ACT III

LOVE

TIME: *Eight weeks after the second Act.*
PLACE: *Ladies' reception room in* SIR CHEN'S *House.*

MADAM CHEN *is playing a flute. The music is very soft and low; and the incense is burning.*

Maid (*Dancing in slowly; in a low voice*).—Beautiful, beautiful.

(*Her* LADY *nods, and continues to play till finishing the piece.*)

Maid.—Ah, madam; that's beautiful. It makes me so happy. You must be very happy yourself, aren't you?

Madam Chen.—I am. I gave up this for a long time because it tires the player so much. But today—I don't mind it at all.

Maid.—Ah, Madam Chen.

Madam Chen.—Shall I play you "The Birds Welcome the Spring"? That's Mr. Yang's favorite.

Maid.—Madam, won't you have a little nap and rest yourself?

Madam Chen.—No, thank you.

Maid.—You exert yourself too much today; remember you have just recovered from your illness. Seven weeks! Just think.

Madam Chen.—It seems to be a long time, doesn't it?

Maid.—Seven weeks, terrible. Such a long time. It must have been awfully tiresome to you.

Madam Chen.—No, I don't think so. You know a very ill person is not conscious of time. He forgets everything.

Maid (*After a moment's reflection*).—Is that really so?

Madam Chen.—Yes, it is so to me. I don't know what happened when I was ill. I can't remember a thing. (*Shaking her head*) It must seem terribly tiresome to other people.

Maid.—Madam, the plague is a bad thing; it is contagious. Even doctors could not do much.

Madam Chen.—Was it you who nursed me during those seven long weeks?

Maid.—I am lucky, I came out unhurt.

Madam Chen.—We should be thankful that it is all over.

Maid (*Sighs*).—But the dead can never come to life again.

Madam Chen.—It is our duty to think more of the living.

(*During the above scene, the* MAID *is adtling more incense to the burner.* LORD WANG *enters.*)

Lord Wang.—I have some good news for you. His telegram says he will arrive this afternoon. We expect him every minute.

Madam Chen.—So soon?

Lord Wang.—Yes, because he is quite anxious to see you.

Madam Chen (*Embarrassed*).—Yes, father.

Lord Wang.—I want you to meet Mr. Yang in your ceremonial dress. This color is too dull—looks like half mourning. Why don't you dress in red? That is the traditional color for happy occasions.

Madam Chen.—But my father-in-law would—

Lord Wang.—No, he will not object. The mourning period for your husband was over last week. Now I am going to order the servants to decorate the house. I don't want to see any white, I want everything in red. You do what I tell you.

Madam Chen.—Yes, I will.

(LORD WANG *goes out.*)

Maid.—Madam, Lord Wang ordered us to change our mourning dress; all white things are put away. They said Mr. Yang is coming today.

Madam Chen.—He is coming back. I am going to appear in my ceremonial dress to receive him.

Maid.—He was in Mongolia.

Madam Chen.—He was called back by my father.

Maid.—Did his lordship—

Madam Chen.—And Mr. Yang shall be the future master of the house.

Maid.—Future master?

Madam Chen.—Are you surprised? You didn't think so before, did you? From now on, I shall be the happiest woman on the earth!

Maid.—Why madam, (*Smiles*) haven't you been happy before?

Madam Chen.—Yes, I am happy when my father is. I am his daughter. But poor father—my father changed his mind.

Maid.—Changed his mind for what?

Madam Chen (*Grasping the maid's hands*).—Can't you understand, can't you? Mr. Yang is coming back. How delighted—oh, how happy I am. Ah, why do you look at me? Am I blushing?—if you were in love!

Maid.—After all this, his lordship changed his mind.

Madam Chen.—Of course, my father-in-law also consented.

Maid (*Thinking a moment as if seeking light*).—Do you still?

Madam Chen.—Yes.

Maid.—You are not going to marry him?

Madam Chen.—Yes.

Maid (*Surprised*).—You are?

Madam Chen.—It is my father's wish.

Maid.—Oh, his wish; he arranged for you again. Madam, madam, don't, don't!

Madam Chen.—My father did this for my sake, for my happiness. Mr. Yang and I have been friends for years.

Maid.—Yes, happiness. But there is something more than happiness we have to consider. Madam, your husband loved you.

Madam.—I don't understand you.

Maid.—Yes, he loved you, your husband did.

Madam Chen.—I cannot believe it.

Maid.—Yes, he did. Madam, his lordship would not force you to this marriage if you refused.

Madam Chen.—I am sorry. But this does not concern you.

Maid (*Weeping; losing control*).—I am a maid; what concerns me. Nothing, nothing.

Madam Chen.—How dare you? How could you forget yourself and be so rude to me? I am your mistress.

Maid.—Mistress, mistress, no more mistress. I am Madam Chen's bride-maid. Shall never be Madam Yang's maid, never, never.

Madam Chen.—Master Chen is my husband only in name. I never loved him.

Maid.—But Madam, once you are wedded to him you can never marry again. Master Chen is your wedded husband.

Madam Chen.—The ceremony was not complete.

Maid.—No it was not complete.

Madam Chen.—It is not a wedding then. I am Madam Chen, at most, only in name. It is only in name.

Maid.—In name (*Weeping*) if you knew how he died for you, you wouldn't say in name.

Madam Chen.—Died for me? How is that? (*Standing up and grasping the* MAID'S *hand.*)

Maid.—Don't ask me; I won't tell.

Madam Chen.—You must.

Maid.—I won't. I promised his lordship I would not.

Madam Chen.—You must—if you are still faithful—to your master.

Maid.—Don't ask me, Madam, you can remember.

Madam Chen.—Remember what?

Maid.—He nursed you.

Madam Chen.—He nursed me?

Maid.—When Doctor ordered everyone away, he stayed and nursed you. Of course, he got the plague.

Madam Chen.—He nursed me?

Maid.—Madam, you remember; you talked to him yourself. He gave you the medicine; you said "thank you;" he asked you "do you like me now;" you said "yes;" he said, "then it is not in vain."

Madam Chen (*Looking before her*).—Yes, yes, yes.

Maid.—When he himself took ill—Doctor stood there—Master Chen held my hand and smiled "it is worth while," "it is worth while." Madam, madam.

Madam Chen.—Yes I understand now. You are good to me.

Maid (*After a silence*).—Madam, forgive me.

Madam Chen.—For what?

Maid.—For my rudeness, I forgot myself.

Madam Chen.—I forgive you. (*Silence, the* MAID *slowly stands up.*)

Maid.—Yes, madam.

Madam Chen.—Why talk about the wedding; he is my husband. Are you glad to be Madam Chen's maid again?

Maid.—Yes, to be your maid. I like you and my master.

Madam Chen.—I am your mistress, once and forever. I shall never be Madam Yang.

Maid (*Running to her*).—Madam! (*Both weeping.*)

First Servant (*Outside*).—Does your ladyship permit me to come in?

Maid.—Who is there?

First Servant.—Your humble servant.

Madam Chen.—Tell him to come in.

Maid (*Walks to the door and enters with servant; the servant salutes.*)

First Servant.—Congratulations, congratulations, your ladyship. Allow your humble servant to congratulate you.

Madam Chen (*Slightly surprised*).—Why congratulations.

First Servant.—Mr. Yang has just arrived. Sir Chen bids me to tell you.

Madam Chen.—Mr. Yang?

First Servant.—From Mongolia.

Madam Chen.—Yes, very kind of my father-in-law. I thank him. (*Half kneeling*) (*This salute is to her father-in-law. The servant should stand still and receive it for his master.*)

First Servant.—Yes your ladyship. And Lord Wang requests you to meet Mr. Yang in ceremonial dress.

Madam Chen.—In ceremonial dress?

First Servant.—His lordship said "This is a good day." From now on, everything shall be good, pleasant. He ordered anything of white color be put away, but decorate the house with red—preparing for a wedding ceremony.

Madam Chen (*Stands up and speaks boldly*).—Tell his lordship I shall change my dress.

Maid.—(*Very much surprised.*)

First Servant.—Yes madam. (*Walking to the door*) Lord Wang and Mr. Yang are coming to this room.

Madam Chen.—Come with me and help me change. They are coming.

Maid (*After a pause*).—Yes, madam. (*Both go out.*)

(*Outside is heard "Sir, her ladyship thanks you for your kindness. You may retire."* YANG, CHEN *and* WANG *enter*)

Lord Wang.—My daughter is dressing; shall be here in a minute. Sit down. Mr. Yang, Mongolia benefitted you much?

Mr. Yang.—Certainly. But Mongolia is such a big country. Three weeks experience would not be worthy of your lordship's attention.

Lord Wang.—How far have you gone into that country?

Mr. Yang.—Traveling is slow on the camel's back. Only three hundred miles.

Lord Wang.—Have you seen such historical places as the Great Wall, the Gate, General Lee's Tablet, the Valley of Concert?

Mr. Yang.—Yes, they are more or less in ruin now. But there is a tomb, the natives call it "Green Tomb."

Lord Wang.—What about it?

Mr. Yang.—It is the only green spot in thousands of miles of desert. She sacrificed her happiness for her country; but only in vain. We know her in the legend of guitar.

Lord Wang (*Understanding*).—This was thousands of years ago. Let's forget the by-gones and think of the living.

Mr. Yang.—If we only could forget it! Something lives after death!

Lord Wang (*Attempting to change subject*).—My daughter must have tried to dress herself as elaborately as a bride; it takes such a long while.

Sir Chen.—Indeed!

Lord Wang.—I can assure you, Mr. Yang, she will be exceedingly happy to meet you.

Maid (*Entering*).—Your lordship, my mistress will not meet Mr. Yang.

(*All are startled.*)

Maid.—Her ladyship bids me to inform you.

Lord Wang.—But she must meet Mr. Yang. It is my order, I, her father.

Maid.—Yes your lordship. (*Withdraws quietly.*)

Lord Wang (*Paces the floor; suddenly takes big steps. Goes out through the left door.*)

Sir Chen.—Poor old man!

Mr. Yang.—Only eight weeks, he is no longer the same man. Look at the deep lines on his face!

Sir Chen.—Yes, quite weak now. I hope nothing more will happen. It nearly broke our hearts.

Mr. Yang.—What has happened since my departure?

Sir Chen.—My boy died, my daughter-in-law was very ill—she only recovered last week. Of course you know all this through Lord Wang's letter.

Mr. Yang.—Yes, the letter says they were both victims of the plague.

Sir Chen.—It was on the wedding day, a very, very hot day, that the bride was attacked by the plague. She was already weak and the ceremony was too much for her.

Mr. Yang.—Yes.

Sir Chen.—Then my boy. Of course my boy was insane. He insisted on nursing her and—and he must have loved her.

Mr. Yang.—Did Lord Wang know all about this?

Sir Chen.—Yes, but for the sake of his daughter who was ill till last week, he hid the fact from her.

Mr. Yang.—Then what's his reason of calling me back? To torture me?

Sir Chen.—Lord Wang was told by the doctor, she and you were once in love. For her future happiness and for yours, he proposed to marry her to you. He came and consulted me. And of course as I never objected to anything he did, I consented.

Mr. Yang.—But how could it be possible for Lord Wang to

forget the most sacred tradition: a woman once wedded can never marry again.

Sir Chen.—The ceremony was interrupted. Lord Wang and I do not consider it a marriage.

Mr. Yang (*Revolting*).—What did *Madam Chen* say about it? (*He uses the polite term*, MADAM CHEN, *now.*)

Sir Chen.—She hesitated; but since a daughter's duty is to obey her father, she consented.

Mr. Yang.—Hm, everything duty and tradition. It's absolute nonsense.

Sir Chen.—Since you consented to this match by coming here,—the old man (*pointing to himself*) gives best wishes.

Mr. Yang (*Softly*).—Sir Chen, I would not say I consented. No, No.

Lord Wang (*Pacing the floor. Grumbling.*)

Mr. Yang.—Will you speak out, my lord?

Lord Wang.—She wont listen to me any more. She refuses to see you.

Mr. Yang.—I sympathize with her.

Lord Wang (*Looking at* YANG *severely.*)

Mr. Yang.—Please don't misunderstand me. I mean—er—If I were in her place.

Sir Chen.—What makes her so change her mind?

Lord Wang.—She seemed to know the true state of things. The maid, the maid

Maid (*Entering.*)

Lord Wang.—Did you tell her, I forbid you; I forbid you.

Maid.—Your lordship, Madam Chen is coming.

(*All are startled.*)

Madam Chen (*Appearing in heavy mourning dress—White*) (*Salutes.*)

Sir Chen.—Ah, in full mourning dress!

Lord Wang (*Indignantly, sadly*).—What do you mean by coming here in full mourning.

Madam Chen.—Father, father, you have always meant well. It is for my happiness that you arrange this second marriage for me.

Lord Wang.—Yes, my dear child, I regret my first doing.

Madam Chen.—When I promised you the first marriage, I prepared for a suffering life. But I am quite satisfied, quite happy now as it is. (*Pauses*) And father-in-law, you are so kind to me. (*Pauses again*) And Mr. Yang, how do you do? I am

sorry for you. Our marriage is out of the question. Remember me as your friend—as your sister; but for that sacred love, the love between man and wife, (*To* LORD WANG) father, allow me to reserve it for my husband. He loved me and died. Good-bye, Mr. Yang. (*She controls herself well during the speech; but breaks down at the end. The* MAID *helps her; and they both walk to the left door.*)

Mr. Yang (*Following her several steps*).—Madam Chen, remember me as your friend, I shall always be at your service.

Lord Wang (*Sinks into a chair,* SIR CHEN *helps him.*)

(MR. YANG *turns back and walks towards* LORD WANG *as the curtain falls.*)

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR

(*"Ihr Gesicht glich einem Codex Palimpsestus"—Henrich Heine*)

BY ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Her face was like a palimpsest
    Where pious monkish fingers trace
The legends of the somber blest
    Those chiefest grace is Heaven's Grace—

These fresh, black characters above;
    And underneath then, half-descried,
Sweet pagan lines, which sang of love
    And golden, golden hopes that died.

EMILE MARECHAL

A SOLDIER-POET OF BELGIUM

By Elizabeth S. Dickerman

EMILE Marechal, author of the three poems translated below, was a handsome Belgian boy, brilliant, well-educated and accomplished. In 1913 or 1914 he was one of a choir who sang in the Protestant church of Verviers, his native town, the Christmas carol of Theodore Botrel

Biniou, biniou—sonnezzles binious,
Car le divin Maitre va renaitre.

From the trenches he wrote of finding his fingers too stiff to draw the amusing sketches his earlier letters sometimes contained, or to play on the violin.

He enlisted for war in December, 1914, when he was only eighteen, and was in training for some months at Bois-en-Ardres, Pas-de-Calais—an irksome delay for the young patriot who desired above all things to do his whole duty to the country of which he was so proud. Speaking of Madame Carton de Wiart, wife of the Minister of Justice, he says: "We have many like her. The Belgian women are like those of America, very charitable. They spend their time in good works." It was a glad day when he left Bois-en-Ardres for the front. "I am very happy," he writes, "for here I can do my duty more fully. I am going to fight on my country's soil which has been stained . . . My position here at the front is very good. I like it although the cannon is not always an agreeable thing. We are lodged in the attic of a farm and during the night I have visits from the mice. I am beginning to get used to this kind of life. We have suffered already and are ready to go on suffering for a nation like ours."

In another mood he writes: "The soldier's life sometimes makes a dreamer of me. Naturally not on the subject of duty. For I do not regret fighting, especially against these barbarians. I am enclosing a little poem on The Trenches."

The Trench? A noble place I know in very truth.
'Tis the proud rendezvous of all our valiant youth.
The land of France with drapery of green all torn away,
The furnace where the universe is formed anew, men say;
The furrow in the soil where broodeth Victory;
The grave for some, for others Glory unendingly;
A narrow bit of sky bound by electric wire;
A bit of forest or of field, a corner of hell-fire;
The arsenal whence suddenly our bayonets leap forth
Blushing to look so neat and fresh while foes are on the earth.
A mighty serpent coiled in rings, all slumbering, inert;
The battlements where Death keeps guard, at every point alert;
A nest of shining heroes grouped like the Pleiades;
Valor held back, cries, fusillades, waiting,—'tis all of these.
The terrible unknown, danger at every hour,
But oh, it is the spot whence suddenly, with power,
From Belgium to the Vosges, our great assault shall rise
And cast them from the land, our hateful enemies!
Sometimes 'tis like a ball where madly in the air
The wild shells dance. Grief's chalices are yet untasted there.
But on foundations new another world shall rise,
Cemented by the widows' grief and tears from orphans' eyes.
Blood and the soaking earth,—but over all, the sky.
And now the sun's warm rays, which Springtide brings more nigh,
Swell the good seed of peace, forgetfulness of pain,
In the fair land of France which yet shall bloom again!

When the United States entered the war he wrote: "It is with great joy that we little Belgians have learned that you have come into the dance, and we are proud to have the Americans as allies." A little later comes the happy news that he has been promoted from his position of telephonist. "I am pleased with my new service for it relieves me of fatigue duty and especially of peeling potatoes."

His love of nature and poetic dreaminess weaves into the sterner fabric of his life. A pansy from an abandoned farm near the trenches is a choice keepsake. An August letter describes the fine weather and the fields of golden grain—"that beautiful grain enchanting to behold." Again he says: "I am taking always with courage and resignation this life I am forced to live close to the earth. I regulate my existence as well as I can so that the brutalizing life to which I am devoted has no hold upon

me." With this comes the charming symbolic poem *After The Storm*.

There was a storm last night. The grass and rainwashed flowers
  Breathe out a perfume passing rare.
But in the garden strewn with petals of the rose
  All fallen,—Ah, Death has entered there.

'Tis all in vain that now between the leafy boughs
  I see the shimmering, radiant sky.
  Young Summer soon will take a splendid, swift revenge,—
  But my true heart whispers Goodby.

The generous sun, I know, will bring new blossoms out,
  Petal for petal in the green,
Where the stormwind laid waste with a great, brutal hand,—
  My pensive gaze seeks what has been.

I cannot think again without a breath of pain,
  Of the loved flowers whose day is done.
Upon the branch where opes a budding rose,
  I see those which have gone.

So on this shining morn, I stand in swift amaze
  Before the garden newly born,
To feel the sadness come, one knows on autumn nights
  In an old park forlorn.

Later he writes of the days after the war when he shall visit America. "What good evenings we shall spend together! I will tell you about my battles and my impressions. I am cultivating my spirit, as always, among the flowers." Then comes *The Wounded Flower*, a sonnet which seems almost to foreshadow the end of his life a few weeks later.

A flower I love—ah, not that splendid glowing rose
Opening at the first gleam of the warm summer sun,
Fresh but not fragrant, ready to disclose
Its vain young beauty unto everyone.
Nay, 'tis another flower, all solitary, pale.
The storm has bruised it and the winds that strive

Have beaten to the ground its calyx frail,
Brimming with raindrop tears and scarce alive.

Would I might bear thee far unto a sunny land,
Poor flower! where zephyrs breathe and skies are warm and blue
And with my kisses give thee life and gladness too!
Yet do I love thee thus, bowed down with sorrow and
Seeming to share my grief, mysterious and deep,
A grief never to end but with Death's solemn sleep.

RIMAS, NUMERO LVIII

By Gustavo Becquer

Translated by Marion Lee Reynolds

Would you this delicate drink might keep its sweetness,
Not into dregs to die?
Then, to your lips uplifted, do but breathe it,
And lay it by.

Would you the memory of this love might linger,
Sweet in a changeless spell?
Then love we much to-day, to-day; to-morrow
Say we *Farewell!*

COMMON GROUND

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By Eleanor Whiting

Characters

John Reid, *a prosperous lumberman*
Harriet Lane, *a New England spinster*
Mrs. Higgens, *Harriet's benefactor*

The scene is a small, barely furnished room in a New England farm house. On the right is a narrow fireplace with logs and paper arranged for a fire. There is a long cracked mirror over the fireplace, and several broken ornaments on the mantel. At each end of the hearth are two stiff cane chairs. At the back is a small window with drab-colored hangings, with a long horse-hair sofa beneath. There is a door on the left. In the center of the room is a long unpainted wood table with a lamp and several books.

Harriet Lane, *a woman about thirty is sewing by the fire. She is thin, though her erect pose and worn, intelligent face show signs of former beauty.*

The small clock on the mantel strikes five in shrill, metallic tones. She raises her head as though startled. As the sound dies away she gets up slowly and places her sewing methodically on the table. For an instant she hesitates, then looks around as though afraid of being seen. Then taking an opened letter from her pocket she studies it intently. There is a knock at the outer door; she hesitates again, then hurriedly stuffs the letter into her dress and leaves the room. She returns a moment later with Mrs. Higgens, *a plump, round little woman, with a continual habit of smiling at everything.*

Mrs. Higgens.—Well, so he's come back at last.

(Harriet *compresses her lips as though afraid to speak.*)

Mrs. Higgens.—I hardly knowed him myself when he came up to me on the street this morning, just as cordial like. He

hasn't aged exactly, but he's so different. They always says a money makes a difference in a man.

Harriet (*Thoughtfully*).—Yes, I know.

Mrs. Higgins.—Well, you see what I mean, but he was just as friendly as if he ain't never been away at all. "Now, Mrs. Higgens," he says to me, "I've come home, and I've come to stay. Home is good enough for me."

(HARRIET *sits rigidly on one of the chairs by the fire.* MRS. HIGGENS *finally notices her friend's reticence.*)

Mrs. Higgens.—Why, look here, dearie. What is it? Ain't he been here yet?

Harriet.—No, not yet.

Mrs. Higgens (*Comfortingly*).—Well, you can't never depend on a man, and John Reid ain't like the rest of us now. You can't expect him to be like that wild boy you was once pledged to.

Harriet.—No, I suppose not.

Mrs. Higgens (*Impulsively*).—He asked me something about you this morning. He kinda expected to see you with the rest of us at the station.

Harriet.—Do you think I could have faced them after all these years?

Mrs. Higgens.—He asks me if you was changed.

Harriet.—Well.

Mrs. Higgens (*In some embarrassment*).—I told him you were just the same. (*Pauses*) Only a little older perhaps.

(HARRIET *looks in silence at her rough, scarred hands*).

Mrs. Higgens.—I suppose you heard as he's bought his old home on the hill. They say he's going to tear down the building and put up one of them new fangled mansions. It's been almost twenty-five years now since old Mr. Reid built that farm. He'd have been proud to see as how John turned out.

Harriet (*Thoughtfully*).—John said it would be *good enough* for him here?

Mrs. Higgens.—Yes, he ain't the kind that's too proud to remember his old home, as what he's risen from. (MRS. HIGGENS *looks critically toward her friend*) Why, Harriet, that muslin makes you look a sight younger.

Harriet (*Smiles faintly*).—I was afraid it made me look ridiculous.

Mrs. Higgens.—Nonsense, child, John don't want to see an old woman when he gits back. (*There is a long silence.*)

Mrs. Higgens.—It's strange as he ain't here yet.

Harriet.—He wrote he'd come at five. (*Pauses, then resumes bitterly*) After he had finished some business.

Mrs. Higgens.—You're awful calm, about his coming home. I thought as you'd be well—er—excited and happy after all this time.

Harriet.—Why should I?

Mrs. Higgens (*Visibly at a loss*).—Well, it surely ain't no secret as how you've waited for him. Mrs. Huxely, the baker's wife, says to me this very day, "Sally, this'll be a fine day for Harriet Lane. There won't nobody be able to speak against her, now John's come back."

Harriet.—So they still laugh at me in the village.

Mrs. Higgens.—Laugh?

Harriet.—Yes, they thought he'd never come back, once he'd made a fortune, and seen something of what real life meant. I'd never have dared to blame him if he hadn't come home. There's nothing here, for a big man, nothing but terrible loneliness.

Mrs. Higgens.—I can see you're still bitter over it.

Harriet.—You mean I'm used to it now.

Mrs. Higgens.—It's much your own fault. There was only one thing for people to think, the way you acted, shutting yourself up here alone. Why, it wasn't natural, and then people ain't got much to talk about here in Scoville.

Harriet.—And the way they lied. Do you think I could ever forget that?

Mrs. Higgens.—Sometimes I think as if it hadn't been for me and Providence you would have starved, or done worse.

Harriet.—Perhaps it would have been better if I had.

Mrs. Higgens.—Come now, it's wicked to speak like that, and now everything's right. John's come back, and——

Harriet.—Hush, there's some one now.

(*She rises quickly, and nervously straightens her dress. The sound of knocking is heard.*)

Mrs. Higgens.—I guess that's him all right. I'll be getting along.

Harriet (*Hysterically*).—No, no, wait. Tell me. (*She goes up to the older woman questioningly*). Have I changed? Do I look so much older?

(*Knocking is heard again at the door.*)

Mrs. Higgens.—Here, you mustn't keep him waiting.

(HARRIET *hurries from the room. The noise of the door is heard in the outer corridor, followed by a man's voice.* MRS.

HIGGENS *goes to the parlor door and looks out with a smile of satisfaction.* JOHN REID *enters the room boldly, with an air of assurance. He is a tall, rugged man with a certain superiority of manner, evidently acquired with his changed fortunes. He has a habit of vigorously rubbing his hands together if anything especially pleases him.*)

John.—When I see you I don't feel as though I'd ever been away, and even the old house is just the same.

(*He tries to put his arm around* HARRIET, *but she shrinks back, pointing to* MRS. HIGGENS.)

John.—I thought I'd find you here, too. Been talking me over between you, I suppose.

Mrs. Higgens.—Now, Mr. John, I don't say as it ain't been a surprise to all of us to see you back again. You should hear them in the village; they've been saying as now you're a rich man, things will change for the better here in Scoville.

John.—Well, well. They never thought John Reid would amount to anything. (*Pleased*). So they talk about me do they? It seems to me kind of as if time had stopped in this town.

Mrs. Higgens (*Indignantly*).—Oh, there's been a heap of changes, more than you've had time to see as yet, I reckon. There's the village pond where you used to go fishing. It's been dried up for some five years now. And then they didn't have nothing like Main Street when you left. (*She hesitates, rather breathless*). And then there's Harriet here; she's changed. She's a woman now, not a light-headed girl with more romance than was good for her.

John.—Oh, of course, it's rather strange to me after all I've seen. I don't feel as though I belonged here any more. (*He makes a comprehensive gesture*). It changes a man to have been through all that I have. But I'll get used to it, and it's not so bad. (*Thoughtfully, as though weighing the matter*). It's not so bad.

(HARRIET *stands silently by the fire, looking at* JOHN).

Mrs. Higgens.—Well, I must be getting along.

(*She goes toward the door, followed by* HARRIET.)

Mrs. Higgens.—No, no, child, I can find my way out all right.

Harriet (*Nervously*).—But—

Mrs. Higgens (*Pushing her back into the room*).—There now, don't be a little fool.

(JOHN, *meanwhile, walks around the room with an air of*

authority. He touches familiarly the dusty objects on the mantel, and turns over the books condescendingly).

John.—At last we can be alone. I thought that old gossip never would get out.

Harriet.—You mustn't say that.

(*John sits down with an exaggerated air*).

John.—You don't seem exactly glad to see me again. You've scarcely said a word since I came.

Harriet.—Somehow after all these years, I don't know what to say.

John (*Abstractly*).—She said they were talking me over in the village. (*He chuckles*). That'll give them something to think about. (*He rubs his hands together noisily*). Here, it's cold. (*He goes over to the fireplace, and clumsily lights fire*).

John.—This is like old times,—Where did you get these matches?—They're no good at all.

Harriet.—They're cheap.

John.—Wait a little now, and I'll see you never have to think about such things again. That's a man's place.

(*He gets up from his knees and brushes off the dust*).

John.—I calculated we'd better get married in May. I suppose that suits you all right.

Harriet.—Married?

John.—Yes, of course. I hear there's been some talk about it while I've been away. We'll have to put an end to that. I won't have my wife talked about.

(*He puts his arm around her. She submits dully*).

John.—I've always looked forward to the day when I could hold you in my arms, and take care of you. I'm not selfish like most of them. I wouldn't marry until I knew I could do my best by you.

Harriet.—You treat me like a child.

John.—That's what you are, and I'm thankful for it.

Harriet.—You're very sure of that?

John (*Ignoring her*).—With me it's different. I've seen trouble. I've had experiences as I couldn't even tell you about, and if I did you wouldn't understand what I meant.

Harriet (*Bitterly*).—No, I suppose not.

(*She clenches her hands to keep from crying out*).

John.—Now, I haven't had such an easy time. I've had to struggle like the rest of them at the start. But that's all over now. You know when I left for Canada, I hadn't anything but

the ticket. It's a good thing I cleared out of this place when I did, though. Nobody was very anxious about helping me in those days. I suppose I was a bit wild, but they were all down on me all right. It's funny, isn't it, and now—

(*He rubs his hands in satisfaction*).

Harriet.—Perhaps, if you had stayed——

John.—Nonsense, it's a good thing for you I didn't. I never could have made any money here.

Harriet.—That isn't all.

John.—I got about as far as the Canadian border, then everything I had gave out. But, I looked up Roy Adams——

Harriet.—The inspector?

John.—Yes, he gave me a job right off, when I told him who I was. Started in just a plain lumberman, but after awhile, the boss said to me, "John Reid, you've got ability, and what's more you're as strong as a young animal. I need a man who can manage the gang out on the terminal."

Harriet.—You went?

John.—Yes, there was something that pushed me forward. I had to go. I always knew a good thing when I saw it.

Harriet (*Eagerly*).—Yes——

John.—Those half-breeds were like savages at first. Called me "the kid." I showed 'em, though. (*He rises excitedly, relapsing into his old rough manner*). I showed 'em who was master. Half killed one Canadian giant who laughed at me before the others.

Harriet.—How long were you out there?

John.—Oh, about three years.

Harriet.—And you never wrote.

John (*Laughing*).—That's a good one. Like a woman though. Half the time I was working the skin off my hands like an ordinary lumberman, and when I wasn't working, I was sleeping. What was the use of writing anyhow?

Harriet.—But afterwards, when you went to Montreal. I heard from old Peter Rand you stayed there almost eight years.

John.—Well, I knew you were safe here, in a home of your own, with the money coming in regular. It would have been different if you'd have lived in the city. I've seen what that means, but here——

Harriet.—I wonder if you ever thought or cared how I've lived all these years.

John.—Mrs. Higgens said your mother died just a little after I left.

Harriet.—Yes, she couldn't bear to hear what they said against me.—Then I was left here all alone——

John.—You were always willful, Harriet. How was they to know?

Harriett.—You can ask me that?

John.—Well, I can understand. I've seen something of that myself, I've known a good many women in my time, but you don't know nothing about such things.

Harriet.—I couldn't face them alone.

John.—I've always warned you about being so proud.

Harriet.—Oh, don't say that, John— (*Slowly to herself*) You'll make me hate you.

John.—Well, I only just spoke for your own good.

Harriet (*In a tense voice*).—At first as you said, I didn't know. Then one evening Harry Lowden came. I was miserably lonely, and I wanted someone to understand. I was really only a child. He was very kind, though he treated me differently somehow. He laughed a great deal, and spoke insinuatingly. Then I realized what he thought of me, and I knew he only reflected the convictions of the others. After that I never saw anyone again.

John.—That wasn't right.

Harriet (*Ignoring him*).—I thought I'd go mad. I needed you then to fight for me, to help me.

John.—There now, don't excite yourself so.

Harriet.—You know how I loved you. You were everything in the world to me, the only thing I had to live for. I really believed you would come back. I think I would have killed myself if I had known.

John.—Well, I did come back.

Harriet.—After while I didn't care; something seemed to have died inside of me. I went on living as though everything was unchanged—a terrible endless succession of days all the same, but each one more bitter, more unbearable.

John.—But you had money, I supposed.

Harriet.—Not enough to live on, if you could call it living. Mrs. Higgens used to get me outside sewing to do. I never left the house; I couldn't face them.

(*She presses her hands against her eyes. There is a long pause*).

John.—Oh well, you must forget all that now.

Harriet (*Laughing bitterly*).—Yes, I suppose it seems very little to you.

John.—It doesn't really amount to so much as you suppose. I'll see that after we're married there won't be any trouble for you.

Harriet.—I wonder why you came home, John?

John.—Well, it's not as if I was a proud man, and theres' my promise to you, I couldn't forget that.

Harriet.—And you never doubted that I'd wait?

John.—Why, no.

Harriet.—Fifteen years. (*Very slowly*).

John.—Fifteen years aren't so long.

Harriet.—Not for you.

John.—Come now, you're bitter, you make misery for yourself out of nothing.

(HARRIET *rises quickly, she is struggling for self-control*).

Harriet.—Stop, I can't listen to you, I'll go mad. Why didn't you marry me then when I was young, when I could have given you happiness. Did you think I was afraid of trouble or work? No, I said so then. Now you've come back, but it's too late. Fifteen years I've lived alone. Fifteen years of suffering it's been, each day the same. I tell you it's been fifteen years of hell.

(*She sinks down on a chair. There is a long silence.*)

John (*In embarrassment*).—I couldn't have married you then. You were nothing but a child. Besides, what's the use of bringing it all up again. Let's forget it all now.

Harriet.—Forget.

John.—Yes, it's the best way.

Harriet.—And you think I still care?

John.—You are just nervous and upset, I know you love me. You've been faithful all these years.

Harriet.—I don't know. (*She pauses*) Yes, I lied to you. I know now. I hate you. You robbed me of happiness, of everything I might have had. (*She looks at him with her old pride*). I'm not a child. I'm a woman now, an old woman. Look! (*She thrusts out her hands.*) I've nothing to give you now.

John (*Hesitates, then speaks in a well controlled, tolerant voice, as though humoring a child*).—I'm not a hard man, Harriet. I'll give you time to think over what you've said.

(*He takes his hat from the table, looks back as though expecting her to speak, then silently leaves the room.* HARRIET *looks after*

him wildly, her face expresses hate and despair. Then in an attitude of complete surrender, she sinks down in her arm chair before the fire).

CURTAIN

AFTER

BY LEONORA SPEYER

I will not walk in the wood to-night
I will not stand by the water's edge
And see day lie on the dusk's bright ledge
Until it turn—a star at its breast—
To rest.

I will not see the wide-flung hills
Closing darkly about my grief,
I wore a crown of their summer leaf
But now they press like a cold, blue ring,
Imprisoning.

I dare not meet that carolling blade,
Jauntily drawn in the sun-set pine,
Stabbing me with its thrust divine—
Knowing my naked, aching need—
Till I bleed.

Sheathe your song, invincible bird,
Strike not at me with that flashing note,
Have pity, have pity, persistent throat,
Deliver me not to your dread delight—
To-night!

I am afraid of the creeping wood,
I am afraid of the furtive trees,
Hiding behind them, memories,
Ready to spring, to clutch, to tear,
Wait for me there!

RECENT PROGRESS IN COMMUNITY MUSIC AND DRAMA

By Cecil Fanning

As if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on.
—Hamlet

AMERICAN communities, like Oliver Twist, are asking for "More."

The insufficient helping of porridge, doled out to Oliver, only sharpened the boy's appetite and inspired his historic demand.

The civic porringer of many an American community before the World War, was pitifully lacking development of expressive arts, notably music, singing, drama, pageantry and similar recreational and stimulating activities.

This was especially true of the smaller communities, remote from large centers and from the quickening impulses of city life. Many towns, large enough to have known better, were poorly nourished in regard to musical and dramatic expression, despite sporadic helpings in occasional concerts, musicals, choral gatherings, amateur dramatics, traveling theatricals and lyceum courses. On the whole, there was paucity where there should have been plenty.

Into this national situation swept a sudden movement of communal music and similar indulgence in the gentler arts. This stimulus was one of the irresistible arms of the mighty war machine.

The eagerness with which the public clutched at the opportunities for community expression through the arts emphasized the need there had been for just such recreative outlet. The highest form of recreation is art in its broadest and best sense—in the sense that music, drama, literature, architecture and dancing are included among the fine arts.

The war, its purpose accomplished, left innumerable by-products and problems of readjustment. Among these by-pro-

ducts is an American appetite for more communal music and drama, more enjoyment of these pleasures, more communal self expression.

The starved young hero of Dickens' inimitable fiction cried in vain for "More." But America is not asking in vain that its appetite for music and drama, sharpened by this war-cooked portion, shall be granted another serving, a satisfying feast. That serving is in the making and Community Service is its name.

Is there any large country where the innate human sense of beauty has been developed so little and has been so poorly nourished as in the United States? The aftermath of war includes this development. It is unescapable. One does not have to be a familiar of museums and art galleries to perceive signs of it on every side. People are beginning to demand from their home communities forms of amusement and recreation that are more worth while.

In fostering recreational activities for men in war camps and training stations, War Camp Community Service had, of course, its locations picked for it. In projecting a continuation of these community activities on a nation-wide scale, the question of housing naturally arises. But already the answer is being heard in an ever increasing movement to establish community houses as war memorials.

A report issued by the Bureau of Memorial Buildings of War Camp Community Service in the fall of 1919 showed that two hundred and eighty-one (281) communities had definitely [illegible] upon war memorials in the form of community buildings. Several hundred more communities were at that time considering this memorial plan seriously. With this evidence at hand, the movement for such memorial buildings is raised to the status of an established public policy.

These war memorials, already completed, under construction or contemplated, range in size from the community bungalow to the great civic centre with its group of imposing edifices. Many types of structure will house within their walls a variety of community activities.

The memorial building movement is finding sponsors in the great metropolis and in the hamlet. Many of the projects developed in the larger cities are really kindred to small-town enterprises, as they serve to exemplify the community spirit and devotion of limited neighborhoods.

Drama is receiving due consideration from the promoters of this "living" memorial idea. Just as community singing draws people together and cements friendship and neighborhood spirit, so community drama is a well-spring of new interests and a discoverer of "lost talents."

Under the title "The Little Community Theatre" Miss Constance D. Mackay has drawn up a set of suggestions for a specialized form of community drama. Regarding the Little Community Theatre she says:

"For focusing the art life of a community, and for giving enjoyment to a community, there is probably nothing which exerts a greater power than a Little Community Theatre. It brings together into a happy relationship all those interested in art, music, decoration, literature and acting. The people who practise these arts are enabled, in turn, to give delight to their fellow citizens. Little community theatres have a definite art standard. They bring to the community plays which the community could not otherwise hope to see. They are not mere imitators; they are creators. Some of the best of modern literature has been set before people through their efforts. For towns, which are visited only rarely by good professional companies, they are a boon beyond estimate. They develop communal spirit and hold people together in that best of all bonds—working for a goal."

The full set of suggestions drawn up by Miss Mackay and further data as well may be obtained by writing to her in care of Community Service, 1 MadisonAvenue, New York City.

The drama and entertainment feature of community building activities includes moving picture and lyceum or Chautauqua programs. In connection with the film form of entertainment, it is apparent that the community building movement will offer a new outlet for producers of moving pictures which these shrewd and far-seeing men will not ignore. These opportunities should be beneficial to the "movies" as well as profitable.

Community Service (Incorporated) is gradually taking over the musical work which was started by War Camp Community Service. A letter to the Music Department of this organization will bring directions for starting a music campaign, picking out the local committee and helping to build the framework. Should no local person be found suitable for the post of community organizer for singing, this bureau will suggest someone who is available.

Following this, a repertoire for community singing may be furnished, if desired.

It is apparent, therefore, that our American Oliver Twist, seeking more of community singing, community drama and general neighborhood recreation and self-expression, is bound to have his appetite satisfied. The demand has been created. The calls of individual communities are blending into a national impulse. Agencies to meet these calls and to forward the community movement are functioning. Results are already at hand.

THINGS THAT GROW

By Hazel Hall

I like things with roots that know the earth:
Trees whose feet, nimble and brown.
Wander around in the house of their birth
Until they learn, by growing down,
To build with branches in the air;
Ivy-vines that have known the loam,
And over trellis and rustic stair,
Or old gray houses, love to roam;
And flowers pushing vehement heads—
Like flames from a fire's hidden glow—
Through the seething soil of garden-beds.
Yet I who am forbidden to know
The feel of earth, once thought to make
Singing out of a heart's old cry!
Untaught by earth how could I wake
The shining interest of the sky?

ST. JOHN

By Caroline Stern

A Hebrew woman speaks:

So beautiful is he
That pain like a creeping tide
Covers the foolish heart of me.
Am I a Greek, that I should see
Only the garment of lustrous flesh
And never the spirit it holds in leash?

There are strange fires that abide
In his eyes' calm mastery,
Fires caught from the Crucified.
He alone of the shrinking Twelve
Stood at the Master's side.
My neighbors here, they who delve
So deep they could not understand
The light that shone in the darkened land—
Have they kept smoldering unaware,
Down in caverns undefiled,
One lost ember sleeping there,
Ash-encrusted, but beneath,
Fiery breath that was His breath?
Or do beasts awake with articulate groans
At this rapt boy's imperious tones?
Old Ephraim's field is a field of stones;
It was never known to blossom or fruit;
Are his rheumy eyes a little wild?
Is something alive beneath those bones?
And Barnabas there with the mane of a brute,
Whom women afield fled terrified,
His eyes are grown like the eyes of a child.

I, too, have heard him day by day,
One of the crowd along his way,
And the wings of his spirit have brushed my soul—

I am sure that his message has reached my soul.
Yet I, who once could have lived his friend,
Must crush a strange, mad thing with wings,
A strange and urgent thing that sings—
He hath made a blind man see,
But he hath shut unwittingly
The windows of peace for me, for me.

Is it so sure that 'tis wrong to spend
All of one's heart,
Its spikenard and myrrh,
Heavy with incense, costly and sweet . . .
A woman's heart is the half of her.
If she proffers it upon her knee,
Must it not make her gift complete?
If the incense is her heart,
Must she offer but a part?

And yet . . . I wish I could listen again
As once I listened, exultingly,
Glad and proud and wholly free,
As listens Peter to his friend! . . .

There is a shadow in his eyes
I seem to have known before life was;
And a spot of deeper crimson lies
On his nether lip; a spot such as
One might look to find on the velvet lip
Of a perfect rose that a bee had bruised,
Amorous on the crimson tip,
His being with fragrance and sun diffused . . .

He speaks as one with authority,
But I seem to see what no others see!

HELLO

By Edmund Rostand

Translated from the French by Mrs. Richard Mansfield

At the corner of all the woods,
She has struggled fierce and wild,
Her musket burns her fingers,
Her song dries her mouth . . .

They are fighting,
Wood of Clerambaults,
Borders of Clignon,
Village of Bouresches.
My God!
How beautiful are all these names and how bracing their syllables.

It is necessary for the second time,
For the Fifth Marseillaise to defend all this sweet country of the
Valois,
And suddenly her sorrow is great.

The lark has thrown its cry,
In passing near the captain,
"That which burns at Chateau-Thierry,
It is the house of La Fontaine."

The wild pigeon fleeing far from its valley—
Says to the tree which is burning,
"Their breath at La Ferte-Milon
Will pursue the soul of Racine."

And now on the border of the water,
The Marseillaise finds herself tiring,
Her back against the trunk of a birch tree,
Her blood flowing over her cuirasse
She feels her knees bending
The bullets have perforated her wing,

She tries to sing,
"Contre nous de la Tyrannie,"
And staggers.

The squirrel gnawing an acorn,
Falls dead from the top of an oak.
("L'Etenard, l'Entendard sanglant")
She stops herself breathless . . .
But who then down there, replies to her,
In a voice deep and joyous,
"Hello."
Who comes then upon this bridge
Swept by the machine gun?
"Hello."

What is this accent new?
What is this cannon new which destroys
This hill of 169?
At the north of Lucy-le-Bocage?

These are they
From the wood of Belleau.
She sees come out the great felt hats,
And those great felt hats there—
"Hello."
They have not the air
Of being upon the heads of neutrals.

These are they . . . The Americans . . .
The strong raised up by the wise.
Oh, how beautiful are the feet of those who carry glad tidings.

Then the rugged virgin,
Feels coming back to her,
Her force, immortal . . .
And suddenly she draws herself upright,
"L'Etendard sanglant"
She begins again,
But before she has finished
A voice replies, young and sharp,
"The blood-red standard is lifted,
And lifted are the stars and stripes."

RIMAS, NUMERO I

By Gustavo Bécquer

Translated by Marion Lee Reynolds

I know a hymn of strange and mighty music,
In the soul's secret night announcing the wide breaking
Of dawn, of dawn; these pages, vagrant, vibrant,
Are that hymn's wind-blown cadence through the shadows
shaking.

That I might write this hymn! terms weakly human,
Mean, rebel speech of man, mastering with torrent flowing
Of words whose power should on the instant prove them
Fluid of sighs, of smiles, chords, colours heaped and glowing.

But vain the struggle toward it; phrase there is not
Spaced to enclose that hymn, and hardly, O my dearest,
Holding your hand in mine, could I, well harkening,
Chant it to you, alone, whisper it you, when nearest.

RIMAS, NUMERO LV

By Gustavo Bécquer

Translated by Marion Lee Reynolds

Dividing the blared dissonance of the revel,
    A sound I did divine
Of echoed sighing; even as distant music,
    Tender, and faintly fine.

The echo of a sighing, well remembered,
Breathed of a breath which I have fused with mine,
Breath of a flower which, hidden, grows to beauty
    In a grave cloister-shine.

Love-for-a-day, with tone and touch caressing,
Would to my mood incline:—
What think you?—Nought . . . With tears?—I do discover
Mirthful is sorrow, and unglad, the wine.

ESTABLISHED 1889

THE OLDEST AND LARGEST REVIEW IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAG

DEVOTED TO POETRY AND DRAMA

Poet Lore

GENERAL LIBRARY
JUL 12 192
UNIV. OF MICH.

TITLE REGISTERED AS A TRADE MARK

A Magazine of Letters

Summer Number

The Woman of No One, A Play in Three Acts
By CESARE LODOVICI

The Magic Theatre
By CERVANTES

The Princess Weaver of the Skies, A Japanese Fragment
By YSABEL DE WITTE KAPLAN

While the Mushrooms Bubble, A Fantasy
By DAN W. TOTHEROH

(Complete Contents on Inside Cover)

Richard G. Badger, Publisher
The Gorham Press The Poet Lore Company
194 Boylston St. Boston U.S.A.

Poet Lore

Editors
CHARLOTTE PORTER, HELEN A. CLARKE, RUTH HILL

SUMMER, 1921

The Woman of No One, A Play in Three Acts — Cesare Lodovici — 159
Translated from Italian by Petronelle Sombart

Victory — Detlev von Liliencron — 200
Translated by Edwin H. Zeydel

Symbolistic Drama of Today — Juliet Lee Knapp — 201

The Magic Theatre — Edith Fahnstock and Florence Donnell White — 234
Translated from "El Retablo de las Maravillas" of Cervantes

The Bonds of Interest, A Comedy of Masks — Everett Glass — 244

Colophon — Raymond Morse Herrick — 250

While the Mushrooms Bubble, A Fantasy — Dan W. Totheroh — 251

The Problem of Individualism in Relation to Society in Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Hauptman — Genieve M. Allen — 262

The Princess Weaver of the Skies — Ysabel DeWitte Kaplan — 267

The Principal Tones of Arnold's Poetry — Geraldine P. Dilla — 279

Dusk — Oscar C. Williams — 287

Lammas Eve, Fantasy in One Act — Edith Randolph — 288

Gold — Oscar C. Williams — 306

The Weasel's Holiday — Anne Mary Lyman — 307

Prayer — Guy-Charles Cros — 315
Translated from French by Edward H. Pfeiffer

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

ET LORE is published quarterly in the months of March (*Spring Num-*
), June (*Summer Number*), September (*Autumn Number*), and December
er Number).

THE WOMAN OF NO ONE

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

By Cesare Lodovici

Translated from the Italian by Petronelle Sombart

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Anna
Dino
Alberto Cusano
Giovannino
Giam Piero
A Maid
A Groom

SCENE

ACT I—*The studio of* Dino *and* Anna
ACT II—*The home of* Anna's *parents*
ACT III—*The same as Act I*

TIME

Several years elapse between Acts One and Two. Four years between Acts Two and Three.

ACT I

A spacious studio, with large windows, curtained in white linen to soften the light. A curtain of red velvet divides the studio into a work room and a sort of drawing room with divans, rugs, skins upon the floor and attached to the walls. A piano, a samovar of hammered copper with cups of majolica and hammered copper. There is no music on the piano. Three large vases of green majolica contain branches of olive and laurel. Few decorations of impeccable good taste. In the studio, at the right, an easel supports a large picture covered by a cloth.

Scene I

Dino, Anna, Cusano

(Dino *is working at his table at the rear*)

Dino.—That is your table. Here is your paper. You can work if you wish.

Anna.—And these, Cusano, are the latest drawings that my brother has made. He does not like them very well.

Dino.—I don't like them at all.

Anna.—That is your *ca ira.* (Cusano *shrugs his shoulders.*) You will make a fortune *ca ira.*

Cusano.—So long as Dino gives me work I have enough fortune. But I thank you for having brought this clothes-horse along. In the other studio you did not have a piano.

Anna.—We acquired it only a short while ago.

Dino.—For our friends.

Cusano.—And the music?

Dino.—Ah, the books? They are not necessary. Our friends improvise their own music. They also extemporize. They are intelligent.

Anna.—Giampiero is not intelligent. He is clever.

Dino.—He lives by cleverness. Do you know him?

Cusano.—I saw him every day, two years ago when I worked for Rondani. After that I lost sight of him.

Dino.—It was just at that time we discovered him.

Anna.—Do you want a marron, Cusano?

Cusano.—No. (*A brief pause.*) The other studio was more—more like you. How did you happen to come here?

Anna (*Laughing*).—It was because my father desired it. Our parents live on the floor below. We stay here, on the floor above.

Dino (*Smiling*).—And the sanctity of the family is maintained.

Anna.—Then it is easier to watch us.

Cusano.—Is there need of that?

Dino.—For me, no.

Anna.—For me, yes. (*A pause.*)

(Cusano *goes over to his table and sits down.*)

Dino.—You feel like working?

Cusano.—I must.

Dino.—Today little will be accomplished. (*Looking at his watch.*) The time for talking about art is approaching. We shall have tea and people.

Cusano.—I shall go.

Dino.—Why? They are all people whom you know.

Cusano.—There you are. Just for that reason.

(*He gets his hat.*)

Dino (*laughing*).—No. They are the same ones: Moltrasi, Castiglia, Bronzetti; perhaps Giampiero, eh Anna?

Anna.—Perhaps. Perhaps only he. Who knows? Cusano, if you stand there staring at me you will not accomplish a thing. That is certain. Work, you who must. (*Smiling she makes him sit down.*) There. Now silence.

(DINO *and* CUSANO *work, turning their backs to* ANNA. ANNA *takes up her small picture and gives it a few brush strokes. Then she gets up and lifts the cloth from the large picture. She compares the two pictures for a bit, then throws hers out of the window.*)

Dino.—What did you do?

Anna.—I gave my "Daughter of the Sun" some air.

Cusano.—Block-head!

Anna.—I sent it down. To the family.

(*With her hands in her pockets she wanders about the studio, for a bit, whistling. Then she sits down, lights a cigarette, and leaning her head against the back of the divan closes her eyes, letting the smoke float about her. She gives a short laugh.*)

Dino.—What is it?

Anna.—Nothing.

(*A long pause.*)

SCENE II

DINO, ANNA, CUSANO, GIOVANNINO

(GIOVANNINO *enters; young, radiant, handsome. He comes up behind Anna's back without being seen, and stands motionless, waiting. Anna feels his presence, turns, and goes toward him, holding out her hands.*)

Anna.—Giovannino! Giovannino! How lovely!

Giovannino.—I came to get you. Hello, Dino; oh, Alberto! Well, do you want to come out with me? Outside there is God's beautiful sun that makes one want to walk, to go off in a train, to race in an automobile, to fly. Do you know: I flew to 13000!

Anna.—Naughty, when you go to 13000!

Giovannino.—You have a prodigious view. So my brother has come before me to pay you a visit in your new studio.

Anna.—He came for his work. Isn't it true, Cusao, that you are selfish?

Cusano.—Yes. For my legitimate defense.

Giovannino (*Looking around the studio*).—What luxury!

Dino.—We have made money this year. We shall become rich, eh Anna?

Anna (*Taking* GIOVANNINO *by the hands, and dragging him after her like a child*).—And now, because you have been good and come to see Anna—Look.

Giovannino.—What is it?

Anna.—A great surprise. (*She shows him a closed portfolio.*) Guess.

Giovannino.—Some . . . some drawings.

Anna.—What a discovery!

Giovannino.—Yours?

Anna.—No. What an idea! I shall help you. They are the designs. Do you understand?

Giovannino.—No.

Anna.—The designs—of—my . . . Now do you understand?

Giovannino.—No.

Anna.—Of my house at the sea shore. Ah! Ah!

Giovannino.—Let me see. Let me see. Dino is clever!

Anna.—You will come there to see us?

Giovannino.—Then you are really going to build it?

Anna.—Of course! Just fancy, we shall build it at your sea shore on your beach. And we shall find a beautiful name for it.

Giovannino.—Really?

Anna.—Of course. Naughty, naughty! Why do you stand there like that?

Giovannino.—How should I stand?

Anna.—Do you want some cakes?

Giovannino.—Yes.

Anna.—Will you take tea with us?

Giovannino.—No.

Anna.—Why not?

Giovannino.—I must go.

Anna.—"I must go." Always "I must go." Your brother Alberto, too, wanted to escape a short while ago, when he heard that we were expecting company.

Cusano.—In company I feel like an error in orthography.

Anna.—Naughty! Naughty!

Giovannino.—Anna, are you coming or not? I have a beautiful 60 H. P. down at the door. I will take you for a spin that will take the very breath out of your body. We will return immediately.

Anna (*Lighting the spirit lamp under the samovar*).—Today, you see, I am the guardian of the fire.

Giovannino.—A vestal?

Anna.—Rea Silvia. (*Offering the sweets to Giovannino.*) And they buried her alive, I understand, because she had a child.

Giovannino.—Two children. And Rome sprung up. All of the most important things of history are born so. I am violently hungry. It was cold up there.

Anna.—Aren't you afraid?

Giovannino.—Afraid?—Tomorrow I must go up to 15000.

Anna.—You must?

Giovannino.—Yes.

Anna.—I don't understand certain duties.

Giovannino.—Some day you will come with me.

Anna.—In the æroplane?

Giovannino.—Certainly.

Anna.—Oh! Oh! (*Falls on his neck*). You dear!

Giovannino.—See that you understand? But I won't take you.

Anna.—Naughty!

Giovannino.—It is not permitted.—A regulation.

Anna.—There is always a regulation when one wants to do something nice.

Giovannino.—And we accept life with all of its regulations. Now I shall steal a marron from you.

Dino (*Getting up*).—Enough for today.

Cusano.—You have finished?

Dino.—I have no more desire to work. Now we will await our guests.

Anna.—Dino, this is the third time today that you have spoken of our guests. It is in bad taste. (*Smiling*). Who are our guests? After all, if any one is repugnant to you, show him the door.

Dino.—You would object.

Anna.—I?

Dino.—You. Giampiero. You were the one who wanted to receive him. He arrived. Most elegant. A perfect gentleman.

Cusano.—In a dress suit?

Dino.—Why in a dress suit?

Cusano.—I always imagine a perfect gentleman in a dress suit.

Dino.—He arrived in a sacque coat. With a most pleasing aspect. He hadn't been here with us two hours when he began to throw paper balls at the Swiss woman opposite: an instructress who only remained two months—then to look at us with eyes full of gratitude.

Cusano.—You exerted a good influence.

Dino.—We decided at once that no strangers should enter our studio again. And at once, the day after, Giampiero was telephoned to and invited to tea.

Anna.—I didn't. I didn't.

Dino.—You too.

Anna (*With childlike vivacity*).—I didn't. I didn't. Isn't it true, Giovannino, that I am not concerned with this?

Giovannino.—I was away, then.

Anna.—There. Giovannino also says that I was not to blame.

Cusano.—Why do you act like that; you two?

Anna.—Why—and always why.

Cusano.—Why do you invite strangers here?

Anna.—We are always alone.

Dino.—Ah! You feel yourself alone?

Anna.—Now you are angry with me?

Dino.—Giovannino, I shall go out, too.

Anna.—I said a thing to you that I did not think.

Dino.—It is the first time, Anna.

Anna (*Slowly*).—One must be the first. But if I do say what I think, you, you see, change at once.

Dino.—Have you something to tell me? Speak. Speak. There! Now you won't say anything more. As usual . . .

Giovannino (*Softly to* ANNA).—Why, Anna?

Anna (*Changed at once*).—No, Dino. (*She goes near him. With a caressing voice.*) We were almost born together, we two. We have grown up together. For almost twenty years I have always been with you, with your friends, with your work, as free as the air. When I feel myself alone who will prevent me . . .

Dino.—I will not. Certainly. (*He removes his smock and puts on his coat.*) Come on, Giovannino.

Anna.—When you act like that you are exactly like our father. (*A pause.*) Come, let's not quarrel.

Dino.—You have never spoken to me before as you have today.

Anna.—And I shall never speak to you again as I have today. Is that all right? Don't be angry. (*She puts a cigarette between his lips and lights it.*) But you must smile. Come, come, you must smile. You don't want to? Very well (*Coldly*). When you return get some cigarettes. We haven't any more.

(DINO *and* GIOVANNINO *leave.*)

SCENE III

ANNA, CUSANO

Anna.—They pretend to speak the truth. But, after all they don't know how to bear it. (*She wanders about the studio.*) What did you say?

Cusano.—I? Nothing. I was listening. (*A pause*). Who can't bear the truth? Dino?

Anna.—Dino, my father. Not even you. (*Cusano turns quickly.*) Not even you. No man from a woman, no woman from a man. With my mother I can speak more freely than with my brother. Yet I am really fond of my brother. But I love my mother. I am sorry for her. She has a veneration bordering on slavery for my father. Good or evil do not exist for her. What he wills she thinks right. It is a bit like the fear of the savage for his idol. And a bit like the love of a beast for her young.

Cusano.—And simply a bit—like love.

Anna.—Ah, yes? Light your pipe, Cusano. You haven't smoked any today. It seems strange to me . . .

(*A pause.* CUSANO *continues his work.*)

Cusano (*Working*).—So you believe it impossible to explain your real thoughts with simplicity and truth?

Anna.—It would be possible. If life were a thing that is simple and true: mathematical. Two and two make four. Plus two six; plus four ten. But in reality, who can say what two and two will make? Life is such an improbable thing.

Cusano.—And even a child, if he is not very courageous, does not dare say what he thinks. (*Laughs.*) But why all of this now?

(CUSANO *gets up and goes a step toward her.*)

Anna.—Work, Cusano. Don't waste time; work.

Cusano (*taking her hands*).—Let me see.—How are my friends?

Anna.—Not well.

Cusano.—I feel it. They have suffered, I see. Anna, what has happened? (ANNA *lowers her head.*) Something has happened. Do you really believe that not even I can bear the truth? Really?

Anna.—Go back to your table. Don't waste time. Work. Work. (*A pause. A bit sadly, almost to herself.*) And then my brother becomes hateful. Isn't it true? He is withdrawing himself from me. Isn't it true? I am talking to you. Answer. (CUSANO *turns, his face is sad.*) Now you will scold me. I know.

Cusano.—Your brother is a miser. And you are a treasure that is not very safe. (ANNA *laughs*) you are laughing at me?

Anna.—You say things seriously, seriously that make me laugh. Why don't you laugh, too?

Cusano.—I don't know how to laugh

Anna.—You should. Your are an intelligent man. The greatest gift of an intelligent man is to know how to laugh.

Cusano (*Bitterly*).—Literature! Bestiality.

Anna.—If you say impolite things to me I won't receive you in my house on the sea shore. Now you are laughing?

Cusano.—I have learned how.

Anna.—Even you think me capricious. What do you think of me, Cusano?

Cusano.—In all conscience, I don't know.

(*He leaves his table, seats himself in an armchair and lights a cigarette.*)

Anna.—I should love to know what you think of me. If you tell me I'll give you—Wait—What do you want? My best picture or this lovely silk handerchief—or a beautiful nothing full of gratitude. What do you want?

Cusano.—At present I only want to smoke this cigarette.

Anna.—In peace. And I annoy you. Do I annoy you if I speak? No? You can rest? Then I will show you the plans for my house at the sea shore. You haven't even seen them. (*She seats herself at the feet of* CUSANO, *holding on her knees an open portfolio containing plans.*) Just think: Dino is giving me a house. He is magnificent as an emperor.

Cusano.—A short while ago you said he was hateful.

Anna.—I don't remember.

Cusano.—I do.

Anna.—You always remember.

Cusano.—Sometimes.

Anna.—Always.

Cusano.—Some things

Anna.—A man who always remembers everything is terrible. I, you see, believe . . .

Cusano.—You don't believe anything. You don't believe in anything. (ANNA *laughs.*) And it is not enough to laugh. Laughter is not a faith.

Anna.—It is a defence. Here. This is the pine grove. This is the ocean. Are you really quite sure that you are looking at the plans this very minute? And here, look, the ocean. And here in the ocean three boats, one like a butterfly; and on the shore a sentimental dog that watches . . . who knows? . . . the distance! . . . . (*She laughs, but at once becomes sad.*) Do you know, Cusano, my house on the sea shore will never be built. It will never be built. I know that it will never be built. (*She rests her forehead on her knees. A pause, She raises her head and they look at each other sadly. Tranquilly.*) There. My brother Dino never has that child-like look in his eyes, that you have now.

Cusano.—What is the matter, Anna?

Anna.—Perhaps I am afraid.

Cusano.—Of what?

Anna.—If I knew I should have no more fear.

Cusano.—You are like a little child.

Anna.—No. You must not say that.

Cusano (*With simplicity*).—You are beautiful.

Anna (*Without smiling, simply*).—It is true.

Cusano.—We shall lose you. Some one will come and carry you off with him. Why are you laughing? Have I made a *faux pas?*

Anna.—No, Cusano dear, you have not made a *faux pas.* I was laughing to myself. Thinking of Anna carried like a basket, under a long row of poplars, in the serene light of a full moon—on the arm of some worthy person—in the serene light of a full moon.

(*She laughs.*)

Cusano.—That is not necessary.

Anna.—What is not necessary?

Cusano.—That he should be such a worthy person.

Anna.—Cusano!

Cusano.—What?

Anna.—Nothing. (*A pause.*) Anna who gets married.

Cusano.—It is not always an immorality.

Anna.—Not always? Anna who has ugly little babies—divinely perfumed with undigested milk.

Cusano.—Don't say foolish things.

Anna.—But it is true.

Cusano.—It is always the same. (*Angrily.*) Always the same. Literature. It is your evil. And it is necessary to cure you.

Anna.—Do you know how?

Cusano.—Yes. With a stick.

Anna.—Ah! Ah! Would you be able to beat me, Cusano?

Cusano.—Now, yes.

Anna.—Mmm!

Cusano.—Now, yes. Hard. (*At once with kindliness.*) You will change with time.

Anna.—It is not polite to say that to me.

Cusano.—It is literature!

Anna.—Time is our enemy.

Cusano.—It is incredible how much nonsense a woman can concentrate in only one sentence. Why your enemy?

Anna.—Cusano, evidently you have not formed the habit of looking in the mirror.

Cusano.—Why your enemy? Because he carries away your beauty? But do you believe that your beauty was given to you for decoration?

Anna.—Cusano, do you ever look at yourself in the glass?

Cusano.—When I shave.

Anna.—I used to look at myself in the glass every morning. My reflection was the first person that I saw. We were fond of each other. We said many nice things to each other. Afterward I went into the garden. In the summer I walked on the grass with bare feet. Do you know happiness?

Cusano.—By name.

Anna.—Because you are learned. I, who am not learned, at certain times have felt so happy that joy welled up in my throat like the song of a bird. But now, *with time*, I don't know how to do this any more. Do you understand? *With time?*

Cusano.—No. No. With time one arrives at a knowledge of the good flavor of things. And some day you two will understand, beside the form, the substance that is the life force. You will know, with time, that we have a force in us similar to that which makes the grain come up in the earth, to that which makes the fruit ripen on its branch: you understand—do you not? Then you will even love your ugly little babies, and you will watch them

with joy, as each day they develop and grow—and thinking" They are mine"—and watching them, all that you have will seem more *yours* and you will feel a pleasant tenderness for them, even though they are not perfumed with the Acacia of Coty, or the Amber of Houbigant.

Anna.—Ah, bravo, Cusano! Dear Cusano! (*A slight pause.*) You remember the names of my favorite perfumes. (*Smiling.*) You are the man who remembers. Always. Everything.

Cusano.—Go to the devil!

Anna.—But this is beautiful. Don't you understand that it is beautiful?

Cusano.—Go to the devil! Go to the devil!

Anna.—Now you are cross. No. No. You are ugly when you look at me like that. Now you will scold. I shall go. I shall go. (*She goes back to the door, laughing nervously, and meets Giampiero who enters.*) Oh!

Giampiero.—Good day, Anna.

(*He gallantly kisses her hands. A groom who is following him, enters, carrying a great mass of flowers.*)

Scene IV

Giampiero, Anna, Cusano

Giampiero (*To the groom*).—Up there. One moment, please. (*To Anna.*) Giovannino isn't here? (*Preoccupied.*) He promised me. He promised . . . Oh! Alberto.

Anna (*Laughing*).—What is it? (Giampiero *offers his hand to* Cusano.)

Giampiero.—Don't you remember me any more, Alberto?

Cusano.—You have not changed.

Giampiero.—Then you don't like me any more. At one time you liked me.

Cusano.—I did not know you.

Giampiero (*To the groom*).—One moment, please.

(Cusano *returns to his drawing. He is working with pencil. He makes a few strokes without much attention.*)

Anna (*Going over to* Giampiero).—Well, what is it?

Giampiero.—Giovannino should have . . . he owed me . . .

Anna (*Laughing heartily*).—Ah! Ah! You need money. But, good Heavens, why didn't you tell me at once?

Giampiero.—No. I cannot take it from you.

Anna.—Why? Stupidity! Tomorrow you will return it to me; as you would have returned it to Giovannino. (*She laughs*)

Giampiero.—A mere bagatelle. Well, after all . . .

Anna.—Take it. Take it. Go at once. Don't you see that that monkey is watching you. (*She laughs.*)

Giampiero.—No. No. (*To the groom.*) For you.

Groom.—Thank you, Signor Count. (*He leaves.*)

Anna.—Ah! Ah! Ah! (*She laughs heartily.*)

Cusano.—You are progressing. Now you have become a nobleman.

Giampiero.—For social reasons. I have again had recourse to credit.

Cusano.—I don't think that is a recomendation.

(GIAMPIERO *goes over to* ANNA *and very gallantly offers her the flowers. She buries her face in them.*)

Anna.—Ah!

Giampiero.—You like them?

Anna.—Very much. Thank you.

Giampiero.—They are yours. In every sense of the word.

Anna.—You are too sincere.

Giampiero.—I know that it does not displease you.

(*They seat themselves on the divan at the left, away from* CUSANO *who is working.* GIAMPIERO *pulls out a small box.*)

Anna.—Ah!

Giampiero.—Give me your hand. (ANNA *silently gives him her hand. He puts the ring on the third finger of her left hand. A slight pause.* ANNA *is sad.*) Anna. This means "now and forever." (*He takes her hands, and after glancing where* CUSANO *is working, and ascertaining that they will not be seen, he tries to draw* ANNA *toward him and kiss her on the lips.* ANNA *jumps to her feet, irritated.* CUSANO *turns around and observes them with his firm glance.*) We will share it with Cusano at once. Listen, Cusano.

Cusano (*Comprehending*).—I understand.

Giampiero.—The official ceremony will be performed downstairs, with the family. Today.

Cusano.—Ah! Today.

Giampiero.—Now. After a little.

Cusano.—And . . . and Dino?

Giampiero.—He knows nothing. Because it has been a thing—almost unexpected. Yesterday evening even I knew nothing about it. Then, this morning, I had the honor of a visit—from

papa, at my house. And we arranged it all. Like the Americans —in a hurry. The ceremony will be performed with the family. But I preferred to see Anna here first. It is more intimate. You have been the only witness . . .

(*He tries to put his arm around* ANNA. *She repulses him.*)

Anna.—No. No.

Cusano.—Leave her alone. Don't you see how pale she is?

Giampiero.—Is she pale? Yes, she is. She is a little pale. But, you know, Cusanoe, it is from happiness. (A *pause.* ANNA *struck by the word bites her lips, but remains silent and motionless.*) Now we should go down.

Anna (*Agitated*).—Yes. Yes. You go down. You will find mamma waiting for you. Tell her all the affectionate things that you wanted to say to me. I know them. We understand each other without speaking. Isn't it true? Go. Go. And when father arrives call me. Just call, and we shall come down at once. Then, afterwards, we shall all return here. And have some tea. Now, go. Don't make her wait for you. Go quickly. (GIAMPIERO *goes out.*)

SCENE V

ANNA, CUSANO

(*After a long pause* ANNA *prepares the table for tea.*)

Cusano.—And now, what are you doing?

Anna.—Preparing for tea. You see. Here the lady mother. Here the honorable father. Here the bride. And here the groom. Here the brother as witness. And here . . .

Cusano.—There, no one.

Anna.—You won't remain?

Cusano.—No.

Anna.—You are right.

Cusano.—I cannot assist at a human sacrifice. I shall go.

Anna.—You are right. You are right. I should like to go with you.

Cusano (*Timidly, as though the words slipped out*).—Will you?

Anna.—No. No. (CUSANO *is offended.*) It is too late. (*A pause.*)

Cusano.—But it is stupid. It is absurd. Why did you do this?

Anna.—I did not. I did not.

Cusano.—Who did want this barbarity?

Anna.—It was necessary.

Cusano.—Anna!

Anna.—Now I shall tell you.—But you must not be sad. After all, it only matters to me.

(*She shrugs her shoulders.*)

Cusano.—You are like a piece of gold in the hand of a blind man.

Anna.—That is very beautiful. It is beautiful. But what does it mean?

Cusano.—Anna, why have you done this?

Anna.—Now, I will tell you. Because—you understand—I went to him. To his house. Once. And afterwards—many times. And now it is too late.

Cusano.—Oh, but . . .

Anna.—You must not complain. You must not be sad. It was a stupidity. I don't know how to explain it to myself. A person who is worth so little. I always saw him with talented people. It is probable that it was for pity, or contempt, or perhaps because the others were only companions in work. Can you understand that? I don't know. Help me. To see clearly. Because I do not know. And now it is late. I had to tell my mother. Yesterday. My mother told my father this morning. And today—you see. This for all of my life, and nothing more.

Cusano.—Run away.

Anna.—It is impossible. I cannot.

Cusano.—At once! At once! I shall wait for you down stairs. Don't you do it. Walk out of the door. And don't look back until you can no longer see your house.

Anna.—It is impossible. I cannot.

Cusano.—Are you afraid? You? But you could earn a living. If you were willing to work. Go! Go!

Anna.—It is impossible. I cannot.

Cusano.—You haven't the courage. You are lost.

Anna.—I am miserable. My father would die if I should go.

Cusano.—You will cause your father more unhappiness if you remain. Not now. But afterwards. I know him. It is certain. This second barbarity is worse than the first. It is not a remedy. Don't you understand? Don't you understand?

Anna.—My father would die, if I should go. Certain idols still exist. And therefore there must also be victims.

Cusano.—It would be better to fling yourself in the street.

To sell yourself at the first street corner. To give yourself to the first person that passes. You must leave. You must. You must. And at once. Go. Go.

Anna.—I cannot. I cannot.

The voice of Giampiero.—Anna!

Anna.—There. You see. Papa has returned. And now I must go. (*She smiles sadly.*) As Giovannino says, I must go.

Giampiero (*From below*).—Come down at once, Anna.

Cusano.—You are at stake, Anna.

Anna.—It is just! . . . Cusano—to Dino—I did not have the courage to tell him. He will return soon. Will you tell him to come down. At once. That I don't want to be down there alone. I want to have Dino with me. Not you. Not you. Good-bye, Cusano.

Cusano.—You are so pale. You have not a drop of blood left.

Anna (*Forcing herself to laugh*).—I am pale? Who knows why? But yes—you heard, too. It is from joy . . .

(ANNA *runs out.*)

ACT II

The drawing room in the home of ANNA'S *parents. A large room furnished in the style that any good interior decorator would use. In the back a veranda. Behind the veranda, but not seen, a pond with white swans, grey ducks and gold-fish.*

SCENE I

DINO, CUSANO

(DINO, *alone, after remaining a bit on the veranda, enters. He sits down sadly.* CUSANO *enters.*)

Cusano.—You expected me?

Dino (*Gets up, goes to meet* CUSANO, *and shakes hands*).—Come. Sit down. (*A brief pause.*) You are looking at my home. And making an effort to recognize it.

Cusano.—It does not seem changed.

Dino.—We do, perhaps?

Cusano.—You have a look now that you did not have.

Dino (*Laughing*).—More terrible?

Cusano.—Less tranquil. (*A brief pause.*)

Dino.—You haven't asked me about Anna. She is in the

mother. She is coming in. But if you wish, we can go to meet her. (*A pause.*)

Cusano.—And Mimmi?

Dino.—He is growing.

Cusano.—Giovannino tells me he is beautiful.

Dino.—He has a blue vein here on his temple.

Cusano.—Like Anna.

Dino.—Like my father. Like me. Like all of us. It is the mark of our race. I discovered it. One morning. My mother had just lifted Mimmi, quite nude, from his bath, and was powdering him.

Cusano.—Anna had not noticed it?

Dino.—I don't think that Anna had ever seen it. She seldom looks at him. And never sees him.

Cusano.—Giovannino told me that also.

Dino.—And didn't he tell you anything else?

Cusano.—What else? (*A long pause.*)

Dino.—Do you remember Lady Diana?

Cusano.—Lady Diana of the Stiletto?

Dino.—Giovannino played a trick on her. You knew?

Cusano.—Yes. Yes.

Dino.—Lady Diana has withdrawn herself. We destroyed an illusion for her. But she consoles herself with Giampiero—who sings Neapolitan songs for her. And would carry a stiletto, to please Lady Diana, if he were not afraid of hurting himself. He is always at her house. But he won't leave here. Unless Anna will decide to throw him out. (*A pause.*)

Cusano.—Have you prepared any work for me?

Dino.—I did not expect you. And now that you are discussed. Recognized. You have enemies—who call you master. I could not put you to work making reductions from a foot to an inch for the Villa Maria.

Cusano.—Let's not joke. I must earn money. To send home. Let's not joke.

Dino.—Have you worked steadily all this time?

Cusano.—Of course.

Dino.—I have not. I can't work any more.

Cusano.—I understood that. As soon as I had seen you.

Dino.—You have always had us here. In the palm of your hand. (*Smiles.*) Don't make my sister *feel* that. She cannot bear slavery. She wants to drive her husband away. As a married couple, you will see, those two are original.

Cusano.—I don't know what she would do. If she does not love her child.

Dino.—Eh, no. She does not care for him. He is "The child of love." However, he is here, in our house. He grows like a plant. And he has the mark of our race on his temple.

Cusano.—You do not love him either.

Dino.—Do you want to make me confess? Cusano, you seem like a confessor. You must not make my sister feel this either. She would laugh. If she still knows how to laugh. (*A pause.*) Certainly this child is not in his own home. He arrived inopportunely—in the house of others.

Cusano.—It is not fair. It is not fair. What you say is wrong. He should have brought you pleasure . . .

Dino.—Pleasure—displeasure—good—bad—fair—unfair. Adjectives. The world would be like dawn if we didn't have adjectives. Now I limit myself to watching, from my window, the humbugs down there in the square, without even boring myself. This, you know, is a region where it always rains. Only when your brother, Giovannino, comes it is as though the sun had appeared for a while. (*A pause.*) You are looking at me, now.

Cusano.—Something has happened.

Dino.—Nothing. Or almost.

Cusano.—If I did not know that this is you, that I am here, that this is your home, it would seem to me that half a century had passed since the last time we saw each other.

Dino.—Often a day is more than that.

Cusano.—Something has happened.

Dino.—There. Do you hear?

The voice of Anna.—No. No. Leave him! (*The happy cries of a child are heard.*) Leave him. Come up. Hurry. (ANNA *appears on the veranda, followed by* GIOVANNINO.)

Giovannino (*From the back*).—Do you know that he is wonderful?

Anna (*Indifferently*).—Yes. I know. He is the only thing that I have done well.

Giovannino.—And do you know why he turned out well? Because you did not think. If you had thought you would have made a mistake.

Anna.—Naughty! Naughty!

Giovannino.—Look at him!

(*He remains on the veranda,* ANNA *enters.*)

Scene II

Anna, Cusano, Dino, Giovannino.

Anna.—Oh, Cusano! (*She shakes his hand. Then she goes out behind* Giovannino, *covers his eyes with her hands and pushes him over to the door.*) Guess who is here. Look . . .

Giovannino.—Hello, Alberto.

(*They greet each other.* Anna *stands beside* Dino *motionless and watching* Cusano *with an unquiet expression.*) (*A brief pause. A painful silence.*)

Anna.—You don't say anything to me. That's a nice way. After all the time that we have not seen each other.

Cusano (*In a tranquil voice*).—How are you, Anna?

Anna.—Very well. Can't you see? So is Dino. So is my father. My father goes to the Cafe Baldi. He goes at eight every morning, and returns at eleven. Then he goes out at one o'clock and returns at seven. Then he goes out at nine and returns at mid-night. My mother is well, too. All the time that my father is out she sews. If it does not rain she sews in the garden. We are all well.

Cusano.—And your baby?

Anna.—He never cries. Do you want to see him? He is there. Near the pond. Look. (Cusano *looks out over the veranda.* Anna *draws still nearer to* Dino.) He entered like a despot. All the house is his. (*She trembles slightly.*) Go see him. Giovannino told me that you always ask after him. That he informed you. You have actually forgotten me. (*She smiles.*) Why do you stand there like that?

Cusano.—You have acquired the same expression, you two. Here, with you, I seem to be even farther away.

Anna.—The fault is yours. You have abandoned us! (*Smiles*) Go! Giovannino will go with you. With him Mimmi is himself, alive and frank. With me he is discreet. With his grandmother he is authoritative. He already possesses a sense of opportunity. Like a little man of spirit destined to have luck. (*She smiles sadly. And accompanies them almost to the edge of the veranda.*) There he is. Look.

Giovannino.—Come on, Alberto.

(Alberto and Givannino *go into the garden.*)

SCENE III

DINO, ANNA.

Anna.—Are you tired?

Dino.—I haven't done anything.

Anna.—Still you are tired. (*She puts her arm around his neck.*) You are discontented.

Dino.—You are not?

Anna.—I keep thinking of our house on the sea shore. After all, isn't it possible to have our house on the sea shore . . .

Dino.—You were not thinking of that.

Anna.—Look. What sunlight. (*Almost to herself.*) Afterwards it will go. It will be evening. Then night. And we will have to wait many hours—long ones—before it will be day again.

Dino.—Are you afraid of the night—now? At one time we loved the night.

Anna.—Then . . .

Dino.—You said: the day belongs to every one and the night to a few.

Anna.—Literature!

Dino (*Smiling*).—What did you say? (*A pause.*) Repeat it.

Anna.—What did I say?

Dino.—A thing that is not yours. I heard your voice like an echo.

Anna.—Look at Mimmi. Down there. He is building castles with the gravel. Cusano is contemplating him.

Dino.—Very well! But you should never be an echo.

Anna.—What do you mean? (*Taking hold of his wrists.*) What do you mean?

Dino.—You know. You are squeezing my wrists. You are almost hurting me. It is true. (ANNA *tries to smile, but the smile dies on her lips.*) You don't even know how to laugh any more. Poor Anna!

Anna.—I don't want you to call me "poor Anna!" (*A pause.*) Let's go out.

Dino.—Where do you want to go?

Anna.—Out in the garden.

Dino.—Why? No.

Anna.—Shall we make tea?

Dino.—No. No.

Anna.—What do you want? What do you want?

Dino.—Nothing. (*A pause.*)

Anna.—We were friends, we two.

Dino.—I have not betrayed our friendship.

Anna.—I did not want to betray it. If by mistake . .

Dino.—You admit having made a mistake?

Anna.—No.

Dino.—Naturally. (*A pause.*)

Anna.—You should have been prepared.

Dino.—For what?

Anna.—To see me follow my own path some day.

Dino.—And was that your path?

Anna.—You are unkind.

Dino.—You have followed the beaten path, Anna.

Anna.—You are unkind. That is not generous.

Dino.—Adjectives.

Anna.—And you are unfair.

Dino.—Always adjectives. (*A pause.*) I had shown you your path. We had spent twenty years, day after day, hour by hour. I had taught you to laugh. It was a safe armor. So long as we valued each other we were protected. Very well! Afterwards you could no longer laugh.

Anna.—One can't always laugh.

Dino.—Ah! (*A pause.*) You have lost your way!

Anna.—Laughter is not a faith.

Dino.—You have lost your way. You have lost your way. I recognize the source. You don't believe what you say. You who prevented your maternity.

Anna.—Dino!

Dino.—You tried.

Anna.—No, Dino! No! No!

Dino.—You are perfectly aware that I know it.

Anna.—And because of that you *should not* remember.

Dino.—Poor Anna! You hunted for love? (*He laughs.*) That was the time to laugh. Instead, when that imbecile said two words you . . .

Anna.—He did not say anything.

Dino.—You went to him. How did you go to him?

Anna.—Like that.

Dino.— . . . Naturally? . . . For me it was as if, in his heart, a believer were suddenly made to feel the falseness of his God.

Anna.—And that is not right.

Dino.—Poor Anna. Now you even know what is right and what is not. You believe. And you will obey. The houses of bad fame are all full of women who have need to believe. And they have believed. And they are ready to believe and obey for eternity.

Anna.—Do you think it is necessary that I should remember this?

Dino.—Who can say?

Anna (*Is hostilly silent. Suddenly she takes him by the shoulders*).—Why do you want to torment me? Why do you want to humble me? What do you want of me? What do you want of me?

Dino.—Nothing more, Anna.

Anna.—Why do you do that? What do you want?

Dino.—I? Nothing, Anna.

Anna.—I don't want it. I don't want . . .

Dino.—What don't you want, Anna?

Anna.—I can't see you suffer like this.

Dino.—You want to keep me from suffering?

Anna.—It is absurd.

Dino.—Yes. I know. It is absurd. Now that you have said the word I can go.(*He starts to leave.*)

Anna.—Dino! Dino! Dino! (*A long pause.*)

Dino (*Sadly, without bitterness*).—Poor Anna. It is not your fault. Neither you nor I is to blame. They created us brother and sister. If I had happened to meet you, you would have been like a lamp on the altar, in my house. But they created us brother and sister. And now, because of that, you will always be the woman of no one. And I, I shall live, so, just to live! Do you know any greater unhappiness? (*He kisses her on the forehead. Silence. He turns away.*)

Anna.—Where are you going?

Dino.—I am going up. To the studio. When Cusano comes tell him to come up, if he wants. Otherwise I will see him tomorrow. (*He leaves by the door at the left.*)

Scene IV

Anna, Giovannino, Giampiero, *afterwards* Cusano.

(Anna, *with closed eyes, remains motionless for a little, leaning against the window frame. A strong gust of wind envelops her and*

disarranges her hair. Then she rouses herself, and goes over to the mirror to rearrange her hair. In the mirror she sees GIOVANNINO, *who enters.*)

Anna (*Without turning around*).—Oh, Giovannino. Lovely. Nice person. (*She turns around completely composed.*) Come here, my dear. Come here. (GIAMPIERO *enters.*) I was expecting you (*She sees* GIAMPIERO, *and feels his hard, bitter expression.*)

Giampiero(*Very elegant, alive, smiling*).—Expecting me? Ah, no! (ANNA *remains standing, hostilly erect, before the window.*) (*To* GIOVANNINO.) Now I shall show you the card from Lady Diana. She also expects us.

Giovannino.—Now?

Giampiero.—If you wish. (*A pause.* GIOVANNINO *discreetly goes to one side and is silent.*) It is strange. (*He looks around.*) I was at the Kursal. And all at once I felt—so absurd—an irresistible impulse to come home.

Anna.—It is there. Look.

Giampiero.—It is beginning to please me, my home. Yes, I say, the home where I live as the guest of my wife.

Anna.—Smoke, Giampiero. (*She takes a package of cigarettes from her belt and offers them to him.*)

Giampiero (*Without taking them*).—Excuse me. You could at least call me by only one name. You seem to be one of those old ladies who still say "the prince my husband" and "the count my uncle."

Anna.—Smoke, Giampiero. (*She returns the cigarettes to her belt, and remains rigid, immovable, watching every motion of* GIAMPIERO.)

Giampiero.—It is strange. For some time my wife has lost the ability to smile. You haven't noticed it? And acquired the virtue of silence. You haven't noticed that either. (*He takes the package of cigarettes from* ANNA'S *belt, lights one, and puts the rest in his pocket.* ANNA *gets another package and puts it in her belt.*) My wife is as silent as a hundred conspirators.

Giovannino.—Piero!

Giampiero.—There. Giovannino said it correctly. Piero. It is a nice name, like that, alone. And it did please you. But, perhaps, you do not remember.

Giovannino.—Piero. You said that we were expected.

Giampiero.—It is still early. (*To* GIOVANNINO, *laughing with simplicity.*)— You want to send me away already. I have just arrived.

Giovannino (*Smiling*).—Are you jealous?

Giampiero.—Of you? No. But Anna might grieve if I leave her alone too much. I wanted to exchange a few words with Anna. That is why I returned. Only for that.

Anna.—It is there. Look.

Giovannino.—Must I go out?

Anna.—No. No. (*To* GIAMPIERO.) It is there. Look.

Giampiero.—Here? (*He opens a drawer.*) What?

Anna.—It is there.

Giampiero (*Quickly pulls out a pocket-book and removes several bank notes, which he places in his purse*). It takes little for us to understand each other. Everything does not die. (*He closes the drawer.*)

(ANNA *takes several steps toward him, clenching her fists in the pockets of her sweater.*)

Giovannino.—You are making them wait for you. That is not polite.

Giampiero.—We are going now. Have you noticed Anna? Look at her. She has changed.

Giovannino.—You do not change.

Giampiero.—The family. Or perhaps an outside influence. (ANNA *very pale, with her lips trembling, takes several more steps toward him.*) But it benefits her.

Giovannino.—Let's go.

Giampiero.—Yes. Yes. We are going. I shall get the card from Lady Diana. You will see how courteous she is to you. (*He enters his room at the right. He can be heard whistling.*)

Anna.—Here. Take it out of my reach. (*She hands him a loaded revolver.*)

Giovannino.—You are mad!

Anna (*Smiling*).—I should not have used it. But is is better that you take it out of my reach.

Giovannino (*Pocketing the pistol*).—What folly!

Anna.—I should not have used it. I only wanted to frighten him, because he is an awful coward.. And it makes me laugh when he is afraid. (*She laughs.* GIAMPIERO *returns*)

Giampiero.—Here. You see. She wants to see you. To make peace with you. And to depart without rancor.

Giovannino.—Ah, because she is leaving?

Giampiero.—Tomorrow. Now let's go. (*He gives* GIOVANNINO *his hat, hands him his gloves and cane, and pulls him toward the door.*)

Giovannino (*Turns around smiling*).—I shall return in a little while.

Anna.—You won't return in a little while. But I shall wait for you.

(GIAMPIERO *and* GIOVANNINO *start off, and, at the door, meet* CUSANO, *who is returning.*)

Giampiero.—Oh, Cusano! Look. I entrust my wife to you. She has lost the ability to speak. See if she can regain it with you. I am going to the Kursaal.

(GIAMPIERO *and* GIOVANNINO *leave.* GIAMPIERO *can be heard whistling as he goes off into the distance.*)

SCENE V

ANNA, CUSANO

Cusano.—Always the same?

Anna.—Until the end.

Cusano.—But how can he? It is incredible.

Anna.—You see. It is unbelievable. We are the people in a fable. And we live our improbable story without compulsion.

Cusano.—Your mother suffers, however.

Anna.—She has the good fortune to be able to talk about her woes. Telling them moves her. Being moved she cries. And when she has cried she feels better. In her desert it rains now and again. (*Smiling*) But I will have given you a head like this . . .

Cusano.—You have told me some truths.

Anna.—Precisely. The clouds. Then it rains on the desert . . . (ANNA *goes over and seats herself near* CUSANO, *and takes his hands.*) How are you?

Cusano.—Well.

Anna.—Well. Have you always been well?

Cusano.—Yes.

Anna.—Then why didn't you let us see that you were alive? Naughty! I thought: "Perhaps he is angry with me. Perhaps I have hurt him."

Cusano.—You?

Anna.—It is possible to hurt people by our mere existence. I thought: "Perhaps I have hurt him," but I did not know when or how. (CUSANO *shakes his head.*) You are scolding me already?

Cusano.—I am not scolding you.

Anna.—But . . . but . . . a little . . .

Cusano.—Here. Look. Here, for example, is the highway. A beautiful road, straight and wide. There one walks easily and arrives in good time. No. You take the little cross road. And naturally, will never arrive.

Anna.—Naturally! And you are already scolding me . . . naturally. (*Smiles.*) Very well. This is the thanks that I get for having sent you one of my most beautiful pieces of work. It is so "rare" just because it is mine. (*A brief pause.*) I did it to compel you to come here to scold me. Do not think I did it from vainglory.

Cusano.—I did not think anything. It merely gave me pleasure.

Anna.—You also, when a thing pleases you, do not think anything! Then why do you scold Anna for the same fault?

Cusano.—You are joking already?

Anna (*Sincerely*).—No. No. What did you think of my work?

Cusano.—It is a thing that is beautiful and intimate—like music. You are dexterous, Anna. You have a great deal of talent.

Anna.—Oh! Oh!

Cusano.—Yes, Anna. You do work that gives one a feeling of kindliness. I should have liked to run here, to you, at once.

Anna.—Why didn't you do so?

Cusano.—It was not necessary.

Anna.—Prudence . . . Prudence is the enemy of destiny.

Cusano.—Don't say . . .

Anna.—Banalities. It is a banality. I know that. I always know when I say a banality. But if I say it to you—you understand?—I also know what you will reply, and that I shall infuriate you.

Cusano.—If you know, why do you say it?

Anna.—Because it pleases me when I provoke you.

Cusano.—You want to amuse yourself?

Anna.— . . . "One should not" . . . ?

Cusano.—No! With me you cannot amuse yourself. I shall scold you.

Anna.—Must I bore myself? I shall be bored. Is that right?

Cusano.—You cannot falsify yourself. I see clearly.

Anna.—What do you see? What do you know? "And thou knowest nothing."

Cusano.—I see clearly. (*A brief pause.*) You see, Anna, there are things that I shall never be able to understand: the value of numbers, the power of money, society with its mechanism of a badly repaired watch: all of the things that make a noise; to them I am deaf. Then there are things that do not make a noise, that cannot be seen, that are not agitating. They are "mine." Do you understand? What you say only serves me to understand what you do not say. And what you do not say; to know what you are. (*A brief pause.*)

Anna.—Do you believe me capable of doing anything bad? (CUSANO *is silent.* ANNA *takes his hands.*) No. No. I am serious. Look at me. I am serious. Answer me. Do you think me capable of doing anything bad? (*A brief pause.*)

Cusano.—No.

Anna (*Gets up from the stool, and draws away*).—You see. You do not know anything. (*A long pause.*) You see. Now you won't speak any more. I thought: "Now he won't speak any more." You are as simple as a baby. Even with your air of—of—there: I have found it—you seem—an English pastor. (*She laughs.*) Oh, Cusano . . .

Cusano.—A confessor, yes?

Anna.—A confessor! A confessor! (*She laughs.*) Please do not look at me that way now . . .

Cusano.—Dino said that to you.

Anna.—No. You said it. It is true! Please do not look at me that way, now! Please. Please. No. I knew it. I thought: now he will be upset; now he will become furious . . . You see? You see? Eh, no! What was it that I said, after all? That you seem a protestant pastor. No. No. If you look at me that way you will make me gnash my teeth . . . But it is true. Speak. I can't bear this silence. Not like this! You will make me gnash my teeth. There. There. What stupidity. (*She takes hold of his wrists.*) I said No. No. No. (*She tries to raise her eyes, but encounters the firm, sad look of* CUSANO, *and lowers her head on his breast. A long pause. Sadly lifting her head.*) Cusano . . . You . . . should never do that . . . because . . . (*Recovering her former air.*) because, you see? I am heedless. And I have burned your hand. There, you see? I have burned you here, on the hand, with my lighted cigarette. (*She throws the cigarette away.*) What a dark

expression. Dark, dark as a tempest. If I should see you cry. But you will not cry. That is absurd. I know. Now you dislike me. (*A pause.*)

Cusano.—Anna, why do you do that?

Anna.—You hate me. You hate me.

Cusano.—Why do you act this way with me?

Anna (*Childlike*).—I want to know—if you hate me.

Cusano (*Controlling his wrath*).—No. I do not hate you.

Anna.—A little bit. A little, little bit.

Cusano.—You don't understand anything.

Anna.—A little, little bit. Eh, yes; eh! . . . To have a whip, eh, Cusano . . . To have a whip, now.

Cusano.—Anna!

Anna.—One can see clearly. So clearly. Look. Look . . . (*Laughing with anguish, she pulls out a little mirror.*) Look at yourself in this mirror. (*She looks at herself.*) Today I am beautiful.

Cusano (*Snatches the mirror and throws it away*).—Stop, Anna!

Anna.—I said that today I am beautiful. What harm is there in that?

Cusano (*Shaking her violently*).—Take care, Anna! Take care!

Anna (*Abandoning herself with joy*).—Umm!

Cusano (*Frightened*).—You are mad, Anna?

Anna (*Flings herself on the divan, and buries her face in a cushion*).—Go away! Go away! (*A long pause.*)

Cusano.—I beg your pardon.

Anna (*Without raising her head*).—Are you still there?

Cusano.—I beg your pardon. I was brutal. But you should not exasperate me so. And all of this—just for a game. Why do you want to act this way, with me, Anna?

Anna (*After a brief pause*).—Are you still there? Can I look up? (*She gets up, becomes serious and seats herself near him.*) How are you? Answer. Please. Answer. You don't want to? Anna is very disagreeable. Isn't she? She is very disagreeable. And you have the patience of a Carthusian friar.

Cusano (*Sadly*).—You pretend. Even with me. You are not sincere. And you never speak the truth to me. Why don't you want to speak the truth to me, Anna?

Anna.—Because I care for you. (*A pause.*) Yes, Cusano. If I should tell you the truth, I know very well; you would go away. And I should not see you again. It is certain. I know. I know.

Cusano.—I thought that perhaps you were changed.

Anna.—I have changed a little. Don't you see? (*She smiles.*)

Cusano (*Sadly*).—I have always seen the mother born with the child. I had expected to see the complete being evolve in you. You see. And you still pretend.

Anna.—I defend myself. I do not pretend. I defend myself. (*She smiles bitterly.*)

Cusano.—I believed that I had taught you . . .

Anna.—Go away. Leave me now.

Cusano.—That I had taught you something, (*He gets up.*) in all that time.

Anna.—And, perhaps you will not return . . .

Cusano.—And I have taught you nothing. Nothing.

Anna.—But yes. Yes. Don't you remember? I was rebellious. I did not care for any one. Now I am fond of my father. I am fond of my mother. And I have almost become obedient. And I know how to treat people. When I go in society I never fail to ask the young ladies: "Do you play the piano?"

Cusano.—Good-bye, Anna.

Anna (*Restraining her despair*).—Where are you going? Shall you stay away long? You will return, Cusano? You will come back again?

Cusano.—Good-bye. (*He leaves. A long pause.*) (CUSANO *reenters.*) Look; your baby has fallen asleep on the stairs.

(ANNA *goes out. She reenters with the baby in her arms, and puts him in his carriage.*)

Anna (*A brief pause.* CUSANO *starts to leave*). Shall I go with you?

Cusano.—No. You remain here. Do you understand? You remain here. Near him. Why?—Because your friend of tomorrow is here. We shall be scattered. That is certain. But he will remain. You must make him love you. Look at him. Don't you see? Don't you see how beautiful he is? Look. He breathes. That is life. Look. Look. That is reality. It is all the world. You must "see him;" do you understand. Look at him and see him. Do you understand? Do you understand?

(*A pause. He starts to leave.*)

Anna.—Shall you return?

Cusano.—Yes, Anna.

Anna.—I know it. And then, perhaps, I shall tell you the truth . . .

(CUSANO *goes out the door that leads to the studio, from which* DINO *had gone.* ANNA *remains seated near her baby.*)

SCENE VI

ANNA, GIAMPIERO, *afterwards* DINO

Giampiero (*Entering*).—You are alone?

Anna.—I am with you.

Giampiero.—Listen, Anna. (*He tries to put his arm around* ANNA *gets up angrily.*) I frightened you? (ANNA *smiles.*) I disgusted you? (ANNA *is silent.*) Listen, Anna, seriously . .

Anna.—Seriously? We cannot understand each other. You, if you want me to understand, you must joke, laugh, say buffooneries or lies or vulgarities. If you speak seriously how could I possibly understand you?

Giampiero.—At one time . . .

Anna.—I do not remember.

Giampiero.—You thought differently.

Anna.—I do not remember.

Giampiero.—I am still fond of you.

Anna (*Laughs*).—I know it. (*Seriously.*) Giampiero: do you still care for me?

Giampiero.—Anna, Anna . . . you know . . .

Anna.—Sssh! Quietly. Mimmi is asleep. Simply and without any noise. Are you very fond of me? Enough so that it would be possible for us to do something of common interest? Yes? Let's leave each other. Each one of us go his own way.

Giampiero (*After a slight pause*).—It is necessary for us, you and I, to know what our own way is.

Anna.—You don't want to? It is just the same. I have decided.

Giampiero.—You have decided?

Anna.—Just so.

Giampiero.—And . . . since when?

Anna.—Since always.

Giampiero.—Since the beginning . . . when you knew me?

Anna.—From the time that I knew you. You were gay. But Cusano said: "Leave her alone. Don't you see how pale she is?" You were gay. You replied: "It is from happiness!"

Giampiero.—And only for that . . .

Anna.—Certainly. Only for that

Giampiero.—It will be a bit difficult to put the motive for our separation before the judge.

Anna.—We shall be separated by common consent, Giampiero.

Giampiero.—Ah, for you . . .

Anna.—Quietly. No noise. Mimmi is asleep.

Giampiero.—For you it is a thing accomplished.

Anna.—Not yet. Dino and I will provide for your living. Up to the limit of our resources. On the contrary—beyond the limit. But you must take yourself off at once.

Giampiero.—You are generous.

Anna.—It is better so. Travel. You enjoy it greatly. Take your "Dances" for a tour of Italy. They will please. You will make friends. You will be happy; you who are expansive, and live on friendship. And you are very sympathetic. You will awaken that sudden and irresistible sympathy, that will afterwards make the intelligent women suffer greatly.

Giampiero (*Smiling good naturedly*).—No. Men only make the stupid women suffer. And women make the intelligent men suffer.

Anna.—There. We begin to understand each other. You will go to Rome, to Naples, to Sicily, and to America. You wanted to experience the sensation of crossing the ocean.

Giampiero.—With you . . . it was arranged.

Anna.—I don't remember. You will go alone. It is simple. You will go alone. Every once in a while you will send me a postcard. And I shall receive it with pleasure, with the receipts for the cheques. You see. That is all. And I do not bear you ill will.

Giampiero.—And you?

Anna.—I: I shall remain here.

Giampiero.—Alone?

Anna.—Fool. And bravo! We understand each other. (*A pause.*)

Giampiero.—And . . . the baby?

Anna.—You were the one to think of him. How good, Giampiero. I like it. You always think. And it will be a sorrow for you. It is fair. Dino and I shall remember this sorrow of yours, and we shall make good the moral damages, also. It is fair. It is fair. The moral damages.

Giampiero (*Cold and disdainful*).—Anna!

Anna—Sssh! No noise!

Giampiero.—He is your lover! (*Taking her by the wrists.*) Answer! He is your lover. (*He shakes her.*) Answer! Answer!

Anna.—Fool!

Giampiero.—I want to know. I have a right to know. After all, I am the head of the family.

Anna.—After all . . . (*She laughs.*)

Giampiero.—I shall beat you.

Anna.—You? There, when you joke, you amuse me.

Giampiero.—You forget that I am the father.

Anna.—There!

Giampiero.—The father of this child.

Anna.—That you are waking.

Giampiero.—And that this created duties.

Anna.—I like this! I like this!

Giampiero.—And responsibilities.

Anna.—Now we agree. (*She laughs.*)

Giampiero.—Grave responsibilities.

Anna.—Absolutely agreed.

Giampiero.—Where is Dino?

Anna.—He . . . he is out.

Giampiero.—I want to see him.

Anna.—You will find him outside.

Giampiero.—I want to see him at once.

Anna.—Yes, my dear.

Giampiero.—At once. At once.

Anna.—Yes. (GIAMPIERO *goes out. When he has gone off quite a distance* ANNA *calls at the side.*) Dino! Dino! (*After a brief interval* DINO *appears.*) Do you know, Dino!

Dino.—Didn't Cusano come down here?

Anna.—Do you know, Dino. Dino!

Dino.—Who was here with you, just now?

Anna.—He! He! I turned him out. Do you know, Dino, I have turned him out.

Dino (*Calmly*).—He won't go.

Anna.—Yes, Dino. He will go. He had to become infuriated, to scream, to protest. That means that he will go. Surely! We will remain alone. We will build our house at the sea shore. Dino! Dino! Dino!

Dino.—You will remain alone, Anna? (*A pause.*)

Anna.—Go. Go. He left in search of you. You will under-

stand each other. He also said those same words to me, a short while ago.

(*They remain silent and motionless for a minute. Then* DINO *goes out by way of the veranda.* ANNA *takes refuge near her baby. Against the crib.*)

ACT III

The same scene as first act. Everything shows signs of disorder and lack of care. Sunset.

SCENE I

DINO, ANNA, *afterwards* MARIETTA

(ANNA *is arranging some flowers in the vases. Dino is packing a small valise. Silence.*)

Anna.—Like that?

Dino.—Yes, Anna.

Anna.—I want you to retain a good memory of our studio. (*A pause.*) But perhaps it is no longer the same thing.

Dino.—It is no longer the same thing. (*A brief pause.*) You don't like flowers any more.

Anna.—They are faces without expression. (*A pause.*) These drawings?

Dino.—Yes, Anna. (*He gets up—takes the drawings—rummages through a lot of papers that he tears right and left.*) Oh, look.

Anna.—The house on the sea shore! (*A pause.*)

Dino (*Tears the plans*).—Everything goes.

Anna.—Everything goes. We live on. (*She seats herself with the flowers on her knees.*)

Dino.—Do you want me to remain?

Anna.—No. No.

Dino.—I shall go. I shall go.

Anna.—You must go. (*Remains, thinking it over.*) "I must go"—poor Giovannino used to say—laughing like a child.—Do you know, Mimmi says his name, and then looks in my face and waits. —Mimmi has understood.

Dino.—Mimmi is intelligent.

Anna.—Have you seen Cusano's mother? Not a word. Not a complaint. One can understand Cusano better near his mother. I should never have believed such force possible. And such sorrow.

Dino.—Sorrow is necessary. (*A brief pause.*)

Anna.—And then Castiglia. And then Bronzetti.—And now, Moltrasi. And first of all, Rondani.— Who knows why those who have gone have gone. And those who have remained who knows why they remained.— And tomorrow others will be born. Life goes on.

Dino.—Do you want me to remain?

Anna.—No. You must go. Like all of the others, also for you, the hour of departure has come. It is necessary that you should lead your own life. Away from me. You need to work, to find yourself, to see clearly. And when you are overcome by sadness, you must not write to me. You must never take the train to come to me. Do you understand?

Dino (*Resuming his work*).—You want to keep me away from you.

Anna.—It is necessary.

Dino.—For the best.

Anna.—Yes, Dino, for the best. But for *your* best. It is time we should understand each other. I shall be alone. You don't believe this. But I have never lied. (*She kisses him on the forehead.*) Do you understand? From today, if you want, you can resume your own path and your own life.

Dino.—Would you like to begin over?

Anna.—One cannot.

Dino.—But . . . would you, if you could?

Anna.—Yes.

Dino.—From the beginning?

Anna.—Yes.

Dino.—Have your youth again?

Anna.—Yes. Yes.

Dino.—To make the same use of it?

Anna.—To make a different use of it.

Dino.—Then if you could begin again, you would do differently?

Anna.—I would.

Dino.—I would not. (*A pause.*) Now I am going. (*A pause.*)

Anna.—What time is it?

Dino.—Four o'clock.

Anna.—You have time.

Dino.—Almost half an hour. I shall take an auto. He would scorn the cabs of the square.

Anna.—Then you have agreed to leave for Rome together?

Dino.—Yes.

Anna.—Go alone. Don't go with him. Go alone.

Dino.—It is already arranged. But he wants to see you. If he leaves this evening at eight he will have time. And he wants to see you.

Anna.—No. No.

Dino.—He will insist. After four years.

Anna.—For him they have been four years of pleasure.

Dino.—He will want to see his child . . . He has never remembered him.

Anna.—It has been very lucky. For me. And for Mimmi.

Dino.—Now Mimmi is dear to you.

Anna.—Yes.

Dino.—You are a good mother. I have seen the miracle accomplished day by day (*He smiles.*) He will be amazed.

Anna.—Why do you bring him here to me?

Dino.—But, Anna . . .

Anna.—Yes, I know. You could do no less. Go. It is time.

(DINO *closes the valise, and goes out.* ANNA *presses a bell. The maid enters.*)

Marietta.—Did you call?

Anna.—Get Mimmi ready. We shall go to the park.

Marietta.—He is asleep.

Anna.—Very well. I shall go out alone. (*The maid goes out*)

SCENE II

ANNA, CUSANO.

(ANNA *puts the last flowers in the vases. Then sits down. She is tired. Then she gets up. Takes her hat and gloves, and goes over to the mirror to set herself to rights.* CUSANO *enters.*)

Anna (*Without turning around*).—Who is it?

Cusano (*From the back*).—I.

Anna (*Goes to meet him, and grasps his hand effusively*).—Thanks, Cusano.

Cusano.—Thanks? Why, Anna?

Anna.—Because I did not expect you today. And you are here. And I have never felt, as today, the desire to talk to you, to see you, to be with you. Sit down.

Cusano.—Were you going out?

Anna.—To run away. Here one cannot breathe. It is suffocating . . . this odor of close air, of dust . . . And the night that is coming upon us unexpectedly; sooner than it should. And the ducks in the pond that always shriek . . .

Cusano.—Do you want me to go with you?

Anna.—My dear, no.

Cusano.—Do you want to go alone?

Anna.—Now—I want to stay here—So. (*She sits beside him.*) How are you? (CUSANO *shakes his head sadly.* ANNA *puts her hands into his.*) Your friends.

Cusano.—They are so alive that,—do you know?—I seem to feel them breathe. (*A pause.*)

Anna.—My brother is leaving. He is going to Rome.

Cusano.—That is good.

Anna.—But do you think that he will be able to begin his life over again, all alone?

Cusano.—I don't know. He has a firm direct glance.

Anna.—He has become disagreeable. With every one. He cannot forgive our parents because we are brother and sister. He cannot forgive me—I don't know what. He calls me the woman of no one. And he cannot forgive himself for continuing to live as he has. He does not know what he wants. He is tormented, and has need of tormenting. Certainly, it is a good thing that he is going.

Cusano.—What does he think of me?

Anna.—I don't know.

Cusano.—That is not true. You don't want to tell. You know that I take your hand, so, and all of your life, thoughts, sentiments, with their joys, with their sorrows, with their hopes, with their despairs I hold in the palm of my hand.

Anna.—A secure ascendency. It is what you wanted. I am at last a thing that is . . . Yours.

Cusano.—Not at this moment.

Anna.—It is just this that Dino fears. And he would rather see me near any one else,—you understand?—than you.

Cusano.—But you, what do you think?

Anna.—I am "the woman of no one."

Cusano.—That is what Dino thinks. I asked you what you think.

Anna.—You have my hands in yours.

(*A long pause. They gaze at each other.*)

Cusano.—Do you want to come with me? (*A brief pause.*)

Anna (*Has a shock of emotion. But dominates herself. Tranquilly*).—Cusano: you do not know what you are saying. No. You do not know what you are saying.

Cusano.—Do you want to come with me?

Anna.—No. (*A shudder shakes her whole person.*)

Cusano (*Softly, taking her face in his hands*).—Anna, don't you want to?

Anna.—No. No. You do not know. We must not. You are a man. Fair. Just. Honest. I—You would only take what is left of me. Look at me. Understand me well. I . . . don't —want it. (*She is very pale, and trembles. A pause.*) Don't say anything. (*She rests her forehead against his knee.*) Let me stay here, a bit, with you, as though it were forever.

Cusano.—It is forever.

Anna.—No. I am afraid. (*A pause.*)

Cusano.—Listen, Anna—Really—what do you fear?

Anna.—From you, nothing.

Cusano.—I have seen you awaken to life, bit by bit, and understand, bit by bit, the value of things, as you have seen your child grow. Now you love your child. Isn't it true that you love your child now?

Anna.—As I could never have believed.

Cusano.—You see? You see?

Anna.—It is because of you. You willed it.

Cusano.—I only told you to "look." You looked with love, and you saw. And you know, Anna—I have always hunted under this cold mask for your real face. Certainly I believe in something. I believe in all the values of life. In my mother, who reassumes them as a symbol. Very well, Anna—I shall place you near my mother. You shall stay with her and with me.

Anna (*With fear*).—No. No.

Cusano.—I have spoken to her of this.

Anna (*With tears in her voice*).—You Cusano? You have done wrong.

Cusano.—We have often talked of you.

Anna.—Because you don't know. You have done wrong.

Cusano.—What? What? I know all of your life.

Anna.—Not all. You deceive yourself. You deceive yourself. (*Tenderly caressing his forehead.*) You want me with you? With you?—My dear—Forever? Yes? Then here. Close me in your arms. And press me tightly, tightly. Until you suffocate me.

Cusano.—ANNA! (*A long pause.*)

(*Anna is kneeling on the floor, near Cusano.*)

Anna(*Tranquilly*).—Really, Cusano, that is the only way that it would have been forever. With you, I would go singing. I would be yours and your companion. But your mother is saint-like. And just because of that—it is impossible—Don't say anything.—I must tell you the truth.—Here is the truth.—But you must not look at me. I shall tell you the truth. And you will go away. Forever. Don't say anything. I know. But first I must tell you that you have opened my eyes. To life. Thanks, dear, for that. For life is beautiful. And thanks, dear, for being yourself. For being as you are. For being here. What do you want me to say? I must tell you . . . (*Lowers her head; in a faltering voice.*) You know . . . Mimmi . . . I . . .

Cusano.—Anna!

Anna.—Don't look at me. Mimmi . . . Come nearer to me, nearer. Mimmi . . . I did not want him. (*Raises her head, but wounded by the glance of* CUSANO, *lowers it again. A long pause.*)

Cusano.—You did that?

Anna.—I wanted to. But—I am mediocre. And I did not have the courage. And so Mimmi was born. And I could not forgive him for having been born. And secretly I had hoped . . . Oh, I am ashamed! . . .

Cusano.—Lift up your face, and look at me.

Anna.—I am ashamed. I am ashamed!

Cusano.—Lift up your face. I want to see you cry. There. Like that. Look at me. Now all of this horrifies you? It horrifies you. Now you are very fond of your child. Very fond, aren't you?

Anna.—That is the martyrdom. Because when Mimmi, laughing, runs to meet me, clapping his hands, and pays me court. And his eyes are laughing,

Cusano.—Ah, there is laughter in his eyes . . .

Anna.—Yes: because he loves only me, desperately. Only me.

Cusano.—So that . . . .

Anna.—I feel as though he were accusing me.

Cusano.—He loves you like that? You have been able to make yourself loved like that, Anna?

Anna.—Sometimes when he sleeps—I go near him—to wait

until he awakens.—And I am afraid that he will open his eyes—because, you know, he opens his eyes and smiles, if I am near him. And it is a martyrdom.

Cusano.—You recognize that as just?

Anna.—It is just . . . I told you one day that there was one thing that you could never forgive me. You see. I have told you the truth. And you, what will you say to me now? Now you will go away. (*A pause.*)

Cusano.—Anna, do you want to come with me?

Anna (*Gets up*).—No, Cusano. You must not. Don't trust yourself. You are not like that. Don't trust yourself. You are not like that. Rather than know you to be different, from what I had imagined, I would prefer to be beaten, reviled, insulted by you; never to see you again.—Do not trust yourself. There is some trick. Pity, perhaps. I don't want it.

Cusano.—I would not want it.

Anna (*Slowly*).—Or, perhaps, it is because—I am beautiful.

Cusano (*Remains silent, sorrowful from the unforeseen blow*).—I had never thought of that.

Anna.—Don't trust yourself. Don't trust yourself. If I had not been like this—as I am. If I had not been as I am—(*Suddenly.*) Would you forgive Dino? Think? Think. Dino helped me. Dino knows. Think.—Can you pardon Dino as freely?

Cusano (*Sadly*).—I had never thought of that. (*A pause.*)—

Anna.—Now you will be unable to forget. And when you leave here, you will think of it for a long time. And suffer. I know. I did not want to make you suffer. But one cannot change that which is. And what has happened cannot be undone. Now speak. Speak. Quickly. What do you think?

Cusano.—I think, that perhaps it is true.

Anna.—Now—I shall never see you again. I have played with my life as children shoot paper balls between their thumbs and forefingers—so. Everything that is big and fine that I have learned, while going through my sad experience, has come from you. I shall lose you. Because it is just. It is necessary. Now that is enough, isn't it? —enough . . . (*Caressing his forehead.*) You are beautiful. I am not. I was never aware of this. Never. I should like to kiss you. But—I must not. And I am glad that you did not kiss me. Never. Not even a little while ago. Everything must be just. (*A pause.*)

Cusano.—What do you want to do with your life now?

Anna.—Live it.

Cusano.—Like this?

Anna.—In a way that everything shall be just. Mimmi will grow up—like a fruit of the earth. Isn't it true, Cusano? And one day I shall tell him everything.—As I did you today. He will want to forgive me. But I shall hold him at a distance. Everything must be just. I shall always speak to him of you. He will want to know you. And I shall tell him that you are waiting for us. And you will wait for us, in fact, like the good fairy in a fairy tale.

(*She sits near him—smiling calmly.*)

Cusano.—Anna . . . it is so strange . . . .

Anna.—That I am so calm. It is because I have seen—what must be done—so that everything will be just.

Cusano.—Anna!

Anna.—What do you fear? No. No. One should live. I expect to live. But you must promise me that you will not return again. That I will not see you again. Never. Do you promise?

Cusano.—No, Anna.

Anna.—But you must. You must.

Cusano.—No. No.

Anna.—Because otherwise—it would be impossible.—And it is necessary that everything should be just. You don't want it? I know how to keep you away. (*A pause.*) Now let's not speak any more. We can stay here a little longer. Quiet, quiet. And listen to the silence. (*A pause.*) And now—before you leave—I shall get Mimmi. You must say good-bye to him. He is down stairs. Do you hear? He has awakened. He is making long fantastic trips with the train that you gave him. I shall fetch him. With all of his toys. An invasion. You will see. An invasion. There—wait for me—just a minute. (*She runs toward the door at the back. Suddenly she stops, recoils.*—DINO *enters*)

SCENE III

DINO, ANNA, CUSANO, GIAMPIERO

Dino.—Anna, You know . . . .

Anna (*Very pale*).—You have done well.

Dino.—He is here.

Anna.—You have done well.

Dino.—He wanted to see you.

Anna.—You have done well.

Dino.—Come in. Anna is here. (GIAMPIERO *enters.*)

Anna (*Naturally*).—Oh! Giampiero!

Giampiero (*Very reserved*).—Anna.

Anna.—But no. (*Laughing.*) Why do you want to assume a tragic mask? Come here. Here, near me. Talk to me. It is a long time since we have seen each other. Four years. Tell me something. You have travelled. You have enjoyed yourself. A lot? A lot. Let me look at you. You are very elegant. Good Heavens, how elegant you are. How is it done? I must seem like a little provincial to you, like this. You embarrass me. The man who has travelled over half the earth.

Giampiero.—I have in fact, been all over.—But I have always carried, alive in me . . .

Anna.—The image of Anna. It is so. Everything cannot be forgotten. Isn't it true?

Giampiero.—Yes, Anna.

Anna.—You say that you have always carried your great love every place. But I want to know if you were amused.

Giampiero.—Yes. Sometimes.

Anna.—And you were right. You were right. And now, tell me—if I were to ask you to amuse yourself a little less—only a little less. You would be very free, to do whatever you would want.—But first of all—look at me—and tell me—how do you find me?

Giampiero.—Very beautiful. As you were.

Anna.—Still?

Giampiero.—Always beautiful.

Anna.—Bravo. That is important. And you do not find me changed. Isn't it true? Not at all changed—look at me—look at me.

Giampiero (*Taking her hands*).—You are yourself, Anna.

Anna.—And now tell me something else. Have you ever thought of Mimmi?

Giampiero.—Of Mimmi? Always.

Anna.—Is that true?

Giampiero.—Always.

Anna.—You knew that you were coming here?

Giampiero.—It was my intention.

Anna.—What did you bring to him?

Giampiero.—To Mimmi?

Anna.—You did not have time. Bravo. Bravo. I shall not scold you. Mind you, it was only to know. And I also see something else; that you are not changed. And that you do not run after that silly thing called truth. Bravo Giampiero—Piero—Give me a kiss. (GIAMPIERO *hesitates.*) What do you fear? I propose to rehabilitate the family. Do you want to do so with me? To remain with me. Always. I was bitter with you. I shall not be so again. I treated you badly. I beg your pardon. I ordered you out of the house. I invite you back. With open arms. Do you remember? Then I did not want to be kissed by you. Now I ask you for it.—Give me a kiss. (GIAMPIERO *comes over to her.*—ANNA *stiffens up—she is very pale.*) Kiss me. Quickly. (*She closes her eyes.*) No. On the mouth. Like that. Again. So. (*A brief pause.*) (*She opens her eyes.*) What is the matter? Don't mind that.

Giampiero.—You are trembling.

Anna.—Do you know? I haven't even had an amante. Not even one. Therefore we can rehabilitate the family. This is very moral. And my father and mother will be very happy. Do you want to do so?

Giampiero.—Yes, Anna.

Anna.—That is splendid: splendid.—And then, you know, Giampiero—Piero—because you came to accompany Dino—Dino will have to go alone. And you will remain with me. We will go down to my parents at once. Do you want to? You have no engagements? O yes—No? Then wait for me. I shall put on my hat, and we can go out. And afterwards a lovely walk on the Corso, when it is crowded. Arm in arm. It used to please you. Very well. Arm in arm. You, Dino, must go.

Dino.—I thought . . .

Anna.—No. You must go. And we shall accompany you to the station. And we shall remain. You and I alone. Think. Only you and I . . . .

Giampiero.—And Mimmi.

Anna.—Mimmi does not enter into this. What does Mimmi count for now? You and I. We shall go to the sea shore.

Giampiero.—Have you built your villa?

Anna.—Not yet.

Giampiero.—We shall call it Villa Anna.

Anna.—Villa Anna. Or the house without a name. Or the villa of no one just to be original. Eh, Dino? The villa of no one.

(DINO *smiles sadly.* CUSANO *leaves without being seen.*)

Anna.—Now, Piero, a drink. We still have some whiskey. Can you imagine? The whiskey that we brought back from our wedding journey. (*She laughs, and serves the whiskey.*) And Cusano? Where is Cusano? He went off without a sound. (*Raising her glass.*) To your health, Piero!

Piero.—You are spilling it.

Anna.—It is a good sign.

Dino.—Your hands are trembling.

Anna.—Yes. Perhaps. A little. It is from happiness.

Curtain

VICTORY

BY DETLEV VON LILIENCRON

Translated by Edwin H. Zeydel

Fluttering colors
And crowds gayly singing,
Garlands of flowers
And battle-hyms ringing.

Graves that are silent,
Destruction so fearful
Withering garlands,
Lone women, and tearful.

Ardent embraces,
Long nights spent in waiting,
Hearts that are broken,
And tears now abating.

SYMBOLISTIC DRAMA OF TODAY[1]

By Juliet Lee Knapp

Although critics make frequent reference to a modern symbolistic drama now in existence and speak of it as one of the distinguishing phases of the "neo-romantic" movement, it is impossible to find a book or an article which gives even the slightest detailed consideration of the subject. The longest and most elaborate discussions of symbolic drama are to be found in a chapter or so in books of general criticism, such as Mr. Chandler's *Aspects of Modern Dreams* or Una Taylor's *Maurice Maeterlinck*, but even, in such places as these where one might expect to go for explicit, tangible information about what "modern symbolism" really is, he finds that the existence of such drama is assumed as a matter of course and that no definitions of it, or what would be better still, no descriptions of it are to be had. Obviously, this symbolism is related to allegory and is a probable outgrowth of it, but upon what grounds is one to assume that modern symbolism exhibits a literary form distinct from allegory; and if adequate proof that it does so be afforded, just what is the new form characterized by and how is one to account for this divergence? Although many other questions might also be raised in this connection, I shall confine myself to the consideration of these three.

The supernatural makes its appearance so persistently in connection with symbolism in modern drama that the two appear to have some significant relation. Of course allegory in times past has often been associated with fairy characters, and with various personifications, but the allegorical tradition and the fanciful or supernatural tradition have in the main followed two independent courses of development, so that the peculiar and intimate union of these two streams, which we find prominent in almost all the frankly symbolic dramas, may very possibly have had much to do with determining the salient characteristics of

[1]This article is an outgrowth of my work in modern drama with Professor H. D. Gray at Leland Stanford University.

[illegible]

[illegible]

For the purpose of handling the plays under discussion more [illegible] we shall divide the plays into the [illegible] classes under which [illegible] fall most naturally.

I. *Plays Holding over Close Ties to Allegory.* The [illegible] extravagant and imaginative theatrical productions of [illegible] not only [illegible] of symbolism, but in many cases show a revival of the old morality plays. *Everyman* and *Experience*, both immensely popular, playing to crowded houses, are recent examples of how an old, didactic theme can be so presented as to appeal to even a New York audience. The achievement, it is true, was largely gained by a clever introduction of the sensational element, but that the crude and obvious moral theme could have met with such astounding success in the 20th Century is surprising and is, in some measure, indicative of the present demand for more or less abstract and fanciful productions. Such plays as the two mentioned above show neither originality nor genius, for, as we shall see later, it is only by laying aside the conventions of older allegory and incorporating the artistic symbol in his work that the modern dramatist finds self-expression.

In *The Life of Man*, Andreyev has succeeded in combining the abstract, consistent allegory with the spirit of the new symbolism to a remarkable degree. Externally, the play is frankly an allegory; what features mark it apart from its kind will be seen

upon an examination of it. The drama is divided into five acts, representing the five stages in the life of man, while the life itself is illustrated by a candle which is long in the beginning, shorter with each passing act, and in the end finally flickers out. This candle, a bit of the purest and most transparent allegory, is held by the Being called He, who, strangely enough is not an allegory, but a symbolic figure; for he represents not only the giver of life and fate, but all the unexplained mysteries of the universe. Man, the hero of *The Life of Man*, in his early years of poverty finds the meaning of life in dreams of wealth and fame. At the ball of Man, given when he has attained his ambitions, he is rich and powerful. His guests are filled with admiration for the luxury of his life and his wide-spread fame. But the strains of the polka are hollow and empty, the insipid and petty remarks of the guests reveal the tragedy that lies in the solitude of Man and of every one of his guests. One does not feel the great cosmic bond between Man and the laws of the universe; they are all doomed and chief of those doomed is Man himself, while in a darkened corner is the Being in Grey (God, Fate, or Devil, Man does not know) but this Being holds in his hand, burning, the candle that symbolizes the life of Man, the beginning and end of which is concealed by darkness. Now, the main part of a plot like this is as simply constructed as *Everywoman* and the development of the story is as obvious, but by means of the symbol represented by the Being in Grey with the candle, Andreyev has not only introduced a harmonious picturesque element but has placed a peculiar emphasis on the questioning attitude toward life and the mysteries of the universe, leaving us to interpret for ourselves the name, the motive, the relation to Man, of what the Being in Grey signifies. This, of course, is pure symbolism and is more an addition to the allegory than a modification of it.

The atmosphere of the play, Russian and pessimistic, is also dependent upon the symbol which is always present. When the Being speaks the prologue he presents the enigma to be acted and voices the impenetrable mystery:

> Limited in knowledge, Man will never know what the coming day or hour or moment is bringing to him. And in his blind ignorance, worn by apprehension, harassed by hopes and fears, he will complete submissively the iron round of destiny.

The end of the play is in accord with its beginning. Deceiving himself that the Being in Grey is kind, Man soothes himself to

sleep only to wake and find that destiny has crowded mercilessly upon him and that his life-hopes have crumbled about him. Before he dies he turns and curses the Being:

> I know not who you are, God, the devil, Fate or Life, but I curse you . . .

Closely akin to this play in both method and portent, is Strindberg's *Lucky Pehr*. It is a satire on life finding its symbolism and mystery in familiar fairy devices, a wishing-ring, a godmother and so on, but preserving the form of a traditional allegory in spite of its atmosphere of semi-romance. The theme is neither new nor profound. Pehr, having spent his youth confined in a church steeple, is released by his fairy-godmother and equipped with a wishing-ring. He finds wealth, reformation, and power to be empty and hollow, and returns to live in the church steeple with the woman who loves him and whom he discovered on his wanderings.

A more effective combination of abstract allegory with the fairy element is accomplished in Sudermann's *The Three Heron Feathers*, though here again an unworthy and trite conception of a popular theme has made the result almost trivial. It attempts to present the problem of the relation of the real to the ideal, not worked out with a new and interesting light thrown upon it but in connection with a fairy tale whose analogy to the plot theme is not always too evident, though charming in many details. The play presents the character of Prince Witte, disdaining the actual in his search for the ideal—typified by the beautiful woman here—only to discover too late that the far-sought ideal was embodied in his wife, close at hand. The theme is a common one to modern allegory, *Everywoman* and numerous other plays embody it. Nevertheless, there are interesting features present here, one of them being the Burial-wife, whose relation to Ibsen's Rat-wife is apparent, representing death as either a final comforter or an avenger, depending upon the individual view-point. She furnishes for Sudermann as for Ibsen, an atmosphere of unexplained and inexplicable mystery, symbolic in intent. It is worth while noting that the fairy elements furnish here, as is usual in this type of play, the medium through which the symbolism is expressed. The three feathers themselves, for instance, have a symbolic relation to the play as well as the Burial-wife previously mentioned. Both these are characters of the original fairy-plot

that is being dramatized, and gain a significance of their own in connection with the superimposed allegory.

The effect produced upon the fairy tale and fable combination by introducing symbols in place of personifications is well illustrated in Hauptmann's *The Sunken Bell.* Containing both Pagan and Christian philosophy as well as complexity of structure, even the fundamental meanings of the play are puzzling and elusive, though the creation from an artistic standpoint is poetic and charming. The unreal and the real are blended together here much as in *Peer Gynt*, Heinrick retaining his human qualities and relationships while he wanders in fairy-land, the lover of the blond nymph, Rautendelein. The dwarfs, Nickelmann, and the old witch, serve the simple purpose of preserving the atmosphere of the play and of adding to its picturesque qualities, while the symbolism and allegory or the plot center around the main characters.

There have been almost as many meanings given this play as there have been critics to analyze it.[2] It is not our business here to question the interpretations except as they bear upon the construction of the plot and either enhance or mar its presentation. Whether the allegory involved receives personal or general application the case remains the same: the meanings of the first part of the story—the broken bell that rolled down the hill and Heinrick's union with Rautendelein—are easily interpreted; it is where the two boys bring the pitcher containing their mother's tears, where the bell tolls again at Heinrick's wife's death, and the final catastrophe, that it becomes hard to interpret the play in the light of consistent allegory. At times even the Nickelmann make prophetic speeches in symbolic terms:

> Vain is thy sacrifice, for Sin is Sin.
> Thou hast not wrung from God the right to change
> Evil to good—or wages give to guilt.

and adds still more complexity to the already strange termination. One thing about it is certain, however, whether Hauptmann meant to imply the union of man to nature or his union with the ideal, its result was purposely made a failure. This is somewhat inconsistent with the scene in Act II, where it is only through Rautendelein that he is brought back to life, and as is the case in the *Master Builder*, the confusion aroused by an unsatisfactory end-

[2]Mr. Chandler has an excellent discussion of this question in his *Aspects of Modern Drama*, pp. 91-92.

ing impairs the general effectiveness of the play. But like many other dramas of its kind, the charm of its poetry and fantasy have offset the more or less subjective drawbacks in the structure and it has met with extraordinary success on the stage.

And Pippa Dances presents its problem of the relation of the real to the ideal more clearly. The means by which this theme is woven in with the other elements of the plot, causing the play to imbibe the spirit and delicacy of a fairy story without at all using one, can only be appreciated by an examination of the plot. Hauptmann himself has explained the meanings of the characters for us. The scene opens with glass-workers carousing in a tavern. The manager, for the sake of entertainment offers an Italian money if he will call his daughter out to dance. Roused from sleep, Pippa (the spirit of beauty) comes out and dances with a great, monstrous glass-blower (representing animal passions) capering around her in an ungainly fashion attempting to catch her. During this, Pippa's father is discovered stealing money from a card table. A brawl ensues which results in his being driven out and killed. Old Huhn, the glass-blower, then seizes Pippa and carries her off to his hut in the mountains.

Soon after their arrival, while Huhn is outside, there enters the pale, erratic, and fanciful young man—the idealist—who has played the music for Pippa to dance by at the tavern. Having existed up to this time in an atmosphere of realism, the play now merges into the land of the half-mystic,[3] both in action and speech. Pippa and Hellriegel discover a bond of mutual love and "tenderly embracing, move out of the room. The curtain falls, and music, which began with the light on Hellriegel's finger, swells, and as it grows louder, depicts mighty rising of the winter sun."

In the next act, we find the manager of the glassworks in the magician's cabin where he has come to be cured of his love for Pippa, whom he cannot find. The magician, Wann—representative of science and philosophy—claps his hands and in rushes Pippa, half-frozen, begging them to save the exhausted Hellriegel, just outside the door. As they go out, old Huhn creeps in and hides behind the door. Disgusted at Pippa's passionate devotion to Hellriegel, the manager leaves and by the use of hypnotism, Wann soothes the lovers. After leading Pippa off to rest, the magician returns to find Huhn claiming the place, and by means

[3]This transition has met with much adverse criticism, but is not essentially the same thing done in *Peer Gynt*, *The Sunken Bell*, etc. where the method is almost unanimously approved?

of magic delivers his death blow; but Pippa and Hellriegel return to the room interceding for him and while the magician is out, Pippa disobeys his strict orders and consents to dance for old Huhn once more. As she dances, Huhn crushes a wine glass he has made during his career as a glass-blower and Pippa sinks to the floor dead. Huhn then dies himself, after uttering a cry of triumph. Hellriegel now finds himself blind, but fancies Pippa still with him; and Wann, brokenhearted that his plans are always frustrated, nevertheless encourages Hellriegel in the quest of the water palace he seeks assuring him that "Pippa will dance"—which is to say, that to the idealist, the ideal will live forever.

Given any hint as to the meanings of the characters, who are representative symbols, the working out of the philosophical doctrine, which forms the plot of the story, is obvious. Without interpretation, the play would not warrant a second thought. It is not, like *The Sunken Bell*, so constructed that its fairy element is complete and satisfying aside from symbolic considerations, for the fanciful in this play has been made subservient to the allegorical to such an extent that it can have no existence outside it.

The same problem has been worked out along different lines and with considerably more ingenuity by Rostand in the well-known *Chanticleer*, where a social satire is made of it. We have fowls and other animals taking the place of fairies and pixies, and an up to date barnyard instead of a wonderland. The characters are, as in the play considered just before, the representative symbols of the story and show a marked generalization. They require no elucidation, the Guinea-fowl giving her five o'clock tea, the Hawk, Chanticleer, and the Hen Pheasant are all obvious. This is due in some measure to the means by which the fanciful element has been brought into play and partly to the simple way in which the theme is handled. Although the general meaning of the fable Rostand has used in the drama is clear, the two main characters have received various interpretations. It has been suggested that Chantecleer may stand for Rostand himself, or that he may represent the nation of France. Whichever explanation of his character is accepted, the significance and import of the allegory remains the same. Again we hear it asked, Does the Hen Pheasant stand for the new woman who is eager to compete in the world with man and is jealous of his activities, or is she the older type, the coquette in pursuit of the male, jealous of his work because she could not share it? Freedom of interpretation, then, has not been hampered or made impossible by the obvious mean-

ings of symbols nor by simplicity of structure, and consequently the questioning attitude toward life has been maintained.

For the fanciful element to find expression by means of portraying animals is uncommon, possibly because it tends to render the drama unfit for stage production. There is, however, another play of this kind worthy of comment here—a play which is extremely odd, as yet not translated into English. It is Widmann's *Maikäferkomoedie* (May-Beetle's Comedy). The story is a tragedy of insect life and an allegory of human existence with its joys, longings, and sufferings. It is early spring when the play starts and below the surface of the earth new life is throbbing among the larvae of the May-beetles that lie in the turf. News has spread among them of a land of marvelous beauty above the darkness of the underground and they are exultant in the hope that they can make their way to this land of promise. Sceptics among them doubt and distrust, but the general enthusiasm drowns their voices. The king, a mystic and idealist, calls his people about him and by a unanimous movement the crust of the earth is broken and the little band comes into the light. But the joy they expected is shattered. They are caught and tortured by boys, burned to death by fires, crushed under wagon wheels, until by fall their little bodies lie scattered over the fields and are finally destroyed by rains and frost. The joy of flying in warm summer nights is all they have had to recompense them for their sufferings. The note of old, didactic allegory in this play cannot be mistaken, though its ending, leaving to the individual the answering of its question which asked whether the brief joys of life compensated for the long sorrows, emphasizes its modern point of view. The abandon and unconventionality of its fantastical plot offers a striking contrast to the theme, which is old and much used.

No more typical play of the type under discussion could be found than Sologub's *Triumph of Death*. It is characterized by several of the prominent tendencies we have noted thus far in passing; namely, the close relation to consistent allegory of the old form, the problem of the ideal and the real—to Sologub the problem of the ugly and the beautiful,—the fairy story forming a somewhat transparent veil for the more or less didactic fable, and lastly, the modern philosophical attitude of questioning preserved. The argument of the play, that "art rises out of the concept of the eternal clash between the ugly and the beautiful" is worked out in the prologue where we learn that Love will never give up her eternal design to be crowned by a poet, a lover, or a king.

Though all her magic and charm fail, nevertheless she can say truthfully "whether the triumph be life's or the triumph be death's the triumph shall be mine" We now come to the play itself, which dramatizes an old Russian fairy story. Malgista (love) sends out her wise young daughter Algista (beauty) to do a great deed, that of deposing ugliness, symbolized in the person of Queen Bertha. By means of cunning and strategy, Algista succeeds in taking Bertha's place immediately after her wedding with the king and in having Bertha exiled as an imposter. Many years after, Bertha is able to return and uncover the deception. Algista and her son are straightway seized and beaten almost to death, but Algista revives sufficiently to plead with the king to choose her, in which case she will live, but though confessing his love for her alone he refuses to abandon Bertha. Upon Algista's death, all the inmates of the castle and chiefest of all the king, turn to stone. Hence, even in death, beauty has triumphed. Although formal, showing a little more of the Oriental than of the European in its construction, as we mentioned before, this little play incorporates the outstanding peculiarities of the type of drama we have been considering, wherein the fanciful and supernatural plot is subservient and second in importance to the fable it sets forth.

Before we pass on to the companion division, composed of plays where allegory yields first place to fancy, we must not neglect to mention *The Hour Glass* by Yeats, a one-act play featuring Death as a character, and Wedekind's *Awakening of Spring*, a realistic play with the exception of the graveyard scene where death, represented by the ghost of Moritz, and Life personified by the Masked Man, contend for the soul of Melchior. In such dramas as these the allegory is incidental to the plot and not a vital part of it.

It is interesting in this connection to recall three plays by Tagore, *Chitra*, *Sunyasi*, and *The King of the Dark Chamber*, which are also built upon the combination of myth and allegory, but have the additional charm of Oriental mysticism. Especially in *The King of the Dark Chamber* do we observe tendencies that parallel those of European playwrights. The significance of the king who met his queen in the dark room until she could endure seeing him in the light and recognize his strength and beauty, her own woman's curiosity ruining his plans, and her final realization of the truth does not escape us, and the lofty ideality with which it is presented surpasses in beauty most dramas of the 20th Century.

II. *Plays Finding Their Chief Root in Fancy.* Several of the plays we have already discussed, such as *The Sunken Bell*, *The Three Heron Feathers*, and *The Blue Bird*, have the element of the fanciful so perfectly balanced with that of the allegorical that they cannot be classed as either essentially fairy plays or essentially symbolistic dramas. These plays fall in the borderland between two opposing tendencies, the fairy story having a complete and satisfactory existence with ample room furnished for delicate imaginativeness, while the fable that supplies the vital motive of the play is successfully holding a place of equal importance. Instead of these two forces clashing, we have seen that each broadens the scope of the other; we have seen, also, that allegory may assume the leading role and still remain charming; there is next to be considered whether fancy is able to exist largely for its own beauty and, if this be possible, how it can mould allegory to suit its ends.

As we should expect, the Irish are adepts at handling this combination, partly because of their mystic and poetic temperaments and partly because of the subject matter they choose. The latter is usually the longing for an unrealized ideal,—the typical Celtish theme—and is so vague and intangible that it lends itself well to their characteristic manner of treatment. In the *Land of Heart's Desire*, by Yeats, this is admirably handled. From the very opening of the play we are surrounded by a sense of the mysterious which deepens rapidly as the climax approaches. The tragedy lies in Marie's disgust with the sordidness of life, and with the necessity of growing old. Joining the pagan fairies, thus giving up hope of immortality, will free her from this human bondage, and in quest of youth and beauty she gives up love, religion, and finally her life. Although very short and very simple, this little play is extremely effective.

Rose of the Wind by Anna H. Branch is upon much the same plan except that in it a fairy is desirous of becoming human. The scene is laid in a cobbler's hut. The cobbler himself is to be married the following day and has just finished making a pair of shoes for his sweetheart when a magic minstrel and fairy sprite come in. After a series of mischievous adventures, the fairy sprite falls in love with the cobbler and although she has no desire to win him away from his sweetheart, she nevertheless craves a soul. By burning her little elfin shoes she relinquishes the care-free existence of a fairy, and by enduring pain, she acquires immortality. Symbolism in such a case as this is largely incidental. The elfin shoes

represent the dainty, airy life of the sprite as the tears she sheds represent the sufferings of human existence—always compensated by a soul.

More delicate in its fancy—so delicate in fact that it is hardly touched by symbolism at all—is Barrie's *Peter Pan*. Whimsical and effervescent, this play achieved tremendous popularity. Representative symbols are hardly to be found, and as a whole, the chief thought embodied seems to be a wholesome and tolerant philosophy. The play is intended, of course, for children.

Leaving the realm of myth and fairy-stories, we emerge into a somewhat more individually imaginative group where we find the dramas largely impressionistic. Plays of marionettes belong here, such as Rusinol's *The Prodigal Doll* or Barker's *Prunella* even. As in *Peter Pan*, symbolism is only hinted at very often. But after all, what is there to symbolize? Of necessity light, short, dainty, deprived of a humanizing touch, denied the possibilities of tragedy, it is not to be wondered at that these plays find their chief end in a moment's brief charm. Very often the dramatist comes to laugh at himself—or at the audience. In Dreiser's little sketches, for instance, we find a vein of baffling humor always present. Dreiser ignores time and space and unity with astounding audacity, but his originality and cleverness are sufficient to claim our attention in spite of it. In *The Blue Sphere* we follow with almost bated breath the shadow that is luring the monstrosity onto the railroad tracks to be killed, but beyond a passing enjoyment for the sparkling brilliancy of the piece it has little to give.

A somewhat longer play built upon an original and spectacular plot is Mackaye's *The Scarecrow*. There are notes in this drama, also, of tragedy and symbolism, but they are prevented from gaining any prominence because of the very character of the material which constantly borders on the ridiculous. The scene is laid in a New England town in the days of witchcraft and we see one of the imps of his Satanic majesty, Dickon by name, creating a man out of a scarecrow at the instigation of "Goody Richby," so that she may revenge herself upon a prominent minister of the town who had betrayed her many years before. The puppet can act only as he is prompted by Dickon, who goes as his tutor. By palming his charge off as an English lord, Dickon gains admittance to the minister's home and proceeds to make negotiations for a marriage between the animated scarecrow and the beautiful niece of the minister. The niece herself falls in love with the bogus

of this play that forms the body of the drama. In such a case as this, the vision theme is robbed of any significance or symbolism, being used merely as an artistic device for introducing a play of another age and civilization.

The Eyes of Youth, *The Great Lover*, and Galsworthy's *The Little Dream* are three comedies built upon the problem confronting a woman, of which of her lovers to choose. The first of these develops the theme into a three act play by the introduction of crystal gazing; the second makes a three act play by dramatizing a series of dreams; and the third, which also dramatizes a dream, makes a conventional and artistically pretty allegory out of the material, though a very short one. In *Man and Superman* the dream motive is used incidentally in a decidedly realistic drama, but as is the case in the plays mentioned above, is not of sufficient importance to detain us here.

It is in such dramas as Hauptmann's *Hannele* that we find the dream play at its best, where it has worthy material and excellent handling. In casting this type of drama it is the highest form of art to make the dramatized dream of delirium appear vivid and natural, and where this achievement is combined with effective symbolism the result cannot but be a noteworthy one. In using the dream background, Hauptmann took advantage of the realistic element to enlist deep human sympathy, and because of the opportunities afforded also for tragedy, he was able to make this play really impressive as well as deeply pathetic. Little Hannele Mattern, beaten and brutally mistreated by her step-father, tries to drown herself in the icy lake, but is rescued by her schoolmaster and a wood-cutter. The scene opens with her being brought into an alms-house where she is carefully tended by a doctor and a nurse. After they have departed, Hannele, left alone in the dark room, begins to dream. The short, but carefully planned first scene has prepared us for the dream to follow—it will be an incoherent delirium expressing the pent up longings of a miserable child. Our anxiety as to whether the child will recover furnishes an adequate element of suspense to the drama, while the background of reality serves to set in relief the fanciful features and to make the symbolic elements more tangible.

With the beginning of the dream, the darkness lights up to subdued twilight, while the crude furnishings of the room seem shadowy and softened. Hannele beholds first her dead mother come to console her—it is Sister Martha returned and at her side who becomes this apparition; throughout the dream she

For, Cotaldo, in this world
All who live but dream they act here.

The philosophical question voiced here, of whether the world is real, was also raised in various other dream plays, previous to the era of Modern Drama.[4] Built upon the same structure is *The Taming of a Shrew*—from which Shakespeare derived his play of a similar name—containing not only the introduction to be found in Shakespeare's play but also a conclusion in which Christopher Sly, after having been taken back to the tavern, wakes up and naturally believes that his brief experiences were a dream.

A more recent example of the way in which the dream motive has been handled is to be found in such a play as *A Message from Mars*, where the purpose of introducing it is frankly didactic. In a dream, which is acted out, the erring hero beholds the folly of his ways, and, upon waking, promptly reforms.

Present contemporary drama accords the dream motive a somewhat different treatment. A delirium, an hallucination, or a dream is pictured as a natural mental phenomenon with realism for its ostensible basis. Nevertheless, in spite of important and obvious differences, the modern vision or dream play is not so far removed from the purely imaginative drama, considered in the division just before, as it might seem. Such a play as Dreiser's *Laughing Gas* incorporates all the elements of a light fantasy together with the realism and, at times, the symbolism of a well-portrayed dream. Like all of Dreiser's little sketches, it is original, clever, and comprehensive in a superficial sort of way. This particular play pictures a doctor on the operation table under the influence of laughing gas, ready to undergo a slight, but dangerous operation. His spirit during the operation is carried out into space by attendant spirits, where he passes through plane after plane (theosophical planes, of course) and hears the constant rhythm of the universe going, "Om! Om! Om! Om! Om! Om!" This rhythm suggests a sense of vastness throughout, and the struggle of the attendant spirits to get his soul back to earth on time while the doctors working over his body strive to revive him, makes for admirable suspense and climax.

The dream motive is used with brilliant effect in Mackaye's *Sappho and Phaon*, where the imaginative excavator of Herculaneum pictures to himself an old Roman play being enacted on a recently discovered stage in the ruins. It is the dramatization

[4]See Grillparzer's *Der Traum, ein Leben*, a 19th Century production.

of this play that forms the body of the drama. In such a case as this, the vision theme is robbed of any significance or symbolism, being used merely as an artistic device for introducing a play of another age and civilization.

The Eyes of Youth, *The Great Lover*, and Galsworthy's *The Little Dream* are three comedies built upon the problem confronting a woman, of which of her lovers to choose. The first of these develops the theme into a three act play by the introduction of crystal gazing; the second makes a three act play by dramatizing a series of dreams; and the third, which also dramatizes a dream, makes a conventional and artistically pretty allegory out of the material, though a very short one. In *Man and Superman* the dream motive is used incidentally in a decidedly realistic drama, but as is the case in the plays mentioned above, is not of sufficient importance to detain us here.

It is in such dramas as Hauptmann's *Hannele* that we find the dream play at its best, where it has worthy material and excellent handling. In casting this type of drama it is the highest form of art to make the dramatized dream of delirium appear vivid and natural, and where this achievement is combined with effective symbolism the result cannot but be a noteworthy one. In using the dream background, Hauptmann took advantage of the realistic element to enlist deep human sympathy, and because of the opportunities afforded also for tragedy, he was able to make this play really impressive as well as deeply pathetic. Little Hannele Mattern, beaten and brutally mistreated by her step-father, tries to drown herself in the icy lake, but is rescued by her schoolmaster and a wood-cutter. The scene opens with her being brought into an alms-house where she is carefully tended by a doctor and a nurse. After they have departed, Hannele, left alone in the dark room, begins to dream. The short, but carefully planned first scene has prepared us for the dream to follow—it will be an incoherent delirium expressing the pent up longings of a miserable child. Our anxiety as to whether the child will recover furnishes an adequate element of suspense to the drama, while the background of reality serves to set in relief the fanciful features and to make the symbolic elements more tangible.

With the beginning of the dream, the darkness lights up to subdued twilight, while the crude furnishings of the room seem shadowy and softened. Hannele beholds first her dead mother come to console her—it is Sister Martha returned and at her side who becomes this apparition; throughout the dream she

continues to fluctuate in unreality, assuming first one form and then another. But now purely imaginative characters begin to pour in upon her. She sees the village tailor about to dress her as the Bride of Heaven in magnificent garments, but cries out as the Angel of Death lifts his sword to strike her. The schoolmaster, the one person who has always been kind to her, appears and sheds his outer garment to reveal the shimmering white robe and gentle aspect of the Saviour. Death comes again, and now Hannele is dressed in silken clothes and glass slippers and put in a crystal coffin. Here we see her favorite fairy stories confused with recollections of the Bible, each presenting itself in the form it was accustomed to assume in her normal imagination. The Saviour, to her, must be dressed in shining robes and look much like the schoolmaster who was gentle and kind and good; the shining Angel of Death with the sword looks, of course, like the bright colored representations of it that are always familiar to children; the silken clothes and glass slippers belong to the ever-fascinating story of Cinderella[5] while the crystal coffin came from another German fairy-tale.[6]

But now the unpleasant and frightful impressions of Hannele's short life begin to crowd in upon her and overcast the brightness of the dream. These impressions are brought in in a curiously natural way. As she is dressed in her finery and laid in her crystal coffin according to the vanities of human kind, she wants to be admired and appreciated by her associates, who, alas! have hitherto merely made fun of her and called her "Rag-tag." This last impression being unpleasant, soon calls in a host of associates. The school-children enter, admire Hannele and beg forgiveness—for, according to the naïve beliefs the child has picked up, due amends are made in Heaven—but, since all remembrances of this kind are connected with the drunken step-father, he immediately appears to terrify and darken the dream. After a short scene, during which he occupies the center of the stage, he is rebuked by the Saviour and goes out to hang himself. A chorus of angels is now heard singing. It lasts for several minutes, at the close of which, the scene is lighted from the semi-twilight that shrouds it, and the original alms-house interior is seen. Hannele, a poorly-clad child

[5] J. M. Barrie has incorporated the outstanding characteristics of Hannele's dream in an act of *A Kiss for Cinderella*. By giving special emphasis to the grotesque combination of reality and fairy-fancy in the mind of a naive girl, delicate and charming comedy is made of it.

[6] *Snow White* in Grimm's collection.

lies once more upon the bed with the doctor and nurse bending over her anxiously. She is dead.

Though perhaps more spectacular than dramatic, *Hannele* is certainly effective. The seemingly incoherent dream possesses a decided unity, and at the same time gives the impression of a disordered vision. It is of vital importance in a dream-play that these last two points are each well developed for upon the first depends both an intelligent understanding of the play and the symbolism of it, while upon the second depends its naturalistic atmosphere.

From *Hannele*, whose obvious purpose is to picture the states of child-consciousness, we turn to another vision play whose structure and interpretation are much more vague and complex, Strindberg's *Dream Play*. The total impression it gives could not be better described than it is in the Prologue to the play, written by Strindberg himself:

> As he did in a previous[7] dream play, so in this one the author has tried to imitate the disconnected but seemingly logical form of the dream. Anything may happen, everything is possible and probable. Time and space do not exist. On an insignificant background of reality, imagination designs and embroiders novel patterns: a medley of memories, experiences, free fancies, absurdities and improvisations.
>
> The characters split, double, multiply, vanish, solidify, blur, clarify. But one consciousness reigns above them all—that of the dreamer; and before it there are no secrets, no incongruities, no scruples, no laws. There is neither judgment not exoneration, but merely narration. And as the dream is mostly painful, rarely pleasant, a note of melancholy and of pity with all living things runs right through the wabbly tale. Sleep, the liberator, plays often a dismal part, but when the pain is at its worst the awakening comes and reconciles the sufferer with reality, which, however distressing it may be, nevertheless seems happy in comparison with the torments of the dream.

Strindberg's description of it is admirable. The play, an expression of his philosophy, is indeed pessimistic, though wonderfully beautiful in workmanship. The realistic basis is used rather as an artistic pretense than an attempt at naturalism, so that imaginativeness is given considerable license. Through the alternately lighting and fading scenes, in which an effort is made to set forth the futility and misery of all kinds and classes of life, we realize that we are being offered a fanciful explanation for the origin of evil. To this end, Strindberg employs a great amount of symbol-

[7]The triology, *To Damascus*.

ism, some of it quite clear and some of it equally elusive. In the main, the larger items are easily interpreted and woven into the scheme of the whole, but we find ourselves constantly confused by details which, as is the case in *The Seven Princesses*, seem to clamor for interpretation but may only have been introduced to lend atmosphere and artistic beauty. The most puzzling instance of this kind in the *Dream Play* is the constant recurring to the castle that is tended like a plant and grows every year. It is easy enough to suggest detached meanings for the castle, but not a very simple matter to suggest one that will bear a consistent relation to the whole. With the exception of such small problems as these, we find that the apparently complex play offers a somewhat concrete and very original philosophy, based upon Strindberg's antipathy to women.

It is generally considered that the fanciful explanation of evil set forth in the drama is this:[8] the world was brought into being by reason of a sin committed in the spiritual life of the universe. Brahma, the divine force (representing Spirit), was prevailed upon by Maya, the world mother (representing Matter), into entering into a union with her. Out of this union was born the earth—a world of phantasms. Its creatures struggle always to free themselves from matter. They cannot succeed, and hence suffer endless pain and misery, while they yearn to enjoy. Their life is a constant struggle between pleasure and despair. The symbolic bearing which this tale has upon Strindberg's peculiar philosophy is clear. To him, the female principle which seduced Spirit, seeks now in the world to seduce man. Woman is the source and essence of evil, the instrument of love. She is elemental, dangerous, unscrupulous, and has pleasure only in attracting and destroying; because of her there is constant conflict in the world the conflict which produces energy. Yet all the tumult of living is constantly brought back to a pitiful striving at self-assertion on the part of the individual. The suggestion is always present, however, that in all his seemingly futile strivings the individual takes the place of a puppet in the hands of some higher power, working for great aims that he cannot perceive. Life and hell are rendered synonymous, though the Swedenborgian idea of hell as a state of mind is not for one moment left out of sight.

To have expressed all this with comparative clearness by means of a fancy whose intrinsic beauty would have permitted it

[8]T. P. Beyer in *The Dial* 54. '13. Edwin Bjorkman in *Voices of Tomorrow*. Chandler in *Aspects of Modern Drama* pg 295.

to stand alone, while the play still relies upon a semblance of realism for its human sympathy and depth of tragedy, Strindberg must have depended upon something essentially different in its structure and use from didactic allegory. Symbolism as displayed under such circumstances as these, flexible, independent, penetrating, as it is, shows little relation to the form it developed from.

Andreyev, in *The Black Maskers*, makes a slightly different use of the vision motive. Instead of picturing a dream, he externalizes the hallucinations in the mind of a man insane. These hallucinations are making their first appearance at the beginning of the play and are responsible for the final catastrophe. Duke Lorenzo, the principal character, having considered his life good and beautiful, and having invited his friends to a masked ball, discovers that those who come are representations of his thoughts, horribly ugly and deformed, and of his heart, a figure clothed in red with a serpent sucking its blood, and of numerous other things bearing upon his personality. In place of one wife, he sees three; in place of one Duke Lorenzo, he suddenly encounters another at the ball. Then flood in the black maskers—a vague personification of the darkness of life and the mysterious dark instincts of man. At this point the Duke becomes quite mad. With a doubt suggested to him as to his parentage, whether he was the son of his father or of a low-born stable man, begins the insane life of Lorenzo, finally to perish, burned in his castle.

Lorenzo's mind becomes more and more clouded. His own soul becomes repulsive to him, he seems strange to himself. Though he longs to accept his soul as his own, yet the ugliness and repulsiveness within checks his resolve to do so, and his personality becomes dissociated—Lorenzo becomes two Lorenzos. Before him is another self—neither he nor the audience can distinguish the real duke for the phenomenon is due to a multiplicity of the ego. Incensed with anger, they both draw their swords and one is slain. Then follows the uncanny scene in which the servants, friends, and wife of Lorenzo come to bid farewell to the remains of the dead duke, while the duke himself—his other half—stands in the shadow at the head of the bier and observes how they greet the cold corpse of himself. The duality of soul and personality has led to the duke's tragic insanity.

But at this point a transformation of Lorenzo occurs. When the castle, fired by the Jester Ecco, is in flames, Lorenzo, falling upon his knees calls upon all present to pay homage to the Being who is now revealed to his soul, darkened though it be by insanity.

Uncover, gentlemen; it is the Lord God, the Ruler of heaven and earth. On your knees, knights and ladies!

But one conclusion can be drawn, Lorenzo, passing through this duality of personality has attained God, and perishes in the flames at his moment of Triumph.

No description, however careful, could reproduce the curious tone of the play. Its setting is too vague, too artistic, too subtle to be analyzed. Though nothing could be truer to the observations of psychology than the delusions that beset Lorenzo, the play cannot be said to be realistic in its impression. Every detail is fraught with delicate, imaginative symbolism,—the candles in the dark hall, the musicians who resemble their instruments, the fidelity of the crippled Ecco,—all are symbolic parts of a symbolic whole, and because of their fanciful presentation, have a tendency away from realism rather than toward it. Were all the realism gone, of course, the effect of intense tragedy would be lost, but this is not the case. As we observed before, Lorenzo is a real human being in an unreal world created by his own mind, and excites our deepest sympathy. From every point of view, the play is well rounded and satisfying.

In general, it may be said that the dream-play furnishes an excellent medium for symbolic drama. It leaves the imagination sufficiently free for it to diverge entirely away from conventional and didactic allegory and to construct representative and individual symbols of its own—symbols that reveal, but are not arbitrary. Because of the realistic atmosphere that forms the basis to the imaginative and symbolic in the dream-play, tragic themes may be well worked out, and the dramatist may find adequate means for voicing his philosophical and ethical problems.

IV. *Plays Whose Supernatural Elements are Implied.* There are many dramas that are highly symbolic and entirely dependent upon the atmosphere of the supernatural for effect, whose basis is absolute realism. There is none of the fairy fanciful and none of the whimsical brought into play. Like *The Lady from the Sea*, all events may be explained within the realm of human possibilities if not probabilities, but the supernatural agency is so strongly suggested that it forms the most prominent and pervading feature of the play.

From the time of old Greek tragedy, the supernatural has figured prominently in drama and in many instances has been

used with almost a modern symbolic effect. In *Macbeth*, although no one would contend that the witches are essentially symbols in the really modern sense, the fact remains, nevertheless, that they are representative of evil let loose in the world, and as such they are more or less related to the supernatural agencies made use of by our own contemporary playwrights. And does not the supernatural in *Hamlet* have a significant bearing on the plot? As Mr. Whitmore remarks,[9] "*Hamlet* without the ghost is as unthinkable as *Hamlet* without the Prince himself." Yet, as in the case of *Macbeth*, its connection with play is subjective as well as objective and indeed many critics have argued that the ghost exists only in Hamlet's mind or that he is, at most, a representative of Hamlet's thoughts. From such illustrations it can be easily seen that the relation between the supernatural as portrayed in older drama and as we find it in certain of our plays to-day, is closer than it might be supposed. In Modern Drama sometimes the whole setting is vaguely suggestive of uncanny sensations, but more often the one central character is imbued with something a little more than human, and stands out against a naturalistic background. For this purpose, divine aid is a theme often made use of, and there is a popular group of dramas whose chief figure is a representative of the Saviour in modern clothes.

A forerunner of this is to be observed in Björnson's *Beyond Human Power*, which borders on modern symbolism and introduces certain supernatural suggestions that appear conspicuously in several recent plays.

Pastor Sang, "the priestly hero," is not presented as being divine in any sense—he is merely possessed of absolute faith, and through that faith of a peculiar power that enables him to work miracles among those who believe. Although he has cured hundreds, Sang's wife, lying helpless and ill from overstrain in her prolonged efforts to maintain a well cared for household, cannot believe as her husband does. Because of his great love and his longing to cure her, Sang one day enters his church to pray, never to come from it until his faith has brought sleep to his invalid wife. Sang's prayers are answered. So deep is her slumber that even a sliding avalanche—turned aside just as it reaches the house—fails to waken her. Hundreds gather to see the miracle that the pastor has declared he will perform, the healing of his wife so that she can walk. At the crucial moment she appears

[9] *The Supernatural in Tragedy*, pg. 3

at the doorway and walks up to her triumphant husband, only to die in his arms. Realizing the truth—that she has walked out of love for him and not because of faith—Sang sinks to the ground completely crushed.

The idea set forth in this play, that love and faith are potent but cannot make divinities of us in place of human beings, is fully expressed and not suggested by means of symbols or symbolic characters. The indomitable will, as we find it here, shows the possible influence of *Brand*, published a few years before, and has furnished a popular theme in many later dramas since it combines well with both the semi-divine hero and with the working of miracles. Symbolism, of course, is easily introduced in such a setting to a greater or less degree.

In Hauptmann's *Henry of Aue* the background is medieval, but love and faith and miraculous healing play much the same part that they do in a more modern atmosphere though the meaning of the drama is subsidiary to its purely poetic value. Its fable is a simple one and it is curiously allied to certain tendencies in contemporary philosophy, for the crux of the play is this: How is Henry healed of his fatal ill? The medieval miracle of blood is rejected. The process of his healing begins when hate and despair leave his soul; the good comes with his belief in its possibility. His will helps the Benefice that is at the core of things, and that will rises first in Ottegebe, then in him. To both it is revealed that "The heavenly seeming is the heavenly truth." Though it is quite possible to regard the healing of the leper as symbolical, despite the concrete reality of the play's characters and actions, yet it remains true that Hauptmann here sounds the least uncertain note of spiritual hope in the entire neo-romantic movement and allies himself unmistakably with ancient sanctities treasured in the heart of the race.[10]

Charles Rann Kennedy, an excellent exponent of this type of drama incorporates a large amount of the symbolic in his plays. The very name of the central figure, Manson, in *The Servant in the House*, takes us almost back to allegory and old personifications. The play itself shows allegorical tendencies very often in its plot, though in the main it depends upon interpretative symbols.

[10]Certain features of this play, especially the use made of the sacrifice theme, bear strong resemblance to the plot of Euripides' *Alcestes*. A comparison of the method of treatment in both is interesting and illustrative of the distinctive quality of modern symbolism as opposed to earlier forms of drama.

Manson is a butler, newly hired, at a certain vicarage. Soon after the opening of the play, various complications come to light. The vicar's church is badly in need of repair. An unhealthful odor, due to poor drainage, permeates it and even makes its way into the vicar's study. His wife's brother, the haughty Bishop of Lancashire, and his own brother, the Bishop of Benares, have both been called upon for funds to aid in reconstructing the plumbing of the church and are expected to arrive on the same morning.

The Bishop of Lancashire makes his appearance first. He is partially blind and half deaf, a director in the Society for the Promotion and Preservation of Emoluments for the Higher Clergy and at first indisposed to aid the vicar. Finding, however, that the powerful Bishop of Benares is likely to help in the undertaking he looks upon the prospect more favorably.

After a series of complications in which Manson reconciles the vicar to his brother and discovers the vault which is the source of corruption to the drains, he reveals himself as the Bishop of Benares. Upon hearing the Bishop of Lancashire's scheme for making profit out of religion, he turns that fraud out of the house and restores peace to the vicar's family, his church, and his soul.

The abstract meanings of the play are easily interpreted, although the plot is sufficiently dramatic to exist for the sake of its story alone. As we noted before, Manson, true to his name and the character he displays, is representative of the Saviour and a certain supernatural atmosphere clings about him throughout the entire drama. The deteriorating church symbolizes the decay of the spiritual church, the Bishop of Lancashire typifies the aristocratic, self-seeking churchman, and so on. The signifiance of the poor drainage system is apparent and immediately calls to mind the trouble over the baths, in Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*, used for the same symbolic effect. Most elaborate symbolism may be read into the play and certainly the prominent features of it cannot escape attention. Its tendency toward allegory is obvious and this is greatly emphasized by the somewhat didactic nature of the fable built upon it. On the whole, however, the handling of this drama, with the central character hovering in an atmosphere of his own while the rest of the dramatis personae are pictured with definite realism, shows the usual treatment accorded this particular kind of play. Jerome K. Jerome, in his *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, has dramatized another version of the modern Christ story, but the similarity between the two is so great that it is not necessary to deal with it separately.

Featuring more of the supernatural and perhaps a less elaborate symbolism, Moody, in *The Faith Healer*, presents another aspect of the modern Saviour theme. Like Björnson's *Beyond Human Power*, faith is conceived to be at the bottom of religion and miracles—a faith coupled with the imdomitable will exhibited by the Master Builder and by Brand. It is through these that miracles are performed.

The setting of *The Faith Healer* is a little home in the Middle West where Ulrich Michaelis, a shepherd of New Mexico, is resting for the night. Firmly convinced that he has been chosen by the Lord to practise cures by means of a great faith and tremendous will, Ulrich succeeds in restoring to health an invalid of the house. All the other members of the household, however, view the stranger with suspicion except Rhoda, the young girl with whom Ulrich has already fallen in love. As the news of the performed miracle spreads, a great crowd gathers around the little home and people from all over the country come to be cured of their diseases.

It is at this moment that the crisis comes. Distracted by his love for Rhoda, whom he finds was formerly betrayed by the very physician who is loudest in scoffing at him, Ulrich loses his miraculous power and his belief in himself. A child brought in to him is dying despite his efforts, and the invalid recently cured is suffering from a relapse. Apparently, his ability to heal is gone. In his despondency he gives orders for the crowd to be dispersed, and begs Rhoda to go back to the mountains with him where they will forget the world. Rhoda, however, still has complete faith in Ulrich and by means of clever strategems holds the crowd through the night. In the morning, Ulrich, exalted and enobled by the strength and potency of her love for him, finds that his powers have returned. Thus is the doctrine set forth that love is a necessary inspiration to faith.

Here, too, we see that the underlying fable is didactic; so didactic, in fact, that it is unconvincing to the modern audience whose credulity is rather limited. The emphasis placed upon the supernatural element does not heighten the strength of the appeal which is made to our intellects and not to our imagination, so that, on the whole, the play is not satisfying. As far as the symbolism is concerned, it is very well worked out. Ulrich, in many ways a representative of the Great Healer, is, perhaps, more accurately to be considered as the soul with its immense capacity for faith and doubt; Rhoda is the spirit of love that inspires; her uncle represents the tendencies toward unbelief of modern science;

while the physician embodies gross materialism. The sun rising in the last act is obviously symbolical, suggesting hope. It immediately calls to mind the sun in Ibsen's *Ghosts*, where it is used with exactly the opposite purpose, and with far more dramatic intensity.

The power of belief, of the will, or of the mind are popular subjects on the present day stage and are not always connected with symbolism, though a vague supernatural element is usually hinted at. In Augustus Thomas' *The Witching Hour*, for instance, we have a play upholding the theory of mental telepathy, with a slight employment of the supernatural evident in the extended passages upon mind-reading. There is a marked absence of any note of symbolism, however, and the play suffers in consequence, not because all dramas are incomplete without symbolism, but because the nature of the material in this case demands it to make a well-rounded play.

Passing from the group of dramas whose supernatural element is embodied in a semi-divine hero, we find that there is another type of play where the supernatural is implied in an entirely different way. The characters themselves remain realistic and natural while the atmosphere surrounding them seems to be fraught with something uncanny and often assumes a sort of personality. The rushing of waves upon the sea shore, the opening and shutting of a gate, the hundreds of familiar little happenings suddenly take on a new significance in their relation to the play. The kind of symbolism that this gives rise to can be well described by quoting a sentence from Emerson's essay on *The Over Soul*:

> The action of the soul is oftener in that which is felt and left unsaid than in that which is said in any conversation.

Maeterlinck, of course, is the great exponent of this type of symbolism, but J. M. Synge in *Riders to the Sea* has also shown himself capable of portraying it with great skill.

The scene of Syng's play is off the west coast of Ireland, when the sea is pictured as an elemental force which takes on attributes of the supernatural. It is a resistless fate that must be succumbed to. Maurya, an old woman, has lost at sea, over a period of years her husband, her husband's father, and five sons. At the opening of the play, her two daughters are examining the clothes of Michael, who has just been drowned. Bartley, the sixth and last son, is about to take a ship for the horse fair at Con-

nemara, where he is to sell a horse. His mother and sisters, sick with foreboding, seek to dissuade him, but in vain. Upon following him a little way as he makes his way to the boat, Maurya sees behind Bartley the wraith of Michael just drowned, and returns to tell her two daughters about it:

> Bartley came first on the red mare; and I tried to say, "God speed you", but something choked the words in my throat. He went by quickly; and "the blessing of God on you", says he, and I could say nothing. I looked up then, and I crying, at the gray pony, and there was Michael upon it—with fine clothes on him, and new shoes on his feet.

In a moment a group of old women enter, bringing the body of Bartley, drowned as he was crossing the ford. But Maurya is stoic and submissive to fate:

> They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. It's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely.

The concentrated pathos of this little, one-act play is unusual, and its presentation of the sea is terrifying, for it becomes a remorseless power that is almost a personality. This represents, of course, a distinct and individualized phase of symbolism and one that requires consummate skill to produce, because the sense of reality must be constantly preserved. Few playwrights have been really successful along this line, though there are several dramas worthy of mention in this connection, such as Yeats's *The Countess Cathleen*, Macleod's *The Immortal Hour*, Bottomley's *Crier by Night* and *The Riding to Lithend*, all of which show a tendency toward a possible widespread growth of symbolic tragedy in which the supernatural comes into existence through the realistic elements of a simple plot.

V *Highly Individualized Symbolic Dramas.* There are certain plays I wish to speak of which are so complex and highly individual that they are best considered without regard for the four chief groups of classification which we have previously observed. This individuality of treatment may be due in part to the fact that each of these plays is an attempt to set forth a new and original belief in a new and original way, employing symbolism as the best agent for this purpose.

Tchekoff, in *The Sea Gull*, presents a play that is not supernatural nor symbolic in itself, but significant in that that the chief character is a young author with new ideas about art, who stages

a purely symbolic and very weird dream play in the first act. By this means, Tchekoff sets forth his own ideas of literary art. A passionate enemy of all lies and oppression which he considers are fostered by the present demands of audiences, he expresses his feelings most tersely in Treplieff's reply to Lorin. "Let us have new forms, or nothing else at all." The little play, only partially acted out because of the rude interruptions of Treplieff's unsympathetic audience, has a curious beginning. The scene is laid twenty thousand years hence, when all human and animal life has passed away and there is left nothing but the world-soul sitting alone on a rock waiting to wage a fierce and obstinate battle with Satan. At this point the interruption comes and we have only been allowed a glimpse of the new art Tchekoff has been defending.

Also featuring a play within a play, Widmann presents his philosophy of life and religion in *Der Heilige und die Tiere*. The scene first discloses two theological students who are tramping in the Black Forest deeply engrossed in a religious discussion. Finally one of them remembers that they are near the hut of an exiled priest, excommunicated because of his peculiar views, and they decide to pay him a visit.

With the opening of the next act, we see Lux, the priest, himself. His unique personality and his intense love for nature immediately impress themselves upon us. The cruelty of the animal world has aroused his moral indignation,—what kind of God permits such things? Doing and healing, he concludes, are the only true forms of worship. His sister, in order to divert his mind when overwrought, coaxes him to his favorite diversion: the staging of shadow-pantomimes of sacred or profane legend. He enters upon this suggestion with especial zeal, for the two theological students are just then entering the door. Lux decides to present to them his views upon the world and God in a semidramatic form. The title of the shadow-play is *The Saint and the Beasts, a Biblical Mystery*. Its motto is taken from the first chapter of Mark:

> And he was in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan, and was with wild beasts; and the angels ministered unto him.

The first scene opens upon a rocky ledge, which overlooks a desert on the shores of the Red Sea. A lioness, her cub, and a jackal, who are lying in wait for prey, discuss how they fear and despise man. Soon the old lion comes in telling how he has just met a man whom he dared not attack, a frail-looking man sur-

rounded by the radiance of the sun, who had passed the lion fearlessly and had viewed him kindly.

Next we see the Son of Man struggling between flesh and spirit, tempted by the Devil. The whole of this scene is taken directly from Jewish apocryphal literature. Jesus is permitted to understand animal speech that his sympathy may be trapped into siding with them against a God who created them to suffer. The design meets with no success for Jesus learns that the greatest of all things is to accept reality, and upon it he forms a higher basis for spiritual striving; thus he is enabled to win the conflict with the Evil One.

In this drama we see how the philosophical problem has been presented in the first two acts and how it has been worked out in the shadow-play by means of half-symbolic characters and animals. The theme and its interpretation is quickly understood, but it is too abstract to make a popular appeal and lacks the element of suspense that makes for well-constructed drama. Even in closet-drama there must be a development of plot and climax to hold the average reader's interest. Mr. Kuno Francke, however, sees in it[11] a work which will have a permanent place in the history of literature", and goes on to say very aptly, that "it is a most welcome and convincing proof of the fact that modern thought is not antagonistic to art, but, on the contrary, has enlarged her sphere by opening the eyes of mankind to the mystery and sacredness of all forms of life."

Much like *The Saint and the Beasts* in that it deals with the universal and the infinite, is Andreyev's *Anathema.* This is a most peculiar play, surrounded by an atosphere that is as weird and intense as one of Poe's. The drama is opened by a prologue, which shows Anathema the devil whose hair has grown grey, imploring the Guardian of the Gates for the secret of eternity.

Anathema: Illumine the way for the Devil and for men. All the world want goodness, but know not where to find it; all the world want life but meet only death . . . You speak through silence—can I understand the language of your silence? Tell me.

Guardian: No. Never. My face is open, but you see it not. My speech is loud, but you hear it not. My commands are clear, but you know them not, Anathema, and you shall never know, Anathema, unfortunate spirit, deathless in numbers, eternally alive in measures and in weights, but as yet unborn to life.

Anathema (tormented): Never?

Guardian: Never.

[11] *German Ideals of Today*, pg 324.

Upon this denial, Anathema determines to go forth and win over mankind in order that he may at least have sympathy and companionship throughout eternity. He chooses from among humanity one man to visit, David Leizer, a Russian Jew.

The first act opens upon David Leizer and his family. Their existence is miserable. Sick himself and expecting to die very shortly, he is surrounded by a dependent wife and hungry children. Anathema, dressed as a lawyer, comes in and hands David a deed to a fortune which was supposedly left him by a lately deceased brother. Nearing the brink of eternity as he is, David has no desire to claim the money, but his family insist upon it. In Act II we see them rich, but not exactly happy. Anathema observes their uneasiness and points out to David with his kind and persuasive air, that hoarding one's wealth and not sharing it with humanity at large, is at the root of much misery:

> Every rouble in your pocket is a knife which you thrust in the heart of the hungry . . . Now you have but one heart, David,—but then you will have a million hearts.

David is convinced that Anathema is right and so calls in the poor from all quarters and distributes his wealth with a broad sympathy. He cares not for what it is spent, so long as it brings enjoyment. Rose, his beautiful daughter, cannot bear to see the money she would have inherited strewn about in this manner and runs away from home.

After David has given away all the money he had, even to the few kopeks he meant to keep for himself, the people still keep coming from the ends of the earth. They will not believe that his store is exhausted, but crowd about his house begging him to perform miracles. Grief-stricken because he has to disappoint them, and filled with dread at their anger, he flees to the sea shore with Anathema, who implores him to desert his fellowmen and choose a life of uninterrupted peace on the desert where he shall be adequately provided for. But David's heart is not so easily won as Anathema had hoped, for David loves his people and choses to stay and be stoned to death rather than to leave them. At this Anathema laughs in bitter triumpth, for at least if he has lost in one point he has won in another—the grey-haired, cheated, baffled devil feels that men are thankless wretches and that he himself, has been triumphant in proving it.

In the Epilogue he is seen again approaching the Guardian of the Gates and is told that David, because of his great love, has

been given immortality. Again the Guardian repeats his words spoken before:

> My face is open and you see it not.

Anathema can never know truth. This is his curse.

The drama is written in Old Testament style and is impressive as well as artistic. Although the plot, the philosophy, and the symbolism are all inter-dependent, there is no note of didactic allegory to be found. David Leizer represents the spirit of the philanthropist; his wife is the average woman; his daughter characterized by the selfishness and heedlessness of youth, and so on; but they are not abstractions, merely representative symbolic characters. David is a man—an individual; the fact that he embodies certain qualities to a marked degree is almost incidental, as it were. However, these incidental and generalized qualities serve to symbolize and to make the philosophy clear in its universality. The philosophy itself raises the ever-recurring questions asked of life and of the universe, by presenting the devil in a sympathetic light, which is somewhat unique, to say the least. As a whole, the play may be regarded as an excellent and successful example of modern symbolic drama.

Passing on to the last of these individualized plays under discussion, we come to Strindberg's baffling play, *The Spook Sonata*, wherein extreme realism is mingled with a symbolism that borders on the impossibly extravagant. The drama points to an interpretation of all human life as a ghostly reflection of wasted and buried possibilities. It also illustrates the almost mysterious relationships between seemingly disconnected things and events—here, as everywhere, Strindberg presents suggestions rather than truths.

In an attempt to rob life of its illusions, many characters are presented as mere phantoms. In almost the entire first scene, for instance, there is the continued presence on the stage of several dumb characters. While the conversation goes on between the Student and Old Hummel, the Janitress and the Dark Lady are all the time present in the background as living reminders of the secret threads of human life underlying the conflict between the two men that do the talking. With the exception of this sort of unity, the play is almost incoherent in many respects. Although featuring the usual misogyny that invariably finds a place in Strindberg's plays, often the drama expresses a bit of optimistic philo-

sophy that contrasts strangely with its extremely pessimistic theme:

> We are not what we seem, but at bottom we are better than ourselves because we disapprove of our own misdeeds.

But, strangely enough, before the end of the play is reached any such sentiments have received crushing blows by the symbolic action underlying the plot, if not in actual words. There is one particular instance of this that stands out prominently because it ridicules the philosophy upon which Maeterlinck later built his symbolism. As Strindberg expresses it in the early part of the play, "silence can hide nothing—but words can." The same idea recurs several times in the course of the drama but it is not until the last act that we realize what an interpretation Strindberg puts on it.

> *Student:* Tell me! Why do your parents sit there so silently, without saying a single word?
>
> *Young Lady:* Because they have nothing to say to each other, and because neither one believes what the other says. That is the way father puts it: "What is the use of talking, when you can't fool each other anyhow?"

The whole hopelessness of striving, set forth by the play is expressed in the brief conversation between the Student and the Young Lady who refuses to marry because it will destroy the ideality of their love, an idea which he apparently borrowed from Ibsen's *Love's Comedy*. The passage just quoted shows the depths of despair that Strindberg reaches; the one note of hope he finds is also voiced in the same conversation. The Student is examining a hyacinth which is resting in the lap of a little image of Buddha.

> *Student:* Let us first interpret its symbolism. The bulb is the earth, resting on the water or buried in the soil. From that the stalk rises, straight as the axis of the universe. At its upper end appear the six-pointed, star-like flowers.
>
> *Young Lady:* Above the earth—the stars! What a lofty thought! Where did you find it? How did you discover it?
>
> *Student:* Let me think . . . In your eyes!—It is, therefore, an image of the Cosmos, and that is the reason why Buddha is holding the earth-bulb in his lap, brooding on it with a steady gaze, in order that he may behold it spread outward and upward as it becomes transformed into a heaven. This poor earth must turn into a heaven! That is what Buddha is waiting for!

One thing is certain. In modern symbolistic drama, allegory has had a rebirth, and the most noticeable new quality it has been endowed with is a spiritual one,—the questioning attitude of Man toward God and the universe. No longer does the note of finality sound within it. To the Medievals who developed didactic allegory, the cosmos seemed a simple thing, a unit whose mystic keys they held in their hands and whose inmost secrets they thought were theirs; to the moderns, knowledge is a thing without, apart. What little fragments of it we grasp we piece together in all too conscious ignorance, always trying to find some tiny gleam of the real truth. Every dramatist has a new question to ask, a new viewpoint to offer, and it is in the asking of these questions and in the offering of these viewpoints that they have developed a specialized form of allegory which is flexible and knows no forms of strict conventions.

The supernatural permits unlimited variety, originality and freedom to the symbol. It can be used to gain the atmosphere of fairy-land, of the dream-world, or of a realism that is transcended by spiritual forces that obey unknown laws. It serves both to protect the symbol and to reveal it.

The sort of supernatural which is made use of is highly significant and shows to what extent the vast strides of science and general enlightenment have been responsible for the new viewpoint of life which can no longer be expressed by the old order of allegory. In almost every case where fairy stories are the medium of expression they are frank dramatizatons of old folk tales and depend for their charm upon their very unreality, but in other cases, the supernatural turns to natural science and psychology for its inventions. Witches and ghosts no longer encroach upon reality. Instead, we have dreams dramatized, such as *Hannele*, where psychology furnishes an excuse for the existence of impossible creations, or, as in *Laughing Gas*, some drug is responsible for the hallucinations which are externalized on the stage. There is, however, a third classification into which the supernatural falls, which is not covered by either fairy tales or by visions, and that is where such plays as *The Servant in the House* or *The Faith Healer* belong—plays that are marked by an atmosphere of realism and that imply more or less of the supernatural in a semi-divine hero. In general, these were found to be the types of supernatural employed. In this brief summary the chief variations which the supernatural, as present in modern drama, affords have been summed up and I can now pass to a consideration of the divergences

from allegory which they permit the symbol, and in these divergences there is to be found, if not a definition at least a description of modern symbolism.

In general, four main tendencies were observed to have persevered throughout the work of more recent playwrights. Taking up these tendencies in order, it was found first, that representative symbols have almost wholly crowded out the abstract personifications which were so often prominent in old allegory. With the exception of a few such plays as *Everywoman* which are frankly modeled upon the lines of old allegory and hence are not true representatives of modern symbolism, the symbols were generally presented in the form of characters which were representative of a type of humanity (David Leizer in *Anathema*) or a of a mysterious power (the sea, in *Riders to the Sea*). Where inanimate things or externalized events assumed symbolic intent, as the candle held by the Being in Grey in *The Life of Man*, they were symbolic representations of the action which was in progress on the stage. The wide divergence of this sort of symbols from the abstract personifications in strict allegory—personifications such as are to be found in *Pilgrim's Progress*, for example—is self-evident. Although representative symbols of a certain kind were not infrequently employed in older dramas, they were used with an entirely different effect (as was pointed out in the discussion on *Beyond Human Power*) so that they do not in the least contradict this first generalization concerning allegory and modern symbolism.

Closely related to the first tendency of modern symbolism is the second, which was found to be the marked freedom of interpretation allowed the representative symbol. Such prominent examples as the various characters in *And Pippa Dances*, many of the events in *The Sunken Bell*, all of which permit an alm st unlimited variety of interpretations, show at once the foundation for this statement The individual is encouraged by this means to read his own philosophy or his own moral into the play and the possibility of individual interpretation is still more emphasized in a drama like *Chanticleer*, where the very ending may be considered as a triumph or a defeat. Such freedom, of course, widens the divergence from allegory by tending to eliminate the didactic quality which plays so notable a part in most conventional allegory.

The third distinguishing feature of modern symbolism is that the story of the play has a tendency toward aloofness from its fable. Not only is the story complete, it is satisfying as well. Even in a play so closely allied to old allegory as *Lucky Pehr*, the

events of the fairy story are sufficient to make it interesting. The very fact that it has been so attractive to children is proof enough that one need not read a secondary meaning into every incident to make the plot intelligent. The underlying fable enhances and lights up the story, it is true, but it is usually more independent of the plot than the fable in old allegory was. Hence, while the problem or truth presented by the means of symbolism is not any less significant or important, it is much more subtle so that the fable usually becomes part of the background, as it were, and elucidates the action rather than the action elucidating the fable as was more often the case in old allegory.

This brings us to the fourth and last point. As a result of the tendency toward independence of plot and fable, and the consequent subtle presentation of the fable, the appeal of modern symbolism is often vague and general. In most symbolic plays, the audience may or may not look for a veiled meaning, as it chooses. If it seeks one, the symbols are so flexible and indefinite as to an arbitrary, concrete meaning that the individual is necessarily obliged to put his own interpretation upon them. Hence it is that symbolic drama so frequently deals with problems of popular philosophy and mysticism. These problems, perhaps because of their intangible vastness, seem to furnish the most appropriate material for symbolism, and it is a most encouraging fact to note, as one surveys the field, that without an exception, symbolism is used to voice,—though not to solve,—the larger spiritual questions confronting humanity and shows no signs of degenerating into petty considerations.

THE MAGIC THEATRE

Translated from "El Retablo de las Maravillas" of Cervantes

By Edith Fahnstock and Florence Donnell White

CAST

Chanfalla, *author*
La Chirinos, *authoress*
Rabelín, *musician*
Mayor
Benito Repollo, *judge*
Juan Castrada, *councilor*
Pedro Capacho, *notary*
A Quartermaster
Juana Castrada } *country girls*
Teresa Repolla }
A Dancer, *nephew of Benito*
Townspeople

ACT I

(*Enter* Chanfalla *and* La Chirinos)

Chanfalla.—Don't forget any of my directions, Chirinos, especially those I've given you for our new hoax. We must make it turn out as well as the last one, the *Llovista*.

Chirinos.—Oh illustrious Chanfalla, you can rest easy so far as I am concerned. My memory is fully as remarkable as my mind. I have, moreover, a desire to please you that exceeds all else. But, tell me, what's the use of this Rabelín we've hired? Couldn't we two have managed this thing by ourselves?

Chanfalla.—He is as necessary to us as the very bread we eat. He'll fill in the waits between the scenes of our magic theatre.

Chirinos.—It will be magic indeed if we aren't stoned out of town, all on account of this Rabelín; for I never saw such an unfortunate being in all the days of my life.

(*Enter* Rabelín)

Rabelìn.—Aren't we going to do anything in this town, Mr. Author? I'm dying to show you that I won't be a burden to you.

Chirinos.—Four of your size could scarely be called a burden. If your musical ability is no greater than your stature, we'll be in a fine fix.

Rabelìn.—You shall see for yourself. Small as I am, I've been invited to take a part with a company of musicians.

Chanfalla.—If the part corresponded to your size it must have been well nigh invisible. Chirinos, we are getting into the town and these people coming toward us are doubtless the Mayor and the Judges. Let's go meet them. Whet your tongue on the stone of flattery but don't blunt the point of it by saying anything foolish.

(*Enter* MAYOR, BENITO REPOLLO, JUDGE, JUAN CASTRADO, *councilor and* PEDRO CAPACHO, *notary.*)

Chanfalla.—Good day, gentlemen, good day. Which of you is mayor of this town?

Mayor.—I am. What do you want, my good man?

Chanfalla.—If I'd had a particle of sense I should have seen at once that this peripatetic and spacious presence could be none other than that of the most worthy mayor of this honored town. And by the way if they ever ask you to be mayor of Algarrobillas, refuse.

Chirinos.—Long live the Mayor's lady and his children, too, if he chances to have any.

Capacho.—The Mayor isn't married.

Chirinos.—In that case he can keep my good wishes till he is. They'll lose nothing by waiting.

Mayor.—Well, what do you want, my good fellow?

Chirinos.—A long and honorable life to you, sir! You do us great honor. To be sure we all know the oak tree must needs produce acorns, the pear tree pears, the vine grapes, and the honorable man honor.

Benito.—A Ciceronial maxim, upon my word.

Capacho.—Judge Benito Repollo meant to say Ciceronian.

Benito.—I always mean to say the right thing but usually I don't succeed. Come now, good man, what do you want?

Chanfalla.—Gentlemen, I am Montiel, showman of the Magic Theatre. The Hospitallers of Madrid have sent for me, for there are no writers of comedies there and the hospitals are going to the dogs. My arrival will set everything right.

Mayor.—What do you mean by Magic Theatre?

Chanfalla.—It's so called because of the marvels it displays. The enchanter, Tontonelo, made it under such conditions of parallels, rhumbs, astral bodies and stars, with such points, characters, and observations, that no one may hope to see the things that are shown in it if he has Jewish blood or is of illegitimate birth. Whoever is tainted with these two rather common blemishes may as well give up trying to see the wonders of my theatre. They will be invisible to him.

Benito.—Well! Well! Every day we see new things in this world of ours. And so Tontonelo was the enchanter who made the theatre?

Chirinos.—His name was Tontonelo. He was born in the city of Tontonela. History relates that his beard came down to his waist.

Benito.—Men with long beards generally lay claim to wisdom.

Mayor.—Councilor Juan Castrado, I have decided, with your approval, to betroth your daughter, my god-child, Teresa Castrada, this very night, and in honor of the occasion I want Senor Montiel to show his theatre at your house.

Juan.—I'll agree, if only to please you, whatever may stand in the way.

Chirinos.—All that stands in the way is this. If you don't pay us fc our work first, not a sign of a theatre will you see. See here, you magistrates, haven't you any consciences or any feelings? A fine thing it would be for all the townspeople to come to Señor Juan Castrado's, or whatever his name is, tonight and see the whole show. Tomorrow when we wanted to set it up in the streets of the town there wouldn't be a soul to look at it. No, gentlemen, no, gentlemen, *ante omnia* you'll have to pay us what's right.

Benito.—Madam authoress, I assure you we don't expect any Antonia or any Antonio to pay you. The councilor Juan Castrado will pay you more than generously, and if he doesn't, the council will. You don't know this town. I tell you, woman, we wouldn't hear of any Antonia's paying for us.

Capacho.—As I'm a sinner, Señor Benito Repollo, you don't know what you're talking about. The authoress didn't say they wanted any Antonia to pay, but that they just be paid in advance. for that's what *ante omnia* means.

Benito.—See here, notary Pedro Capacho, make 'em speak a language I can understand. You are well read and mighty learned and you can understand all that foreign jargon but I can't.

Juan.—Well then, will the author be satisfied if I pay him six

ducats in advance? And you may be sure that none of the rabble of the town will be at my house tonight.

Chanfalla.—I'm satisfied. I feel sure you'll manage the thing fairly.

Juan.—Then come with me. You can get the money, see my house and select the spot for your theatre.

Chanfalla.—Come on then. But don't forget what qualities those who would see my show must possess.

Benito.—I'll take care of all that. You can rest assured so far as I am concerned, for my father was a judge before me and I'm a good old Christian through and through. You'd better believe that I can see your show all right.

Capacho.—We all expect to see it, Señor Repollo.

Juan.—We're none of us of low birth, Señor Pedro Capacho.

Mayor.—Everthing'll be all right so far as I can see, gentlemen.

Juan.—Come on, author. Get to work. I am Juan Castrado, son of Anton Castrado and Juan Macha. That's all I need to say to prove that I can look boldly and calmly at that show of yours.

Chirinos.—God grant it.

(*Exit* JUAN CASTRADO *and* CHANFALLA)

Mayor.—Madam authoress, what poets are most in favor in Madrid just now, and especially what writers of comedies? For I have some of the earmarks of a poet myself, and I pride myself most on my farces and comedies. I have on hand right now twenty-two comedies all new and equally good. I'm only waiting for a chance to go to Madrid to enrich half a dozen authors with them.

Chirinos.—I scarcely know how to answer your Honor's question about the poets. There are such swarms of them, and they all think they're famous. Those who write comedies are so well known that I needn't enumerate them. But tell me, your Honor, I implore you, what is your name?

Mayor.—*Licenciado* Gomecillos, madam.

Chirinos.—Heaven help us! You don't mean to tell me that you're the *Licenciado* Gomecillos who wrote those famous verses *Lucifer lay sick abed!*

Mayor.—'Twas base slander made me the father of those verses. I had no more to do with them than the Grand Turk himself. Those I wrote, and I'm not ashamed to own them, treated of the flood in Seville. Although poets in general are thieves, I've always prided myself on not stealing anything from

anybody. God help me with my verses and let those steal who will.

Chanfalla (*Reenters*).—Come, gentlemen. Everything's ready to begin.

Chirinos (*To* CHANFALLA, *aside*).—Is the money already *in corbona?*

Chanfalla.—I'm even carrying it next my heart.

Chirinos.—See here, let me warn you that the mayor is a poet.

Chanfalla.—A poet? Heavens and earth! We're sure of taking him in then, for people of that stamp are easily fooled. They're all absent minded, gullible and anything but sharp.

Benito.—Come on, author. I'm crazy to see the wonders of your theatre.

(*Exit all*)

ACT II

(*Enter* JUANA CASTRADA *and* TERESA REPOLLA, COUNTRY GIRLS. JUANA CASTRADA *is dressed as a bride.*)

Castrada.—You can sit down here, my dear Teresa Repolla. We'll be just in front of the stage. You know of course what conditions you'll have to fulfil to see the show. Don't forget, for it would be a great disgrace not to see it.

Repolla.—You know very well, Juana Castrada, that I'm your cousin. That's all I need to say. Would that I were as sure of heaven as I am of seeing everything that's to appear on this stage. By my mother's soul, may my eyes be torn from their sockets if such a disgrace befall me. That's the last thing in the world that could happen to me.

Castrada.—Hush, cousin! Here come all the people. (*Enter* MAYOR, BENITO REPOLLO, JUAN CASTRADO, PEDRO CAPACHO, *the* AUTHOR, *the* AUTHORESS, *the* MUSICIAN, TOWNSPEOPLE, *and a nephew of* BENITO, *who is to dance later on.*)

Chanfalla.—Sit down, all of you! The theatre is to be behind this curtain, and the authoress, too. The musician will stand out here in front.

Benito.—Do you call *that* a musician? Put him behind the curtain too, for to avoid seeing him, I'd be perfectly resigned to not hearing him.

Chanfalla.—You're wrong, Judge Repollo, to complain of the musician, for he's a good Christian and comes of a good family.

Mayor.—Both excellent reasons for being a good musician, of course!

Benito.—Fine strains of blood, but what strains of music?

Rabelin.—All this is no more than anybody deserves who's fool enough to come to play before . . .

Benito.—Good Heavens, man! We've had musicians here so . . .

Mayor.—Let this dispute stop right here, with Señor Rabel's *before*, and the Judge's *so*. Otherwise it would never end. Let Señor Montiel begin his performance.

Benito.—It seems to me this author has mighty few properties for such a great show.

Juan.—But everything's to be magic, you know.

Chanfalla.—Attention, ladies and gentlemen! I'm going to begin. Oh, thou, whoever thou wast, who madest this theatre with such marvellous cunning that it came to be called magic, by the virtue which lies in it, I conjure, beseech, and command thee to show these good people some of thy marvellous marvels, that they may rejoice and take pleasure in them, and that there may be no scandal. Aha! I see that thou hast already granted my prayer. Right there, as sure as I live, appears the figure of brave Samson, clasping the pillars of the temple, that he may lay it in ruins and have vengeance on his enemies. Stop, stop, valiant sir! For God's sake, stop! Don't be so wild. You'll smash like so many eggs all these people who've gathered here.

Benito.—Stop! Stop! Good Lord! A fine thing it would be if instead of being entertained here we should be killed. Stop, Mister Samson! Confound it! Heed these good people!

Capacho.—Can you see him, Castrado?

Juan.—Of course I can. Why shouldn't I? Do you think my eyes are in the back of my head?

Capacho.—This is a very strange thing. I don't see Samson any more than I see the Grand Turk. But I certainly am both legitimate and of old Christian stock.

Chirinos.—Look out, man, for the self-same bull that killed the porter in Salamanca is coming out now. Get out of the way, man! Get out of the way, man! God help you! God help you!

Chanfalla.—Stand back, stand back, all of you! Hucho! Ho, there! Away! Away! Away!

(*They all scatter in confusion.*)

Benito.—That bull's possessed of the devil. See how dark

and mottled his sides are. If I don't look out, he'll toss me higher than a kite.

Juan.—Kind author, please don't show us such distressing things. I'm not speaking for myself but for these young ladies, who are as white as sheets, for fear of that fierce bull.

Castrada.—I should say so, father. I don't expect to recover for three days. I saw myself already on his horns. They are as sharp as awls.

Juan.—You wouldn't have been my daughter if you hadn't seen it.

Mayor.—Well, it's evident they all see something I don't. But I shall have to pretend I do or be disgraced.

Chirinos.—That swarm of rats running by you are direct descendants of those born in Noah's Ark. Some are white, some are gray, some are spotted, and some are blue. At any rate they're all rats.

Castrada.—Lord! Woe is me! Hold me tight or I'll throw myself out of the window, wretched woman that I am. Rats! My dear, gather up your skirts and look out they don't bite you. Not many of them, are there? By the soul of my grandmother, there are more than a thousand.

Repolla.—I'm the unfortunate one. They're running up my dress and I can't get them off. A brown rat is biting me this minute. Heaven help me, for there seems to be no help on earth.

Benito.—It's a good thing that I've got on Greek breeches, for no rat, however small, can run up those.

Chanfalla.—Now this water that's streaming from the clouds comes from the spring that is the source of the river Jordan. Every woman whose face it touches will be beautiful as burnished silver. As for the men, their beards will all turn to gold.

Castrada.—Do you hear my dear? Uncover your face, dear, for you know how much you need some such cosmetic. What delightful water! Take care, father. You'll get wet.

Juan.—We're all protected, daughter.

Benito.—Ouf! The water's running down my back.

Capacho (*Aside*).—*I'm* as dry as a bone.

Mayor.—What the devil does it mean that not a single drop has touched me, when all the rest seem to be drowning? What if I, of all these people, should prove to be a bastard?

Benito.—Take away that musician over there. If you don't, I swear I'll leave without seeing another thing. The devil take

you for the wraith of a musician! You go through all the motions without making a sound.

Rabelin.—Judge, don't take it out on me. I play as God has seen fit to teach me.

Benito.—A lot God had to do with teaching you, you worm! Get behind the curtain! If you don't, by Heaven, I'll throw this bench at you.

Rabelin.—It surely was the devil brought me to this town.

Capacho.—Cool is the water of the holy river Jordan. Although I covered myself up as well as I could, a little got on my moustache, and I'll wager it's as ruddy as gold.

Benito.—Yea, and fifty times more so.

Chirinos.—Behold! Here come as many as twenty-four rampant lions and ant-eating bears. Let every living soul take care. For although they're creatures of magic they won't fail to give you trouble, even if you show the strength of Hercules with your unsheathed swords,

Juan.—Goodness gracious! So now you want to fill our house with bears and lions!

Benito.—Let's see what nightingales and larks Tontonelo can send us! Lions and bears! See here, author, call forth more peaceful things or we'll stop right here with the show. And the quicker you get out of this town the better.

Castrada.—Señor Benito Repollo, let those bears and lions come forth, if only for the sake of us ladies, for we shall be very pleased to see them.

Juan.—What do you mean, daughter? Just a minute ago you were afraid of the rats, and now you're asking for bears and lions.

Castrada.—Anything that's new, father, is pleasant.

Chirinos.—That girl who is appearing now, so handsome and so fresh, is Herodias, whose dancing won her the head of the Forerunner of Christ. If there's anyone here who can dance with her, you'll see wonders.

Benito.—Upon my word! How beautiful, how lovely, how radiant she is! And how the girl dances. (*Turning to his nephew*) You're clever with the castanets. Dance with her! That'll be a jolly sight!

Nephew.—All right, uncle.

(*The saraband is played*)

Capacho.—By my grandfather! The saraband and the chacona are good old dances.

Benito.—Ho, there, nephew, clasp that artful Jewess tight! But if she's a Jewess, how can she see these wonders?

Chanfalla.—Every rule has an exception, Judge.

(*A trumpet or cornet sounds back of the scenes and* A QUARTERMASTER *enters*)

Quartermaster.—Which one of you is mayor?

Mayor.—I am. What do you want?

Quartermaster.—I want you to have lodgings prepared at once for thirty soldiers who will be here inside of half an hour, or even sooner, for there's the trumpet now. Farewell.

(*Exit* QUARTERMASTER)

Benito.—I'll bet the enchanter, Tontonelo, sent them.

Chanfalla.—No such thing! This is a company of cavalrymen who've lately been lodged two leagues from here.

Benito.—Now I see through Tontonelo. I know that both he and you are great scamps, and so is the musician. But you tell Tontonelo not to dare send these soldiers here or I'll deal him two hundred blows, one as hard as the other.

Chanfalla.—But I tell you, Judge, that Tontonelo didn't send them.

Benito.—I tell you he did. Just as he sent the other crazy things I've seen.

Capacho.—We've *all* seen them, Señor Benito Repollo.

Benito.—I don't say you haven't, Señor Pedro Capacho. Don't you play any more, you crazy musician, or I'll break your head.

(*Enter* QUARTERMASTER)

Quartermaster.—Well? Are the lodgings ready? The cavalrymen are here in town.

Benito.—So then Tontonelo has already produced them? I swear you shall pay for this, you author of tricks and swindles.

Chanfalla.—I call you to witness that the judge is threatening me.

Chirinos.—I call you to witness that the judge attributes his Majesty's orders to the enchanter Tontonelo.

Benito.—May it please Almighty God to let me see you Tontoneloed.

Mayor.—For my part, I don't believe these soldiers can be hoaxes.

Quartermaster.—Hoaxes, Mayor? Are you in your right mind?

Juan—They might very well be Tontoneloed, like the other

things we've seen here. Let the author call out the maiden Herodias again, so that this gentleman may see such things as he never saw before. Perhaps in this way we can induce him to leave town quickly.

Chanfalla.—Very well! Here she is, turning to signal to her partner to come dance with her again.

Nephew.—Well, I certainly won't keep her waiting!

Benito.—That's right, nephew! Tire her out! Tire her out! Turn her round and round! Good! The girl whirls like quicksilver. Go it! Go it! Go it!

Quartermaster.—Are these people crazy? Who the devil is this girl and what is this dance they're talking about? And who is Tontonelo?

Capacho.—Ha! Ha! The quartermaster doesn't see the maiden Herodias.

Quartermaster.—What maiden do you expect me to see? Devil take you!

Capacho.—That's quite enough. He's one of those who can't see the wonders of the magic theatre.

Mayor.—He's one of them! He's one of them!

Juan.—The quartermaster is one of them, one of them!

Quartermaster.—As God lives, just let me get my sword in hand and I'll drive these people all out of the windows, not even stopping to find the door.

Capacho.—Enough! He's one of them!

Benito.—Enough! He's one of them, for he hasn't seen a thing!

Quartermaster.—You low-down rabble, you! I'll break every bone in your bodies if you tell me once more that I'm one of them.

Benito.—Converted heretics and bastards never are very brave so we'll keep right on repeating: "He's one of them. He's one of them."

Quartermaster.—Confound the wretches! Just wait!

(*He seizes his sword and slashes at everybody. The* JUDGE *then falls upon the wretched* RABELÍN. CHIRINOS *lowers the curtain*)

Chirinos (*to* CHANFALLA).—The Devil certainly is responsible for sounding the trumpet and bringing these soldiers here. They came in the nick of time.

Chanfalla.—It's all been a great success. The power of the theatre remains undiminished. Tomorrow we can show it to the whole town. And we ourselves may well raise a song of victory after this battle, crying: "Long live Chirinos and Chanfalla!"

THE BONDS OF INTEREST

A COMEDY OF MASKS

By Everett Glass

I had taken it for granted that *The Bonds of Interest* was a Spanish play. It was written in Spanish, by a contemporary Spanish playwright, Jacinto Benavente. Further, it had been given an American production by the Theatre Guild in New York, prevailingly Spanish in flavor . . . the Captain a Spanish mercenary in shining armor; Leander, gay and gorgeous in hose and puffed doublet; Dona Sirena and the newly gilded Madame Polichinelle in mantillas, pointed bodices, and hooped skirts which would have excited the envy of the Infanta herself. When, therefore, in planning the production of the play for the Amherst dramatic club, Mr. Henry Hunt Clark, who was in charge of the costumes and scenery, suggested that it seemed to him essentially Italian in atmosphere and should be mounted as such, I was somewhat surprised at first, but a little reconsideration convinced me that maybe he was right.

Of course whatever the characters and locale around which a play may be written, the style remains peculiarly an expression of the writer's individual and national genius. I suppose that Hamlet and Pompey are English plays for all the fact that one is laid in Denmark, the other in Rome. The inclination in producing them, however, would be to give them a Danish and Roman setting, or else a purely imaginary one. In like fashion those familiar with Benavente and such mysteries as the Spanish language may argue that the style and spirit are essentially Spanish. But as to the people to whom he introduces us, who are they . . . and what is their milieu?

"The action passes in an imaginary country at the beginning of the seventeenth century," the author tells us. (And by way of a slight digression, economy in stage direction seems to be a characteristic of Benavente. "They come in." . . . "They go out." . . . "Here he beats him with his sword." Such hints are not unsuggestive of the Elizabethans in their terseness.

Details of stage business and stage geometry are left to the actor's intelligence, and the dialogue is refreshingly free from those interpretive pins upon which many playwrights hang their remarks and which weave their way in apprehensive italics down so many drab pages. *Softly . . . more softly . . . more softly still . . . almost inaudibly, with bulging eyes . . . etc.* Benavente lets his lines speak for themselves, knowing that in the hands of a good actor they will not suffer, and that in the hands of a bad one they will suffer inevitably.) But to return. As to internal evidence in the body of the play touching upon the play's locale, the author is delightfully non-committal. We look in vain for reference to Spanish towns or customs. Cordova . . . Seville . . . something to pounce upon with scholarly fervor. They are not mentioned, nor are any of the Philips, nor Valesquez. Dona Sirena gives a garden fête, but after all garden fêtes are fairly common phenomena in warm climates—and no castanets are mentioned. To be sure she is called Dona, which sounds a bit national. Once the learned Doctor almost names the city in which the action takes place . . . but he is a crafty old bird and halts just on the brink of revelation. "Write, Signor Secretary," he says . . . "in the city of" . . . and then he pauses . . . "but it surely would not be amiss to take an inventory of the house." And the roguish Crispin recalls to Polichinelle that they once rowed together "in the same victorious galley." A Spanish galley? And where did Crispin get his name, by the way? Is he a Lopa de Vega buffoon, or a French comedian? *Gants a la crispin . . . avec manchettes.* But we are putting the cart before the horse, raising a hillock of unnecessary impedimenta in order to sweep it away with a somewhat obvious gesture. It is a weakness of critics.

For surely in the prologue Benavente suggests rather clearly who the people of his play are meant to be and where they hail from. He mentions his performers as similar to that Tabarin who sold his wares on the Pont-Neuf long ago. Who might that Tibarin be? According to the scoliasts there was on the Pont-Neuf in 1619 or thereabouts a French charlatan . . . who sold nostrums of one sort or another, not unlike the early Italian mountebanks. But there was another Tabarin, one Giovanni B. who was the leader of a troupe of Italian actors, and who played in Vienna (circa 1568) and who visited France somewhat later, the same who is mentioned somewhere in a play of

Ben Jonson's as telling "tedious tales of captivity in a Turk's galley." (compare Crispin's speech to Polichinelle in *The Bonds of Interest*) But I can find no record of anyone having seen Giovanni B. Tabarin on the Pont-Neuf. To which Tabarin then, does Benavente refer? Has he confused the two? It is really not of the slightest importance, for elsewhere in the prologue Benavente calls his puppets definitely . . . "Maska of the Commedia dell' Arte . . . grown older and wiser with the years."

The popular Italian comedy seems to have had its genesis with mountebanks*—bench-climbers—who had notions and quack medicines to sell and who interpolated their trading with vaudeville stunts, acrobatic feats and the like by way of attracting a crowd. We have seen soap-box orators do somewhat the same thing, or the gentlemen at country fairs who are giving away fountain pens and cuff links just to advertise the firm and who, before starting to give out the presents, intend performing several tricks on a blindfolded boy. Popular drama is usually born on the street corner. And like the pageant-wagon play of the English Innyard, the Commedia dell' Arte flourished and developed chiefly because of its appeal to the common people, their common emotions, and their common love of fun. Of course it was beneath the academicians who peered down upon it from their high towers and wondered vaguely if it was art. And while they were wondering it grew, and since their death other academicians have decided that it was.

With time, the Commedia underwent a curious kind of crystalization. Certain more or less elastic type characters came to be continually represented in certain stock situations. The Doctor (early, the mountebank, he of the wares to sell, and a leading figure) often coming from Bologna, with long dialect speeches full of windy nonsense, a pedant, quack, and rogue. There was always the lover, romantic, stupid, beautiful, the matinee idol destined to fall in love with somebody's daughter, Pantaloon's, perhaps, a wealthy Venetian merchant. Columbine, usually a servant. Harlequin, a poor patched, Ringling clown, full of slapstick, laughter, and grotesquerie. A braggart Captain, a simulachra of the Plautian Miles Gloriosus, invested in the case of the Commedia with a Spanish nationality and an object of all the Italian satire against the Spanish mercenary. Such are some of

*I am indebted to a book on the Commedia dell' Arte by Winifred Smith for much of my information.

the characters who composed these old street corner, music hall companies and who later went on the road, touring to Vienna, and Paris, and Madrid . . amusing counts and Queens, and teaching Lopa de Vega and Molière many things in their youth.

I suppose that the most distinctive feature of the Commedia, one at least which strikes us as most peculiar, was the habit of improvisation among the actors. Furnished with a plot outline or scenario they would evidently walk onto the stage and fill in the dialogue ad lib. Our own theatre offers no exact parallel to this. Here and there one sees suggestions of it in vaudeville—bits of impromptu repartee over the foot lights or behind them—when an actor feels that he has his audience "in the palm of his hand." And we all know well enough that some modest suggestion of a playwright such as . . "Here they fight," may imply quite a scene of dodges, parries, thrusts, smothered ejaculations, etc., in its presentation. With us, however, such business is usually rehearsed so carefully that our seeming spontaneity is hardly more than reflex action. Quite different from sustaining the dialogue of an entire play. Once when playing in Boston, Gertrude Kingston suggested that an improvised play be put on at the Toy theatre—that the actors should walk on and begin to talk, making a plot as they went. The suggestion was not pushed, and I doubt if the actors would have got very far. If such a thing had been attempted, I have a feeling that we would have found Miss Kingston flashing us fragments of Shaw dialogue here and there as they might fit in with the stage-struck conversation of the other actors. Fancy their doing so! But just some such thing happened with the Commedia dell'Arte. Type actors in type situations acquired a repertory of type speeches. An actor continually playing a lover's part learned certain blocks of more or less universally appropriate dialogue. And if he played opposite the same lady in an analogous situation last week in Venice and got by with the part, he would probably use fragments of the same dialogue when playing in Milan. Such improvisation was thus only partial. And when we consider the natural flexibility and quickness of perception of the Latin temperament; the fact that the actors were old at the game; and that the range of characterization prescribed by the plays was limited and familiar, this most peculiar aspect of the Commedia does not appear to be so great an anomaly as at first glance.

But how much resemblance to all this is there in *The Bonds of Interest?* Of course the dialogue is not left to improvisation. It

is all there, to the last phrase. Shrewd, searching, satirical, reaching into the heart of character and of life. Not ponderous like Ibsen, but deft like Shaw or Molière. Mr. Underhill once characterized the dialogue as cerebral . . . which I interpret as meaning merely that you have to use your head to follow and deliver it. One gets the impression from this play that Benavente approaches his characters as a goldsmith does his jewels, rolling them in his hand lovingly, like so many loose topazes, delighting in their glitter. Overfond, sometimes, of nuance, detail, and epigram. As a result his characters occasionally say—never the wrong thing—but too much of that which is good. For an American audience, at any rate, the play improves with a little cutting. But this major difference (the matter of improvisation) aside, how else does the play hark back to the Commedia? Obviously in the dramatis personae. "That learned *Doctor*" who comes from Bologna . . with his mountain of protocols, and his incredibly long speeches and fine-spun logical sophistries touching upon justice and the law; and the facility with which his silence is purchased . . is he not a most legitimate descendant of the pedant of the old plays . . the pious rogue with wine-blotched visage? *Leander*, the name is common to the old Commedia as well as to Lopa de Vega, the innocent, impressionable, romantic young lover . . a parallel figure. *Columbine* was usually a servant in the old plays often involved in some sort of secondary intrigue with Harlequin or some other clown. With Benavente she plays a somewhat similar role, the niece and impecunious companion of Dona Sirena. Her affair with Harlequin is suggested in the play but is not very important. In the words of the Dona, she has "wasted her youth upon him" (a youth of several hundred years!) Harlequin, of course was a familiar *zanni* or clown of the Commedia, a beggar in rags and patches, full of tricks and songs and sonnets. Here again, in *The Bonds of Interest*, a wandering minstrel . . making sweet music with his verses, and depending upon the Captain's sword to secure them food and lodging. The *Captain* . . the old mercenary, bold, blustering, stupid, a buckram knight . . a mighty boaster and threatener . . who alone with twenty men, in the words of the crafty Crispin, assaulted the Castle of the Red Rock in the famous battle of the Black Field. *Polichinelle*, the rich father who has succeeded through roguery. *Pantaloon* . . the tradesman, all these are stock names and figures of the Commedia.

And as for the story. The old plays always dealt with some

love intrigue brought about through the clever scheming of a servant, confidant often of the chief character, who provided his master with wits, ambition and opportunity . . Cyrano's pale prototype. Sometimes Pantaloon would have a daughter, and the servant would bring it about that his simple moon-struck master would fall in love with her and be opposed in his passion. In *The Bonds of Interest*, Crispin, the servant of Leander, and at once the chief *zanni* and chief character of the play involves friend and enemy alike in a tissue of intrigue which ends to his purpose with his master winning the fair Silvia. And in the Commedia there were lengthy and hair-splitting analyses of sentiment (reminding one of Mme. Scuderi's Chart of the Affections) Crispin and Leander give us somewhat overlong debates about love. Like the *zanni* of the old plays, Crispin speaks the Prologue. Music and sonnets of the Commedia are paralleled by the musicians at Dona Sirena's fête, and Harlequin's singing. The setting of the Commedia was simple . . houses on either side of the stage and a street at the rear, and sometimes the properties of a play were listed. "An Inn sign . . two bottles of wine . . a garden at one side of the stage . . small table with two seats . . a large felt hat . . bread . . cheese . ." Benavente's first set calls for a "plaza, at one side of which is an Inn with a sign" . . where the Captain and Harlequin later sit down at a table and drink a bottle of wine. And the second act takes place in a garden. Certain pranks and jokes of the old *zanni* recurred constantly and were even listed . . such as "beating the Inn keeper with a sword . . weeping . . knocking at doors etc." In *The Bonds of Interest* the Innleeper is beaten up several times, much to his discomfort . . there is knocking at the Inn door . . and in the garden scene, Leander weeps at Harlequin's singing.

Such are some of the similarities which appear when one goes in search of them. Of course by this I do not mean to suggest that Benavente sat down with a list of Commedia conventions and characters before him and preceeded to write an imitative play as a tour de force. I am making no special effort to be absurd. All plays in which there is love in a garden . . in which somebody knocks at an Inn door, and in which a bottle of wine appears are not modelled upon the Commedia dell 'Arte. Obviously. Such are universal stock in trade. But it is equally obvious that those old plays influenced Molière and the early drama of Spain pro-

foundly, and that Benavente is saturated with all that literature. He is not a hack playwright.

And so Mr. Clark felt justified in putting our characters into Commedia costumes. Polichenelle, done in broad yellow and red stripes, with a large paunch, a hump on his back . . a high crowned hat with two cock's feathers in it. Harlequin, his ancient rags and tatters conventionalized into lozenges of green and lavender satin stitched onto pale yellow crepe fleshings. Dona Sirena, in purple maroon . . hip pads . . a ruff at her neck . . and long pod-like oversleeves hanging from the shoulders, lined with orange. Leander, in light blue, with lemon-colored lining to his cape . . and blue-plumed hat. Silvia in soft yellows. Mme. Polichenelle (being at least the third wife) resplendent in burnt orange and turquoises. Crispin, the arch-plotter, in black . red belt . . red lining to his great bag-like hat . . red lining to his high rolling-topped boots. And Pierrot, (not listed among the characters but surely there—would he be left out of such a company? . .) disguised as the Innkeeper! . . Why not? . . wearing a long bright green vest over his white suit . . a little black scull cap . . red lips . . white face . . and troubled brows . . waving his long sleeves frantically under the smart of Leander's sword.

COLOPHON

By Raymond Morse Herrick

The bronze door of joy's massy vault
Still stands ajar;
Let us the dark procession halt
And in there far
Throw amaranthus like a Greek,
Or, like a Roman, throw the rose
And arm in arm and cheek to cheek
Behold it close.

WHILE THE MUSHROOMS BUBBLE

A FANTASY WITH OR WITHOUT MUSIC, AS YOU PLEASE

By Dan W. Totheroh

Cast of Characters

Pierrette
Pierrot
The Old Lady in the Chimney Nook

The Curtains tremble. A voice whispers, "Old lady, in your chimney nook?"—"Pierrette, ready?"—*Then a scurry like mice among things in an attic, and now the curtains part on the room of* Pierrette *in the house of* Pierrot. *It's a quaint little room in a quaint little house in a quaint little country where unreal things are very real and most anything can happen.*

It's new moon time with the silver sickle seen through the window of Pierrette's *room. There is a silver thread of it lying across the floor like a spangle dropped from* Pierrette's *very best frock which she will not wear tonight. I am sorry she will not wear it for it is very becoming but to* Pierrot *she will look more charming in something else, and whether you like it or not,* Pierrot *is the one to be pleased.*

For a moment you must be content with the silver thread, and a small fire in the grate and the bubble of a black pot hung over the coals, and nothing much to interest you except The Old Lady in the Chimney Nook *who moves only once, with no object either. She simply moves because she is tired of sitting in one position and then she is quiet again and since you can't even see her face, she might just as well not be there at all.*

I'm sorry it isn't very exciting but that's the way it's been ever since Pierrette *said goodbye to* Pierrot, *and* Pierrette *is out picking mushrooms and—but here she comes now. Let's have a little strain of music from the orchestra if there is one, and if the*

leader isn't asleep. Let it be lilting music with a dash of moon-light and mystery.

THE OLD LADY IN THE CHIMNEY NOOK *starts up and sighs with relief for she knows how uninteresting she has been, and is glad to relinquish her place in the spot light to one as charming as* PIERRETTE.

That is PIERRETTE *singing as she comes through the meadow, swinging her mushroom basket and baring her throat to the moon. She has two songs she is very fond of. One is a happy song and the other is a sad song. She is singing the happy song now, and* THE OLD LADY IN THE CHIMNEY NOOK *can't believe her ears. If you care to look at her you will see her shake her head, then scratch the hairs on her pointed chin then cock her head on one side like a listening dog just to make sure that she is really hearing* PIERRETTE'S *voice.*

PIERRETTE *comes up the lane and perhaps you can catch the last words of the song:*

"For the new moon's a sickle to cut down my sorrow—
Heigho! What a harvest, Pierrot, in the morrow!"

That's the refrain and she repeats it because it takes her that long to come up the walk between the big red flowers on one side, and the big yellow flowers on the other. Her hand tinkles the latch of the green door, the door in the center, not the door on the right for that is PIERROT'S *door and has not been opened since* PIERROT *went away.*

PIERRETTE *comes in with a basket of mushroom buttons and a bouquet of flowers sopping wet from the dew in the meadow.* PIERRETTE *is small and quaint like all* PIERRETTES *and her skirts are full like a white rose that has been rudely opened and ruffled by the wind. It is her house-dress and has a tiny frilled apron over it with a pocket on the side in which she carries a calendar. Over her shoulders she has thrown a cloak, the hood flung back to let the moon-shine silver her hair.*

She stands for a moment to let you and me drink her in then the music of moon-light and mystery gets the better of her and she closes the door, flits to the table, puts down her basket and bouquet, takes off her cloak, lights the candles on the mantle shelf, runs to the pot, lifts up the lid, claps her hands, flies back to the table and arranges the bouqet in a vase, her fingers like butterflies in time to the music.

It is a pity that THE OLD LADY IN THE CHIMNEY NOOK *must spoil the picture by talking in her long-drawn, plaintive voice but there is no stopping an old lady in a chimney nook when her tongue itches to wag.*

The Old Lady.—You have so sudden-like changed your tune!

Pierrette (*Still arranging the flowers*).—Lollyby, lolly, lollyby—(*This is a joyous trill of music from the orchestra that she follows. If there is no orchestra, it is a trill from her own little heart that bubbles out into song and her ensuing trills are all the same.*)

The Old Lady.—You are no longer like a sad stream—You are now like a fountain that sings.

Pierette (*Taking up the mushroom basket and pouring the pearly buttons into a yellow bowl on the hearth*).—Lollyby, lolly, lollyby—

The Old Lady.—I know—I once had faith when I was young. You think because it is new moon that luck will change and my scallywag grandson will come back. You are going to cook mushrooms. Ah, I know—(*Shaking her head*) The scallywag is like his mother—so fond of mushrooms. Alack! Tush! Tush!

Pierrette (*Pouring a dipper of water on the mushrooms from a crock near the yellow bowl.*) Sing rupple-de-dumpty-dearie—

The Old Lady.—Ah, what is this old earth coming to? Singing she is, as unconcerned as she pleases, with her husband ten days and ten nights from her table!

Pierette (*Washing the mushrooms in the bowl*).—Tiddle-de dumpty, tiddle-de-dee!

The Old Lady.—Moons may be sickles, bowls, then silver coins, but they'll never bring that scallywag back! New ideas may be all right, but husbands are always husbands. You've let him go, without so much as a snap of your finger, and you've seen the last of him.

Pierrette (*Scooping up the mushrooms with her pretty hands and dropping them into the pot of bubbling water*).—Flubdubadubdub-dub-dub-dub—

The Old Lady.—Ah, pretend that you haven't cared! Pretend that you're not afraid, but I've read you like a book. Haven't I seen you peeking at the calendar in your pocket and checking off the days since he left you? And haven't I heard you sigh each night as you kissed his picture—the scallywag! Once I had a horse with spirit. I gave him too much rein and he ran away. I never saw him again!

Pierrette (*Now setting the table for two with the vase of flowers in the center*).—Rumpty-tumpty, pimplety-pan—

The Old Lady.—Ah, you'll be back to your old tune in the morning when the mushrooms are only nibbled at by yourself and the mouse who lives in the wall. Alack! I'll not soon forget how

sweetly you kissed that scallywag and sent him to her. Idiot! She is more beautiful than you, and her dresses are real silk while yours are imitation! Tush! Tush! And she wears rings on her fingers and gold hoops in her ears. They do say that her house in the town is as large as a palace and there are great gardens where lovers can stroll on nights like this. Alack, he'll never leave that for this—not fickle Pierrot!

Pierrette (*Still setting the table*).—Tiddle-de-dumpty, tittle-de do!

The Old Lady.—Well, I'm glad the new moon's given you a few hours of happiness. Like the moon herself, it won't last long.

Pierrette (*Putting finishing touches to the dainty table*).—The moon in the sky is shaped like a smile—te-de-te-twiddle-te-dee!

The Old Lady.—Tush! You are hopeless! (*She gives up with a grunt and squirms back into the dark nook.*)

But hush The music! has become saddened. PIERRETTE, *finished with the table, goes to the window and looks out. The moon-light is on her face and we see that her eyes are opened wide. She is looking at someone coming across the meadow. She puts her face closer to the window, flattening her little nose against the pane. She stands there for some time, staring, as the music becomes more mysterious. It drags along like someone broken and weary who is coming home. If you listen very closely you may hear the latch of the front gate click and a crunching step on the gravel walk between the red flowers and the yellow flowers. Don't you wish* PIERRETTE *would tell us what she sees? Don't you wish she would move from the window—at least take her little nose off the pane for it must be very cold. Her back and her hands are so tense. We feel her trembling. Oh, why doesn't she go to the door! We almost wish the old lady would take up her cane and poke her, but the old lady is muttering to herself and thinking of her girlhood when the world was much younger.*

A timid knock comes on the green door in the center. PIERRETTE *ignores it.*

The Old Lady.—Did I hear something?

(*Another knock.*)

The Old Lady.—It's someone knocking. Must be Grandame Harlequin come to make a call—to fill me with more woes about *her* scallywag grandson and that spineless Columbine! Pierrette, open the door!

(*The door opens from without, swings slowly back and* PIERROT,

the penitent, droops in the doorway. His silken apparel is shamefully bedraggled and his guitar hangs dejectedly over his shoulder.)

Suddenly the music is gay again and PIERRETTE *takes her nose from the glass, darts to the door, stretches up on her toes, pulls* PIERROT'S *head down and kisses him.*

Pierrette.—Welcome home, Pierrot! Did you have a nice time?

Pierrot (*Woefully*).—Oh, my little wife—Oh, my little wife!

Pierrette (*Leading him in*).—What's the matter, Pierrot? Didn't you have a nice time?

Pierrot (*Clasping her close to him*).—Pierrette, little wife, never let me go from you again. If you love me, strap me to the plane tree in the garden—beat me into insensibility—kill me if no other way will do, but never let me go away from you again!

Pierrette.—Adorable husband, this is not like you. You are sick. You are faint. Let me help you to a chair. (*She seats him beside the table.*)

Pierrot (*Looking about him*).—Have I really found my little nook again? Pierrette, this is all real, is it? You are real? (*sniffing*) And that odor—that delectable odor—that sweeter than roses odor of stewing mushrooms, is that real—or am I dreaming all this in the depths of that silken bed in that cold room of damask and velvet?

Pierrette (*Raising the cover from the pot*).—Hear them bubble? (*The orchestra makes the jolly noise.*) Think you, Pierrot, that dreams are so complete?

Pierrot.—No, no, it's real! (*Seeing the old lady in the nook.*) And my grandmother, my imperial, impervious, impetuous grandmother, she—she is real! Even in my dreams there could not be another like her!

The Old Lady.—Aye, real am I, you scallywag, and if you come a little closer you'll know my cane is real too.

Pierrot (*Sighing and relaxing in the chair*).—Ah, home—Ah, home! A man knows not the worth of it, till he goes out to roam! Hear that, my little mate, I have so recovered that I can rhyme a bit.

Pierrette.—You alarm me. Have you been ill?

Pierrot.—Ill at heart, Pierrette. Come closer, little wife. Perch on me, like a bird on a tree—and while mushrooms bubble—I'll speak my trouble.

The Old Lady.—Tush! Young scallywag! (*She grunts back into the corner.*)

PIERETTE *perches on his lap.*

Pierrot (*To the tune of the mushrooms bubbling.*)

Little wife of my heart, you're wiser than I am,
Wiser than all of my sex put together—
Where did you learn it?
Or perhaps you were born with it,
Wife of my bosom!

Pierrette.—Lollyby, lolly, lollyby!

Pierrot.—How did this round little—
Blond little—
Quaint little head of yours—
Really scarce bigger than large English walnut,
Ever quite figure what I never dreamed of?
Little wife, share with me, all of your secret!

Pierrette (*Shaking her head*).—Lollyby, lolly, lollyby!

Pierrot (*Dolefully*).—You knew all along and yet wouldn't tell me!

Ah, suspicious I should have been when you let me slip from your fingers so easily—

'Put on your best suit, Pierrot, my husband,' you said, when I told you.

'Show off your charms to the best of advantage!'

Oh, why was I blind?
I remember you smiled
As you darned a big hole
In the toe of my stocking!

Pierrette.—Sing rupple-de-dumpty-dearie—

Pierrot.—Minx, how droll was your face
When you put up my lunch in a basket—
How bird-like you sang as you sliced the cream cheese,
And quartered a pie,
And polished an apple.
And I, Pierrot,
In my little own room,
Before my big mirror,
Brushing and combing like a lamb for the slaughter—
Cruel, heartless Pierrette!

Pierrette.—Tiddle-de-dumpty, tiddle-de-dee!

Pierrot (*Almost weeping for himself*).—Heartless then, and heartless yet! And how happy I was as I kissed you goodbye, little knowing your kiss was the kiss of a Judas! Little knowing

you laughed up your sleeve as I went through the garden, and out of the gate, and down the long road—

Laughing at me, Pierrot!
So innocently happy,
So full for adventure,
So drunk with the sunlight, the air, and the Springtime.

Pierrette.—Flubdubadubdub—dub-dub-dub—

Pierrot.— Ah, I could weep
When I think how I went—
Singing like a chewink
To disillusionment.

(*He bows his head. The music sobs, then bubbles again. We can see that* PIERRETTE *wants very much to take his big, silly head and rumple it and caress it but you and I know that she wouldn't be wise in doing that prematurely.*)

Pierrot (*Resuming*).—Sweet blossom, let me tell you the whole wretched story. Then your heart will be broken and full of contrition.

Singing I came to her house in the town,
Where I waited till night
Then scaled the gray wall,
Tinkled my guitar,
Then sang her a serenade—
Instead of coming herself—
She sent out her maid!
(*He chokes up.*)

Pierrette.—Rumpty-tumpty, pimplety-pan—

Pierrot (*Controlling himself*).—
'Come in,' she says,
'My mistress doesn't care for loud noise 'neath her balcony.'
Pop went my string!
Faded the romance.
'Come in!' says the little chit once more.
My dream was quite over as I opened the door.
Pierrette, for the rest of my life,
Give me a little house, and a little wife.
Give me a frilly apron,
A white dress like a rose,
A pair of blue eyes,
And a short, little nose!
Her nose is long. Her eyes are brown.
She wears a heavy, scarlet gown.

Give me blond hair—
Hers is black.
Give me the dainties that her table lack.
Give me mushrooms, nutritious, delicious—
Give them to me piping hot,
Bubbling in the small, black pot.
Pierrette must serve them,
Not valets
With silken hose and coats with stays.
Just you, my little wife—
A pot of mushrooms,
That is life!

Pierette.—Tiddle-de-dumpty, tittle-de-do!

Pierrot.—I tried my best to get away—
She made me stay.
She fed me mince pie;
Poured me thick and spicy wine,
And she herself was spiced and raisined,
Citroned and plummed
Like a fruit cake!
Heavy-heavy-heavy—
Oh, little feather down!
Oh, little dandelion tuft!
Oh, butterfly wing!
Light-light-light—
Make me forget—
Make me forget damask, velvet, and spices.

Pierrette.—The moon in the sky is shaped like a smile—Te-de-te-twiddle-te-dee!

Pierrot (*Shaking his head*).—
Oh, I never knew what it could be—
Ten days and nights of propinquity.
The sun is all right when far away,
But if it comes too close, it'll burn, they say!
(*He strokes the remaining string of his guitar, bringing forth a mournful note.*)
Oh, I have suffered, Pierrette! Pierrette!
While you, who somehow knew
The secret of propinquity,
Stayed at home and laughed at me.

Pierrette (*Springing from his lap*).—
Stop Pierrot, I did not laugh!

I sang to hide my breaking heart.
Ask grandame there. I've quite worn out
The lips upon your photograph.

The Old Lady (*Sticking her head out*).—It's true, you scallywag and the more shame to her!

Pierrot.—What's this? You're both in league!

Pierrette (*Pulling out the calendar*).—See this, you silly goose, each day crossed out meant just a deeper cross upon my heart.

Pierrot (*Counting the crossed days*).—Ten days and nights of propinquity.

Pierrette.—Ten days and nights of agony.

Pierrot.—Yes, agony for me!

Pierrette.—And me!

Pierrot.—Ha! Ha! I laugh!

Pierrette.—Here's the photograph. (*She gives it to him from the mantle shelf.*)

Pierrot (*Looking at it closely*).—Little wife—Little wife—My lips—my red, red lips—Where are my lips?

Pierrette.—I told you. I kissed them away.

Pierrot.—Alas!

Pierrette (*Drawing a pink letter from her bodice*).—And here's more proof of my days' deep suffering. Just give an ear to what I read. (*She flips the pink letter under his nose.*)

Pierrot (*Violently*).—That perfume! That heavy, cloying, sickly perfume! It's hers—

Pierrette.—This letter too, is hers. Now, husband, calm yourself. Give strict attention. (*She opens letter and reads.*)

Dear Pierrette:
Of late, since winter rains have ceased.
Pierrot's attentions to me have increased.

Pierrot.—A woefully bad meter! As heavy as herself.

Pierrette.—Hush!
And since I've a husband, a pirate at sea,
Pierrot's attentions are annoying to me.

Pierrot.—Oh! Oh!

Pierrette.—Shh!
But this I suggest as a remedy—
Pierrot must know me intimately.

Pierrot.—The trickster!

Pierrette.—Quiet!
He'll soon find out that I'm far from his style
After he's lived at my house for awhile!

Pierrot.—Monster!

Pierrette.—Don't interrupt!

So, Pierrette, if you trust me,
And desire to cure him—
I'll vow that my face
Shall never more lure him!

Pierrot.—She has kept the vow.

Pierrette.—

The wife of a pirate is not for fluff,
She is silver, brocade and heavier stuff!
She is like gold bullion found in a chest—
So send your airy mate to me,
And I will do the rest!

Pierrot.—Serpent! Is that all?

Pierrette.—Signed—"Juno." And here's a P. S.

By new moon, if I have my way,
Pierrot, repentant, will come home to stay.

Pierrot.—Is that all?

Pierrette.—Is it not enough?

Pierrot.—A scheme! A treacherous scheme! Where is your suffering to be found in that?

Pierette.—In every line—in every word! I knew her not. I only knew that she was beautiful. I only knew that she wore silks and satins. I only knew her home was rich. How much of this (*holding up letter*) was I to know for truth? You are fascinating. You are good to look at. This might have been a scheme of hers to steal you from my little house. I did not know, and yet—I let—you go!

(*The violin in the orchestra sobs and* PIERRETTE *sobs too. She turns her back on you and me and walks to the window where she flattens her little nose against the pane.*)

Pierrot (*Sits by the table, his quaint face cupped in his hand. He stares out at you and me. The music continues to sob.*)

The Old Lady (*Sticking her head out*).—Scallywag! Do your duty. (*She points her cane at* PIERRETTE'S *back.*) (*The music becomes gay again.* PIERROT *jumps up, runs to* PIERRETTE, *turns her about and stands holding her by the shoulders, looking down into her face.*)

Pierrot.—Pierrette!

Pierrette.—Pierrot!

Pierrot.—Pierrette, little help-mate, if you love me, strap me to the plane tree in the garden—beat me into insensibility—kill

me if no other way will do, but never let me go away from you again!

Pierrette.—Pierrot, my husband, if you love me, strap me to the plane tree in the garden—beat me into insensibility—kill me if no other way will do, but never *let* me *let* you go away from me again!

Pierrot.—Pierrette!

Pierrette.—Pierrot!

(*Their lips meet.*)

(*The music bubbles over.*)

Pierrette.—The mushrooms!

Pierrot.—They must be done.

Pierrette (*Running and lifting the lid*).—They are!

Pierrot.—Serve them, my little wife, and I'll tell you this—
For each mushroom I eat, I'll give you a kiss.

The Old Lady (*Sticking her head out*).—Tush! Young scallywag!

(PIERRETTE *takes a ladle and* PIERROT *seats himself by the table holding out a deep plate to receive the mushrooms. The water in the small pot bubbles so loudly we scarce can hear the gentle whisper of the curtains as they shut us out.*)

As we leave our seats, faintly the bubbling changes to Pierrette's happy song:

"For the new moon's a sickle to cut down my sorrow,
Heigho! what a harvest, Pierrot, in the morrow!"

THE PROBLEM OF INDIVIDUALISM IN RELATION TO SOCIETY IN IBSEN, MAETERLINCK AND HAUPTMANN

By Genieve M. Allen

One who reads Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and Hauptmann in the light of the present will see more clearly than ever before the significance of the social problems with which they deal. The question of individual rights, of personal liberty, is the fundamental cause of the suffering that the world is enduring to-day. If we are still asking ourselves, what our duty is to our friends, to our enemies, to our country, and to our God, we may find a partial answer in the pages of these dramatists.

Ibsen, in his early plays, seems to incline toward individualism. He places the individual first and society second, not realizing, as H. Boysen says, that the freedom of one means the thraldom of thousands. But Ibsen changed his doctrine in his later plays so that he answers quite in the affirmative the oft-repeated question—"Should the welfare of others interfere with my pleasures or my business?"

In *An Enemy of the People* Ibsen shows Stockmann as a man determined to be free. Though Dr. Stockmann and his family have completely lost their position in society by his self-centered interests in the baths, he determines to stand his ground. He feels emancipated from his duties as a citizen and stands, he believes, strong, untrammeled, and independent. He exclaims, "The strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone."

Dr. Stockmann is a contrast to the small citizens with their common thoughts, desires, and interests. We find here the theory that one who allows himself to be only a member of the mob loses a chance to develop his individual soul—a task imposed upon each human being. Ibsen implies that one must become a strong individual before he can become a member of institutional life.

In *The Doll's House*, he gives us the wonderfully portrayed Nora, "weak, uneducated, deceptive, light-minded, irresponsible, impulsive, sweet, pouty—in fact, one of the old type of the truly feminine." Suddenly something seems to awake in her—some new impulse. Stenborg, her husband, sees this change and remarks to Rank. "She has been like that all the week, in an unnaturally excited condition; she has all kinds of needless anxieties; it seems as if she was not at ease in the house; she no longer plays with the children—."

Later when Nora is engaged in conversation with Mrs. Linde, the latter remarks, "Ah, what would become of your husband if he had not you?" Nora replies, "If he had not—? What makes you think of that? Why shouldn't he have me?" At once we feel that Mrs. Linde has voiced a thought that has already been in Nora's mind—that she will leave her husband. Her next remark proves this. "Don't you think somebody could be found who would look after him just as well?"

In the final scene Nora is completely changed from a weak, conciliatory wife to a self-assertive woman. She tells her husband that she can never live with him again unless the "miracle of miracles" should happen. By this she doubtless means that she must first find personal liberty before she can consider herself capable of serving him and her children. She must first become a strong individual before she can become a part of even that small institution—the home.

The question arises as to whether she could have done this had she stayed at home and done her duty by her husband and children. According to Ibsen, one may ask whether she had any responsibility toward her family. Was her duty not to herself *first*?

In *Hedda Gabler* this question is answered by Ibsen. Hedda enters upon married life for ease and comfort. She becomes dissatisfied, impossible to please, and even rebellious toward motherhood. Her realized crime against her husband and Lövborg in burning the manuscript, together with her jealousy toward Mrs. Elfsted, causes her to take her own life. She has never learned any sense of duty to others, but has lived only for herself. So in trying to save her life she loses it.

In *The Master Builder*, we have a most striking example of the failure of a life which seeks to satisfy only its own desires. Halvard Solness has an insatiable ambition to be considered *The Master Builder*, and in order to attain this goal, he

treads down all his weaker brothers, strangles all feeling for them, deadens those qualities which would have made him a useful member of society, and at last from the tower of idealism which he has built for himself, he falls to his death.

Halvard illustrates the false individualism implied by Christ when He said to His disciples: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

Thus Ibsen places before us in *An Enemy of the People* and in *The Doll's House* the question as to whether individualism is not more important than society, or democracy. In *Hedda Gabler*, *The Master Builder*, and even in *Rosmersholm* he helps us to answer that question by showing that there may be mistaken ideas of individualism, which must have its limits, "Don't be an individualist," he says, "if it is going to interfere with the individualism of others."

Maeterlinck is less of a moralist. He deals more with impressions, suggests moods, and gives us a sense of the unseen and unspoken. In *Sister Beatrice*, however, one can see a trace of the problem of individualism.

Sister Beatrice having lived since her youth in a convent, knows little of the outside world. When Bellidor comes with his offer of love, she is waked to a new life. She sees not the danger, for she says in her supplication to the virgin:

> We are told often of the lures of sin,
> And of the snares of man, but him you know,
> He is not like the others.

The awful struggle between duty and desire at last ends, and she flees from the convent with Bellidor.

Upon her return, we learn of all the suffering through which she has passed and see that she has utterly failed in her independent, individualistic life.

This problem is discussed in Hauptmann's *The Sunken Bell*, not from the standpoint of the wife and mother as in *The Doll's House* and *Hedda Gabler* or the financier as in *An Enemy of the People*, but from the standpoint of the artist and thinker. The question in this play is: May a person of high ideals in the artistic or intellectual world be considered guiltless if he forsakes social duty and bends his full energy upon the realization of those ideals?

Hauptmann pictures the life in the valley as the common life of ease and comfort, and that on the heights as the natural life

where all are striving for the ideal. The Wood Sprite expresses the contrast between the two lives when she says: "It's warmer here than on the hills. You're snug. Up yonder the wind shrieks and howls all day."

Heinrich, in his attempt to convey the bell (his ideal) to the church, is defeated by Wittikin, who pulls off a wheel from the wagon and lets Heinrich and his bell fall down the cliff. Later when the vicar stands by his bed side, the latter says:

> Come now what may, the master's fight is won.
> To serve the Lord, he fashioned his great bell.
> To serve the Lord, he scaled the mountain heights—
> * * * * *
> Serving the Lord, at last he was laid low.

To Heinrich, however, his Christian life of self-abnegation has failed. Rautendelein inspires him to build a bell for sun-worship with no self-sacrifice. For a time he seems to be succeeding, though at the end of the third act the vicar warns him:

> Then go your way:——
> Some day, some day, as your dreams you dream,
> A sudden arrow, shot from out the blue,
> Shall pierce your breast!

He labors on with the dwarfs, and at last lies down exhausted. He has a nightmare, in which he realizes that there is no peace for his soul while he is torn between duty and idealism.

Later he says to Rautendelein, "I know not (what is wrong) but commingling with thy music, methought I heard—a strain—a sound—" Fear fills his soul as he exclaims, "From this fair cup I'll drink forgetfulness!" It was the sound of the bell rung by his dying wife. It symbolizes the call of duty.

Then his children come up the hill bearing an urn containing the mother's tears. He turns to Rautendelin and in bitter remorse cries!

> I hate thee! I abhor thee!
> Cursed be my work! And all!——Here!
> Here am I——
> I come!——I come!

Wittikin replies:

> Now may God pity me.
> He who has flown so high,
> Into the very light, as thou has flown,
> Must perish, if he once fall back to Earth!"

This is the tragedy of the artist, who, abandoning everything in the endeavor to realize his ideal, makes its realization forever impossible by that very act. Once when the vicar asks him who pays him for his work, Heinrich replies:

> Who pays me for my work?
> Oh, Father! Father! would you give joy to joy—add gold to gold?

But he fails to find joy in "art for art's sake."

Again in *Lonely Lives* Hauptmann presents a man who does not wish to be troubled with his household affairs, but wishes to give his time to study. Dr. Johann feels his defeat at last in attempting to pursue his intellectual aims in spite of his unintelligent wife, and ends by taking his own life.

Is individualism, then, a failure? The self-taught Ibsen seems to have learned from a study of the lives of his fellow men that it should not be carried to extremes. As Emerson says "Nothing is good or fair alone." A man must make himself a strong part of the whole. Maeterlinck and Hauptmann seem to have shared this conclusive opinion of Ibsen.

THE PRINCESS WEAVER OF THE SKIES*

A TALE OF THE FESTIVAL OF TANABATA—OF THE 7TH NIGHT OF THE 7TH MOON

A Japanese Fragment put into this form

By Ysabel DeWitt Kaplan

CAST

The Great Sky Father	
The Princess Sho-Ku-Sho	
The Herdsman	
Lotus Lily	*The Princess' Maidens*
Flower of the Peach	
Cherry Blossom	
Peony	
Morning Dew	
Wand of theWillow	
North Wind	*The Young Gods*
Spring Zepher	
Thunder Cloud	
Heat Lightning	
Ocean Tide	
Light of the Moon	
Shadow	

Scene I

The Celestial Palace.

At the back on a great red throne, against the shining disk of the sun, sits the Sky Father, *gorgeous in his might and majesty.*

The scene is raised as though on clouds and at the front is a sort of balcony railing at which sits the Princess Sho-Ku-Sho *spinning at her golden loom.*

*Copyright 1921 by YSABEL DE WITTE KAPLAN

Her threads are gold and silver, amethyst and pearl, ruby, emerald and sapphire, and the whole web sparkles in the light of the great red throne.

At her feet, her maidens sit, some play the samisen, some help her with her threads, all sway gently as they sing.

The Young Gods are grouped about, some play at draughts, some talk among themselves, as they gaze upon the beauty of the PRINCESS.

Note:—There is no curtain, simply a drifting aside of films of gauze-like mist, through which the scene finally emerges, and again by a folding in of these—disappears.

As the mist clears, the maidens are heard singing.

Maidens (*Singing*)
Green of the tender spring,
Sheen of the blue-bird's wing,
    Glow in the thread,—
Pearl of the morning mist,
Topaz and amethyst,
    The ruby's red
    Glow in the thread!
        Glistening
        Mistily,
        The
        Shining
            Thread!

(*The Young Gods talk among themselves.*)

Spring Zepher.—Is she not beautiful, the Princess Sho-ku-sho?

Light O The Moon.—Beautiful—with the beauty of the young moon!

Ocean Tide.—Her robes float round her like the Botan's flower—

Heat Lightning.—And when she walks, the poppies learn their swaying from her grace!

Shadow.—Would I might shield thee, Sho-ku-sho! (*The* PRINCESS *goes on with her spinning and does not deign to notice them.*)

(*The* YOUNG GODS *talk together.*)

North Wind.—Will she never cease her spinning?

Thunder Cloud.—How cold—how proud she is—

Heat Lightning (*Detaching himself from the group and making a*

low obeisance before the Great Red Throne).—O Great Sky Father, is not thy daughter the Princess Sho-ku-sho, for one of us?

The Sky Father (*Looking down from his great red throne*).—For one of ye?—nay, nay, my daughter is wedded to her golden loom!

(*The* YOUNG GODS *laugh.*)

North Wind.—O great Sky Father, is she never to love?—How then will she gain her immortality?—For being a woman—

(*The* YOUNG GODS *sneer.*)

she cannot gain her immortality till she shall learn to love!

(*The* YOUNG GODS *speak among themselves, but the* PRINCESS *goes on spinning at her golden loom.*)

The Sky Father (*Musing*).—The young gods are right, though they are but rash and headstrong, my daughter must love, else will she fade away with warp of the evening and disappear with the woof of the dawn—Leave us—I would speak with the Princess Sho-ku-sho!

The YOUNG GODS *bow themselves away.*)

(*The* MAIDENS *cease their swaying and gathering of threads and sit motionless.*)

The Sky Father (*Bending down from the Great Red Throne*).—My daughter—!

The Princess (*Leaving her loom and bowing before the Great Red Throne*).—Honorable father—

The Sky Father.—Thou hast been happy in my palace, hast thou not?

The Princess.—So happy, honorable father!

The Sky Father.—And thou hast found the shining web that glows upon thy golden loom, enough to fill thy life?

The Princess.—Enough, my father!

The Sky Father.—But dost thou know that an thou lovest not, thou canst not gain thine immortality—? That thou must fade away from out these halls, with the fading warp of the evening, with the dying woof of the dawn—and that mine arms that love thee well, shall never hold thee more?

The Princess.—Ahé, my honorable father!

The Maidens (*Sighing*).—Ahé!

The Sky Father.—And knowing this, I have decreed that thou shalt wed—

The Princess (*Startled*).—I wed—augustness!

The Maidens.—Ahé!

The Sky Father (*Musing*).—But who is there is fair enough

for one so lovely as the Princess Sho-ku-sho? And who so lowly that he will not dare to carry her away?

(*The* MAIDENS *weep and beat their breasts.*)

The Princess.—Ahê—my honorable father, may I not yet awhile stay by my golden loom and spin the shining threads?

The Sky Father.—I have spoken!

(*He rises and coming down the steps of the Great Red Throne he goes to the edge of the balcony and gazes out over the Heavenly Fields.*)

(*The* MAIDENS *weep softly.*)

(*The* PRINCESS *cowers silent and frightened.*)

The Sky Father (*At last*).—Ha! seest thou yon Herdsman—there, on the other side of the Heavenly River—the Milky Way—seest thou him where he tends his great white oxen?—Seest thou him, my daughter?

The Princess.—Mine eyes are blinded by my tears, my father, I cannot see!

The Sky Father.—Then clear thine eyes for look thou must!

(*The* PRINCESS *raises her head slowly and gazes long where her father points down into the depths of the Heavenly Fields. At first she gazes in terror but presently her face is filled with a wonderful rapture and glory.*)

The Sky Father.—I wait, my daughter!—

The Princess (*Breathlessly*).—Honorable father—I have looked—I have seen—and having seen I turn mine eyes away lest they be blinded by the beauty they have glimpsed.

(*She hides her face in her hands.*)

(*The* MAIDENS *cease their weeping and begin to croon softly.*)

The Sky Father.—It is well—for yonder Herdsman shall be thy husband—and so shalt thou attain thine immortality! For dear to me are these slim hands that move so swiftly 'cross thy gleaming web!

(*He goes up the steps and mounts the Great Red Throne, which becomes slowly obscured behind a bank of clouds.*)

The Maidens (*Singing*).—
My heart awakes—
Too long it slept, too long,
And lived in dreams!
Now am I glad with song
That all my dreams
My waking hours prolong!—
My heart awakes!

The Princess (*Sitting at her loom, her hands in her lap*).—This strange new joy that knocketh at my heart—this waiting, for— I know not what—and though my heart seems surging o'er with joy—I weep— I weep—

(*She lays her arms across the loom, and hides her head upon them. The web floats wide over the balustrade like trailing strands of mist, and gradually its pearly gray turns into a wondrous rainbow, then the mists close in again and the* PRINCESS *and her maidens fade from sight and only the gentle tinkle of the samisen is heard and presently this too, dies away.*)

SCENE II

The same, only that the Great Red Throne is obscured by clouds. The golden loom stands idle, its pearly web hangs loose. The MAIDENS *strum their samisens and sing softly, and silent and happy stand the* PRINCESS *and the* HERDSMAN, *cheek against cheek and arm entwined in arm, looking out across the vast stretches of the Heavenly Fields.*

The Maidens (*Singing*).—

Silent and idle, the loom of gold,—
Yesterday's memories
Yesterday hold
Close to the bosom,
Joys of today,
Though we may clasp them,
Soon fade away!
Tomorrow,—tomorrow—
Ah, who can say?
Tomorrow—and yesterday
There is but Today.

(*They croon softly.*)

The Herdsman (*Wonderingly*).—Is this a dream, my presence here, and thou within my arms—my Princess—Sho-ku-sho—

Princess (*Softly*).—Until I looked across the Fields of Heaven and saw thy shining face—I had not lived, beloved,—my days were but the warp and woof of yonder shining web, and ah—I dreamed that that was life!

Herdsman (*Tenderly*).—Sho-ku-sho!

The Princess (*Wonderingly*).—I wept—I was afraid—when my august and honorable father bade me look to where thou lay

among the lilies with thy great white oxen about thee—there—(*Pointing*) on the other side of the Heavenly River,—that men call the Milky Way—I wept—I was afraid to raise mine eyes

The Herdsman.—Those eyes in whose deep depths lies heaven itself!

The Princess.—They told me I must love to gain mine immortality,—that otherwise I should fade away like the warp of the silver evening—like the woof of the primrose dawn—

The Herdsman.—And did they say that with thy fading all the beauty of the universe would fade away?

The Princess.—Ah, now that I have loved—that I do love—say my name again, over and over, as thou hast so often said it since the young gods brought thee to me—for though I am a goddess, still am I a woman, and thy love, oh Herdsman, is far more to me than all mine immortality!

The Herdsman.—Ah much must I have suffered in my other lives, to merit such reward in this!

The Princess.—My loom stands idle—and my web hangs free—Say soft, thou lovest me—!

The Herdsman.—I love thee!

The Princess.—My fingers, that but now, had so much joy in weaving, but find their joy in twining through thy hair—look deep into mine eyes—!

The Herdsman.—Dear eyes—!

The Princess.—And these same arms that rested oft contented on my golden loom, now ache and throb with loneliness when far from thee—bow down thine head and press my lips with thine—

(*They kiss*)

(*The* MAIDENS *sing.*)

(*Presently, out of the mists, the* YOUNG GODS *appear. They pass and repass the idle loom, laughing and sneering, and pointing at the absorbed lovers.*)

Ocean Tide.—Alas, that now the Princess Sho-ku-Sho has gained her immortality,—our days are dark, for no more spins she at her golden loom!

Spring Zepher.—A woman, though she be a goddess, can do but one thing well, it seems!

Shadow.—Her art must suffer when her heart has flown!

North Wind.—And when the Autumn god shall visit us, the leaves will all hang sere for Sho-ku-sho has failed to weave their mantle for his coming!

Thunder Cloud.—And now when I am gone from out the skies, her web of seven colors no more floats behind my vanished footsteps!

Light O The Moon.—And I—alas, must dance without the silver scarf of her bright weaving!

(*Gradually the clouds clear from before the Great Red Throne, on which the* SKY FATHER *sits silent and brooding*) (*The* YOUNG GODS *bow before the Throne, the* MAIDENS *change their song to a chant of praise, but the* PRINCESS *and the* HERDSMAN *still stand with arm entwining arm, gazing out over the Heavenly Fields.*)

Maidens (*Chanting.*)

The heights and depths of all the world,
Sing praises, Glorious One!
From mountain tops with mists enfurled,
From deepest depths of all the world,
Come praises, Glorious One!

Heat Lightning (*Bowing low before the Great Red Throne*).—O great Sky Father, will the Princess Sho-ku-sho never more return unto her golden loom? Must all our days be spent without the glory and the glitter of her gleaming web?

The Sky Father (*In a terrible voice*).—Too long the loom is idle!—

(*Rising to his feet.*)

Presumptuous Herdsman—

(*The* LOVERS *separate startled.*)

Thy mission here is done! Thinkst thou that all thy days are to be spent in the Celestial Palace, wooing my daughter, and filling her mind with thoughts of thee, so she forgets the work that she must do?

The Princess (*Prostrating herself before the throne*).—Ahé—my father—

The Sky Father.—Arise, my daughter, too long thy loom stands idle, back thou must go and work into its warp and woof the shining jewels of heaven!

The Herdsman (*On his knees before the throne*).—Augustness!

The Sky Father.—And thou—thou lowling whom I raised up even to the foot of my throne, get thee back into thy fields and to thy great white oxen—the Princesss Sho-ku-sho has gained her immortality, and having gained must spend her days in weaving at the golden loom!

The Herdsman.—And shall I no more see my Sho-ku-sho—my bride—?

The Princess (*Weeping*).—Alas! for endless days of immortality,—all empty of a sight of thee—

The Sky Father.—Enough—back to thy weaving—but this I grant thee—for one long night when twelve moons shall have rolled away—if it do not rain—then shalt thou be lying in thy Herdsman's arms!

(*He claps his hands, the thunder rolls, the* YOUNG GODS *seize the* HERDSMAN.)

The Herdsman (*Wailing*).—Sho-ku-sho—my beloved—

The Princess.—Ahé—twelve moons are long, but when they wax and wane thou'lt find me waiting—

(*She throws him her silver scarf and as he catches and kisses it, the mists envelop the* YOUNG GODS *and the* HERDSMAN.)

The Princess.—O my father—twelve moons are long—

The Sky Father.—If it do not rain—!

Princess.—Augustness—twelve moons are far—are very far away—

The Sky Father.—And should it rain, thy waiting must be twelve moons more!

The Princess (*Weeping*).—Ah may the world all pray for stars when that, my night, shall come!

(*She rises and goes to the balustrade.*)

I see him now—he crosses the Heavenly River—the Milky Way—His great white oxen swim to meet him—he springs upon the lily banks—he waves his hand—

(*Calling.*)

My Herdsman—my beloved—

The Sky Father.—He cannot hear thee, for the waves run high!

(*The* PRINCESS *weeps.*)

(*Out of the mists the* YOUNG GODS *appear, they laugh and mock.*)

Thunder Cloud.—Thy Herdsman called thee, Sho-ku-sho, hast thou not heard?

The Princess.—The waves run high!

Spring Zepher.—He kissed thy scarf, thy gleaming silver scarf, and waved it 'thwart the sky—hast thou not seen?

The Princess (*Gazing out across the Heavenly Fields*).—I see—see my scarf—I see it glisten 'cross the sky—but ah, his voice I cannot hear—

Ocean Tide.—And there be twelve long moons between—

The Princess.—Ahé—twelve moons—ahé!

Light Of The Moon.—Thou shouldst have chosen one of us!

The Princess.—My golden loom was all my life until I looked and saw his face!

Shadow.—And with thy joy came sadness, Sho-ku-sho!

The Princess.—Ai—but an such joy be mine again, I'll gladly bear the pain!

Lightning.—Such love should have been for one of us—not wasted on yon lowly herdsman!

The Princess (*Tenderly*).—Yon herdsman—whose slightest word means more to me than all the pomp and power!

North Wind (*Sneering*).—Ai—Sho-ku-sho—though thou hast gained thine immortality, still art thou but a woman—a thing who reasons not, and whose small brain but dreams of one thing o'er and o'er!

The Princess (*Weeping*).—Ahé—twelve moons—ahé!

(*She bends over her loom.*)

The Maidens (*Singing.*)

A gleam of pearl,
Of silver sheen,
A glow of emerald,
Shining green,
A blaze of topaz,
Of ruby's sheen—
  The gleaming warp!
A drift of mist,
A dash of rain,
A thread of mirth,
A hint of pain,
A dream of love,
A bitter stain—
  The glowing woof!

(THE PRINCESS *spins, her tears falling on her web.*

THE YOUNG GODS *laugh and mock.*

THE GREAT SKY FATHER *sits frowning and terrible on his Great Red Throne, and slowly the clouds drift in and shut them all from view.*)

SCENE III

The shores of the Heavenly River, the Milky Way. On the near side sits the HERDSMAN, *his white oxen feeding about him, his hands caressing the silver scarf the* PRINCESS *has given him.*

The Herdsman.—Twelve moons are by—twelve weary, weary moons—and now my heart is torn with longing—will she come to me, my lovely Sho-ku-sho?

(*He plays on the bamboo flute, then lays it aside and sings.*)

I may not cross the shining tide
To where my loved one lies,—
I may not hear her golden voice,
Nor look into her eyes—
I can but wait beside the shore,
'Til moons shall come and go,
I can but hold my heart in leash—
My heart that loves her so!

(*Plays on his bamboo flute.*)

(*Presently through the mists on the far side of the river, come the* YOUNG GODS. *Through their talk is heard the rushing of the waters and the music of the bamboo flute.*)

The North Wind (*Scornfully*).—And for such song as this, the Princess weeps!

Spring Zepher.—Mine own is sweeter,though she heeds it not!

Thunder Cloud (*Fiercely*).—Myself would teach her other loves—and in no gentle way! A herdsman—and her choice of one of us!

Heat Lightning.—Ah for my brother's strength to wither yonder upstart.

Ocean Tide.—Her love but grows the stronger with the ebb and flow of her heart's blood!

Light Of The Moon.—And as I wax and wane the nearer comes her joy!

Shadow (*Softly*).—Joy—but for a night—and then another twelve long moons!

(*Suddenly the mists lift, and in the background is seen the Great Red Throne, where the* SKY FATHER *sits in his majesty and might.*)

(*The* SKY FATHER *lifts his hand and the waters hush, and the* HERDSMAN *breaks off his music and falls on his knees.*)

The Sky Father.—Herdsman, the fields of the sky are sown with stars,—the night of Tanabata has arrived, and with it not a drop of rain!

Herdsman.—Augustness!

The Sky Father.—The Princess Sho-ku-sho has woven at her loom for twelve long moons. Her magic web has clothed the Autumn weeds,—has draped the sunset sky,—has flung its colors

wide across the rainbow's arch. But now, the time gone by, my promise given—the Princess comes to meet thee!

The Herdsman.—Ah—!

The Sky Father.—For this one night shalt thou and she be happy—but when the sun shall show again behind my Great Red Throne, once more shall thou and she be parted 'til another twelve long moons roll by!

The Thunder Cloud.—Thus must thou suffer for thy boldness!

The Young Gods.—Presumptuous herdsman!

The Herdsman.—One night—is still one long and beauteous night, that I may dream of and remember all the empty moons, oh great Sky Father!

(*The* MAIDENS *are heard singing through the mist.*)

The Young Gods.—The Princess!

The Maidens (*Their song coming nearer.*)

Wax and wane,
Thou gracious Moon!
    Wax and wane!
Never a drop of glistening rain,—
Of silver rain!
    Wax and wane!
Hearts that love,
Must meet again,
Though time and tide,
Or worlds divide!
Love conquers pain!
    Wax and wane!

(*They appear through the mists, the* PRINCESS *in their midst. She comes to the River's edge and holds out her arms to the* HERDSMAN.)

The Princess.—My beloved!

The Herdsman.—Sho-ku-sho!

The Princess (*Piteously*).—So near—and yet the River flows between us swift and deep!

The Herdsman (*In an ecstasy*).—Thy beauty fills mine eyes—my heart knows naught but thee—beloved. I come—

(*He attempts the flood but is thrown back exhausted amid the jeers of the* YOUNG GODS *and the wailing of the* MAIDENS.)

The Princess (*Despairingly*).—Alas—Must it be mine to come so near to bliss that I can feel its breath upon my face—and then no more—

The Herdsman.—Sho-ku-sho—!

The Princess (*Falling at the feet of the Great Red Throne*).—Thy mercy—Honorable Father—have I not toiled and spun this weary time?—Have I not waited with the patience of a woman's heart for this, mine hour?

(*The* YOUNG GODS *sneer, the* MAIDENS *weep and ring their hands.*)

The Sky Father.—My daughter, thy web is finished for the time,—thy reward is near!—Behold, a shining bridge shall lead thee to thy Herdsman's feet!

(*He raises his hand.*)

(*Suddenly, a rush and whirl is heard, and out of the mists come myriads of birds, flying wing to wing. They form a shining bridge across the Heavenly River, and shut from sight the* SKY FATHER *the* YOUNG GODS *and the Great Red Throne.*)

(*For a moment the* PRINCESS *poises lightly on the gleaming arch, and then runs swiftly across and falls swooning into the waiting arms of her* HERDSMAN, *and as their lips meet in a rapturous kiss of reunion, the mists close gradually over them, as the singing of the* MAIDENS *grows fainter and fainter.*)

The Maidens (*Singing.*)

Gray, gray mists, and grayer swirl of cloud—
But when they lift, the sky is brighter than before!
    Wax and wane
Of a moon of gold,
Yesterday's memories
Yesterdays hold!
Close to the bosom
Joys of today,
Though we may hold them,
Soon fly away!
Tomorrow—tomorrow—
Ah who can say?—
Tomorrow and yesterday—
There is but Today!

(*As the* PRINCESS *and the* HERDSMAN *fade from sight, out of the mists suddenly appears all the splendor of a starry night in midsummer.*)

THE PRINCIPAL TONES OF ARNOLD'S POETRY

By Geraldine P. Dilla

In the science of music we recognize that each key has three principal tones, three of the seven with well-known names. The key-tone or tonic is the fundamental—the one to which each melody must invariably return, the one that gives its name to the key. At an interval of a fifth above, we have the dominant, and at a fifth below, the contrasting sub-dominant. These are the two supports or guardians of the fundamental. Most prominent of all tones is the dominant, the most insistent in all compositions from the elemental cadence to the many-voiced fugue with its organ-point there. It is the dominant that determines the key, that leaves the strongest impression, that seems to be the motive force of all of any music leading to the fundamental where the end is achieved.

Since poetry (and lyric particularly) is related in especial correspondence to music, it has seemed fitting and justifiable to me to name this ever-recurring tone in Arnold's poems the dominant. While we are determining this tone, we shall also discover the sub-dominant and others of his tones, and we shall thus fix with precision his true fundamental, the point of repose attained by his poetry. It will appear that the principal tones of lyrics are essentially the same in his narrative and dramatic poems; for all his pieces of metrical writing are remarkably in accord with each other, and still more in harmony with his thought and character.

If we begin logically with an examination of Arnold's most personal lyrics, we find that Professor E. E. Hale, Jr. has anticipated us. With rare insight and scholarly research he has grouped twenty-one lyrics together and assigned their origin all to the Marguerite—about whom no facts are known except what may be deduced from the poems themselves. This list is as follows: *A Memory Picture*, *The River*, *Urania* (*Excuse*), *Euphrosyne* (*Indifference*), *Too Late*, *Separation*, *On the Rhine*, *Longing*,

Meeting, A Dream, Parting, A Farewell, Isolation, to Marguerite, continued, Absence, Destiny, Human Life, Despondency, Youth's Agitations, Self-Deception, The Terrace at Berne. I shall quote from Mr. Hale for two reasons, first, to set the facts before us, and second, to disagree with him in some rather minor considerations.

> This group of poems is marked by one circumstance, namely, that it contains very little that is thought of as characteristic of the author, nothing, save a line or so, that has been thought by anybody to be a part of his best work. Whatever the inspiration of these poems, whether one inspiration or many, it did not have the effect of stirring him to his best. The reviewers of his time did not understand these poems or did not like them: later critics have admired one or two, but have given no place to their general idea or spirit in their criticism of Matthew Arnold. Yet they are not hard to understand if we read them altogether, nor is their general idea one that we should neglect in an attempt to get the full spirit of his poetry.[1]

Now I wish to state that some critics have considered many of these poems as belonging to his best work. Mr. Herbert W. Paul says: "*Parting* is passionate, as Mr. Arnold's poetry so seldom is, and it is wholly beautiful. * * * [There] is exquisite melody.[2] * * * *The Buried Life* is so perfect, so finished, so self-contained that it would only be spoiled by quotation. * * * Two stanzas of *A Farewell* are conspicuously excellent.[3] *Separation* has a tenderness and depth of feeling quite foreign to academic exercises like *Balder Dead*. It comes, like the songs of Burns, straight from the heart, and the last stanza, though not faultless in form, is indescribably pathetic. The effect of the word 'stranger' could only have been produced by the art which conceals itself and appears as simplicity."[4]

Professor George Saintsbury says: "The intense pathos, which the poet could rarely 'let himself go' sufficiently to reach, together with the seventeenth century touch which in English not unfrequently rewards the self-sacrifice necessary to scholarly poets in such abandonment, appears in *Longing*.[5] * * * * The crowning poem of the series [is] the crowning point perhaps of his poetry, the piece beginning 'yes! in the sea of life enisled.' * * *The image—the islands in the sea—is capitally

[1] Hale: Select Poems of MatthewArnold (Heath 1908) Introduction pp. XVI.
[2] Paul: Matthew Arnold Macmillan, 1902 p. 37
[3] ibid. p. 39
[4] ibid. p. 50
[5] Saintsbury: Matthew Arnold. Dodd Mead 1899. p. 29

projected in the first stanza; it is exquisitely amplified in the second; the moral comes with due force in the third; and the whole winds up with one of the great poetic phrases of the century—one of the 'jewels five (literally five) words long' of English verse—a phrase complete and final, with epithets in unerring cumulation 'The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.'"[7]

Returning to the "Marguerite poems" themselves, Mr. Hale asks:

> What is the general idea, the mood, the quality?
>
> It is the insistence on the idea of separation. That is the thought that finds expression in the one well-known line in the whole series. People in this world, he says, are like isles separated by "The umplumb'd salt, estranging sea!" The poet stood apart from Marguerite: they could not somehow get together. She was sweet, charming, affectionate, friendly, and yet they stood apart. Why? As the poems go on we have all sorts of answers. At first (*Euphrosyne*) he thinks it is because neither he nor any other man is worthy of her. Then (*Urania*) it is because she has no need of love. Then (*Too Late*) they might have got together had it not been too late, or (*Parting*) had it not been for their different past. Then (*Farewell*) he thinks it is because she will not understand her true self. Finally in *Isolation* he sees that everybody is alone, though all do not realize it; in *To Marguerite*, that people are separated in life as surely as islands by the sea; in *Human Life*, that it is idle to stop for friends to whom one has no natural right; in *The Terrace at Berne* that people meet and pass each other like driftwood on the ocean. In *Despondency* he fancies that no one can know for what he is really meant in life.[8]

I should exclude *Despondency* from the group of 'Marguerite poems' since in idea it has little connection with the others unless it be that the poet's spirit is different from all others around him, and hence he feels his isolation the more deeply. I should, moreover, certainly include *Calais Sands* in this group, and I can not imagine why Mr. Hale did not. Here, with a probable location and connection with *The River* which follows, we have "the smile", the "the soft brown hair," and the same sense of separation from the one he wishes to "have always near." *Self-Deception*, like *Despondency*, seems to me too remotely connected with the other poem of this group to warrant its inclusion,— unless by stretching the point perhaps too widely, we say that the poet here explains the incompleteness of life by the failure of Him "who placed our master-feeling" "to place that master-feeling clear."

Separation is not the only tone of these lyrics. *On the Rhine*

[7]ibid. p. 31
[8]Hale: Select Poems of Matthew Arnold. p. XVIII.

introduces the note of effort and restlessness, and still more prominently the calm, the quiet, the balm that succeeds the "turbulent youthful glow." *Youth's Agitations* emphasizes not the idea of separation or of calm, but "discontent," "agitations," "hurrying fever." *Self-Deception* gives only the least hint of an "end that we may gain," rather, it bewails the "hopeless straining," the "wandering, groping, reeling" in our "attempt to attain" the "ends we seek."

Professor Hale summarizes these 'Marguerite poems' by saying "That is the dominant note: separation, from one who is loved."[9]

But I believe we should consider it something broader; separation in general, the isolation of the human soul, the idea embodied in the crowning poem of this group.

Now we have yet to consider two other ideas;—that of effort, of striving and restlessness, and the idea of calm, the quiet end to be attained, which is perhaps less prominent. Since in lyric expression—particularly the more highly impassioned—we do not expect a plain solution or an obvious point of repose, we shall not hear the fundamental, the key-tone, so plainly always, but we may assume that the idea of calm is fairly near to being this fundamental—this tone of rest that we are seeking. And we may assume with greater assurance at this point that effort, restless striving, is the other principal tone— the sub-dominant. To establish these hypotheses and to determine more precisely the nature of these three tones, we shall consider Arnold's other lyric poems.

The sonnets included in the "Early Poems" help in part to strengthen this idea of calm as the end of all effort. *Quiet Work* makes "toil unsevered from tranquillity," "labor accomplished in repose" the lesson to be learned from nature. *To a Friend* introduces the conception for which Arnold is famous "the even-balanced soul" and the much-quoted line describing Sophocles as the one "who saw life steadily and saw it whole." The sonnet *To the Duke of Wellington* mentions the strife of life as "the fretful foam of vehement actions." If we note several of the later sonnets, we have the same tones. In *East London*, the poem passes from the sub-dominant of "toil" and the "senses'" ebb and flow to the key tone of the heaven of light, of home. And similarly, *Immortality* passes from "earthly strife" to the "eternal life" of the "soul well-knit."

[9]ibid. p. XIX.

This sub-dominant cadence is well sounded in *The Second Best*, where not only the "strained life" is insistent, but also the idea of moderation as a requisite of quiet. *Stagirius* is an impassioned prayer that "all strifes be reconciled." *Youth and Calm* or *Lines written by a Death-Bed* strikes almost a half cadence, for the key-tone is not here the satisfying tone:

> Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well.
> 'Tis all perhaps which man acquires,
> But 'tis not what our youth desires.

To a Gypsy Child by the Sea Shore is composed not only of the key-tone, but it sounds other ideas, "weariness," "pain," "patience," all of which are tones in Arnold's lyric scale. *The New Sirens*, which is almost as good as Swinburne, is varied in tone, but the final analysis proves that it contributes to our theory for its principal tones are the same under all the elaborate symbolism. *Resignation*, with its opening lines

> To die be given us, or attain!
> Fierce work it were to do again.

emphasizes the sub-dominant, "action's dizzying eddy," also the peace, the poet's "sad lucidity of soul," and less, the isolation of the several types of men. *The Church of Brou* as a whole gives the impression of lovely calm; and *Mycerinus* is the type of the solitary one exerting a frenzied effort. *A Modern Sappho* expresses with more fire and less art the poignant sense of separation defined in the 'Marguerite poems.'

Though there are very few of Matthew Arnold's poems that do not exhibit at least one of these tones we have recognized so far, it would become monotonous to analyze here each poem. Hence we shall now turn to his later lyrics.

The exquisitely perfect and impassioned *Philomela* brings in chromatic variations of despair, uneasiness, loneliness, passion, pain. *Dover Beach*, another masterpiece, suggests almost all of Arnold's ideas—calm, sadness, pain, isolation, struggle, and strife. *The Last Word* is just a struggle scarce relieved by the thought of victory. Perhaps the most poetical of contrasts between restlessness and hush—a variation of strife and calm—is the *Bacchanalia* or *The New Age*. A similar harmony of the sub-dominant and fundamental is heard clearly in *Morality* and *Self-Dependence*. *A Summer Night* and the *Lines written in Kensington Gardens* are melodies of "the calm soul of all things." Though

the Buried Life, like *the Future*, is too nearly perfect to mar by quotation, the same Arnoldian tones are prominent, and the phrases "din of strife," and an "unwonted calm" suggest our tones; and still more is the isolation of the human soul explained by our inability to express the inner life.

> Alas! is even love too weak
> To unlock the heart and let it speak?

The elegiac poems are especially good proofs that we have emphasized the right tones in Arnold. *The Scholar Gypsy* might be called the epic of isolation, for there are few figures in literature nore impressive than the solitary scholar, separated from his fellows, victor over "this strange disease of modern life." This elegy touches practically all of Arnold's characteristic ideas—"sick fatigue," "languid doubt," "well-worn life," "solitude," "patience," "unconquerable hope," "change," "onward impulse". Likewise *Thyris*, with "that lonely Tree against the western sky" is even beyond most elegies the poem of isolation, the separation of friends before death as much as afterward.

The Memorial Verses contrast Byron's "strife of passion with eternal law" and "the weltering strife, the turmoil of expiring life" that Goethe saw, with Wordsworth's healing power. *Rugby Chapel* commemorates the solitary grandeur of his father's life as a Son of God. *Heine's Grave* reiterates the "pain" and "unrest" of that lonely soul to the end in "the rapture of peace." The *Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse* are steeped in the recluses' loneliness, in the separation of the minds and emotions of different ages, and the restlessness and gloom; but they close with the word "peace." In the same manner the two *Obermann* poems pass through the characteristic Arnoldian ideas to the fundamental of "calm," by something like the "onward impulse" of the *Scholar Gypsy*.

> This end to help attain
> One common wave of thought and joy
> Lifting mankind again!
> * * * * *
> And glorious there, without a sound,
> Across the glimmering lake,
> High in the Valais-depth profound,
> I saw the morning break.

The later poems do not lose Arnold's characteristic tones. In *Westminster Abbey* he still sings of the "baffling change," and

"the tedious tossing to and fro" and "thy rest." Even the canary's death through the poet's keen sympathy (in *Poor Matthias*) suggested a variation of the dominant theme:

> Us, unable to divine
> Our companion's dying sign
> Or o'erpass the severing sea
> Set betwixt ourselves and thee,
> Till the sand thy feathers smirch
> Fallen dying off thy perch!

Even this fragmentary survey of Arnold's lyric poems establishes three principal tones, isolation, strife, and calm; and these bear the relations of dominant, sub-dominant, and key-tone or fundamental in his scale of emotions or ideas.

Let us consider the class of poems less apt to show a poet's characteristic thought—the narratives. But in these the same tones sound just as clearly. *The Forsaken Merman* interprets the separation of unlike though loving souls and its refrain is of loneliness forever. Even in the minor poems, *The Neckan*, *Saint Brandon*, with its picture of Judas, *the Sick King of Bokhara*, the main character is a sad soul separated from the rest of mankind, and making an effort to achieve peace.

Where could we find three long epics more insistent on the idea of isolation than *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Balder Dead*, and *Tristram and Iseult*? The Persians have been separated, and after Sohrab's efforts to meet his father and their struggle, their momentary meeting serves only to make more poignant the separation of "that lone pair." The Oxus gives the quiet calm:

> But the majestic river floated on,
> Out of the mist and hum of that low land.

In Arnold's Norse epic of the gods' strife, the blind Hoder in his guilt and remorse, the bereaved Nanna, the fleet-footed Hermod on his long and solitary quest,—all of these figures are isolated, but none more darkly than the dead Balder, king in the abode of death. The theme of *Tristram and Iseult* with its restless longing is still the essence of separation. The calm picture of the lonely Iseult in Brittany is the tragedy of isolation.

Now we have left to consider only the dramatic poems. Though *Merope* and the two Greek fragments could be shown to illustrate Arnold's various tones, yet we shall not pause with them but consider the *Empedocles on Etna*. Much like Swinburne's

glorious *Prelude to the Songs before Sunrise*, this inspiring note that Arnold sounds less often is heard in Empedocles' song in the second scene.

Once read thy own breast right,
And thou has done with fears;
Man gets no other light,
Search he a thousand years.
* * * * *
And yet for those who know
Themselves, who wisely take
Their way through life, and bow
To what they cannot break,
Why should I say that life need yield but
moderate bliss? * * * *
Is it so small a thing
To have enjoy'd the sun,
To have lived light in the spring
To have loved, to have thought, to have done;
To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes—
That we must feign a bliss
Of doubtful future date,
And, while we dream on this,
Lose all our present state,
And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?
* * * * *
I say: Fear not! Life still
Leaves human effort scope,
But, since life teems with ill,
Nurse no extravagant hope;
Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair!

The last song of Callicles ends, like Dante, with "The stars in their calm," but the last speech of Empedocles strengthens and broadens the conception from "calm" to "balance," "poise."

We had not lost our balance then nor grown
Thought's slaves and dead to every natural joy.
* * * * *
And in our individual human state
Go through the sad probation all again,
To see if we will poise our life at last,
To see if we will now at last be true
To our own only true, deep-buried selves.

This conception of poise brings us to Arnold's philosophy of life in general. Some of the tones prominent in his poetry by their very nature do not appear so plainly in his ordinary thought. But what is more noticeable in this statement of his ideal than our well-defined key-tone or fundamental?

"If one were to attempt to summarize in a single phrase the ideal which he [Arnold] sought to realize, and in a rare degree succeeded in realizing, that phrase would be the balance of life." It was by no accident that his two exemplars both in antique and in modern letters were complementary, each correcting the other according to his deficiency. On the one hand were the Greek Sophocles, whom he apostrophises as one 'who saw life steadily and saw it whole' and the Roman Marcus Aurelius from whom he learned 'to keep the balance true and my mind even'; on the other hand were the German Goethe, 'the strong, much toiling sage,' who 'pursued a lonely road,' * * *and the white-souled Wordsworth of his own land, who taught him to feel, who sent him, after every new plunge into the current of actuality and distraction, back to the deep, quiet waters of reflection, to life of inwardness."[10]

DUSK

By Oscar C. Williams

There is no bitterness by day
  Nor in the night when stars are true,
But Oh, the broken-hearted dusk
  That cries and cries between the two.

Life is a dusk that misses both
  The silver and the golden light,—
My heart must break as hearts must break
  Edged in between the day and night!

[10]Dawson, William Harbutt: Matthew Arnold. Putnam 1904. pp. 8–10

LAMMAS EVE

FANTASY IN ONE ACT

By Edith Randolph

Characters

Susan
Peter, *her son, a boy of thirteen*
The Gypsy

The Scene is Susan's cottage. Door left back. Crucifix on wall back, arranged so that candle placed under it shines out of the window. Table, bench, fire-place right. Large settle by the fire with high back and sides. The lighting is done apparently from fire. A shawl is thrown over back of settle.

Time: *Evening between spring and summer. Rain on roof.*

(*Susan moving about setting table, making the soup, evidently waiting for some one. She opens the door and looks up and down road.*)

Susan.—

Peter!

(*She goes to settle, takes shawl, throws it over her head and is about to get out hurriedly when Peter enters running, looking behind him.*)

Peter.—

Mother, did you hear it,

Susan.—

You are late, come dry your shoes.

Peter.—

You must have heard it too.

(*Susan puts shawl on the settle, laughs uneasily.*)

Susan.—

I heard the rain—were you not whistling then,

Peter.—

I whistling, I can whistle but if you
Thought that my whistling

Susan.—
What was it you heard,
Peter.—
A merry far-off tune, a song like that
The gypsies sing when they pass through the town.
It's Lamma's Eve, it's always raining then.
They sang a song, it rained and yet they sang,
About the camp-fire, shook their ragged coats
And sang into the rain.
Susan.—
You saw, you went?
Peter.—
You will let me go like other boys
To listen to the stories that they tell
Such stories mother, and your fortune too
For threepence Mother!
Susan.—
Did you go?
Peter.—
Why no!
I only crept up to the clearing by
The alder stump and looked down on the camp.
(*Song is heard*)
Peter.—
It's coming nearer—no! it's gone.
Susan.—
I'm glad.
There's danger in the gypsies and their call.
Peter.—
How can you tell who've never been to see
Their antics in the village,
Susan.—
I have heard
Their song.
Peter.—
When—mother,
Susan.—
On a Lammas eve.
Peter.—
And did you listen mother,
Susan.—
Yes, my dear.

Oh, Peter, little son, that gypsy song.
Will lure thee dear one and the road is hard
I know

Peter.—

Did you go with them mother,

Susan.—

No!

I stayed behind with thee

Peter.—

I'm not afraid.
Of any hardships, I would be a man.

Susan.—

So would I have thee, not a wanderer,
Who goes from place to place nor ever knows
The strength of biding fast, although he roam
My little boy, my dear tall little son
Your head is high as mine.

Peter.—

And very soon
I shall be taller.

Susan.—

Very soon but not
If you go hungry. Come my dear, and eat.
The soup is ready—Peter! see your hands.

Peter.—

When first you meet me up in Paradise,
You'll say to me, Peter go wash your hands.

Susan.—

Well! if some angel did not bid thee first—
But we are joking so of Paradise.
That is a sin, come quickly eat thy soup.
(*Peter sits and eats from bowl, speaks with his mouth full*)

Peter.—

I don't think I shall go to Paradise.
(*Movement from Susan*)
It is too stupid.

Susan.—

Peter!

Peter.—

And too slow.
Think of me mother always clean and good.
(*Song begins far away*)

(*Peter comes gradually under its influence*)
I'd go a gypsying the narrow way,
There must be much to see I've never seen.
There mother, I'm not hungry any more.
(*Pushes away bowl, song grows louder, Peter speaks as if hypnotized*)
I could eat berries underneath a bough
The smoke a tingle in my eyes, the grass
Damp through my clothes, the long wet grass that twines
Around your ankles as you cross the fields
The tiny night things that run in and out
And talk across you as you play asleep
While all the time you're listening. While out of doors
Begins to stir when you lie down to sleep.
The sky is high and dark and wisps of cloud
Drift downward, while the swamp below sends up
White wisps to meet them. You lie in between
Counting the fireflies, or else the stars
The road, the out-of-doors, the long sweet night—
Susan.—
Peter come back.
(*Song ends when she speaks*)
Peter.—
He is not singing now.
Why did you speak, I'll find him.
Susan.—
Peter, no.
Peter.—
I will.
Susan.—
Stay here and be obedient
Peter.—
I am no baby.
Susan.—
No, nor yet a man.
And I am still your mother—and I feel
Peter.—
Why mother darling, do not be afraid
It is no gypsy prowler. If it were
I'm here and he should not come nigh the door.
Susan.—
Never, my Peter, never let him in.

Peter.—
I will not mother. But 'd like to know—
Susan.—
Come Peter to thy tasks, I must go down
And burn my candle in the village church.
Peter.—
Why do you always go on Lamma's Eve,
It's gypsy's weather and it always rains.
Susan.—
It's but a shower. Should I miss for that!
My candle and my prayer,
Peter.—
You pray for me
Because I'm half a gypsy.
Susan.—
Peter!—Sin—
Peter.—
I heard you talking with the Priest one night
When you thought I was sleeping. And you said
The gypsy blood was in me and the call
Might one day find me out and you're afraid!
Susan.—
Yes, little son—I am—I am afraid.
Peter.—
I like the gypsies
Susan.—
Now thou'rt teasing me.
Peter.—
(*Sullenly*)
Should you not burn two candles in the church,
If I am so very wicked in my soul.
Susan.—
Thy soul is still mine own and part of me.
Peter.—
(*Very sweetly putting his arms around her*)
Then it is white and very, very pure.
Susan.—
Yet shall there be two candles as thou saithest
One in the window here to light my way
One in the church—where now I go to pray.
Be busy, warm and good, I'll not be long
Guard thou the fire, little son.

Peter.—

Good Night.

(*Susan goes out. Peter begins to study, becomes bored, throws down books, goes to fireplace, sits with chin on hands gazing into the flames. No light but the flickering candle and the firelight, no sound but the rain on the roof. Suddenly the gypsy song is heard far off coming nearer and nearer*)

SONG

Rain on the highroad
Trudging along
Singing for a penny
Penny worth o'song.
Song for a kiss and song for a sigh
Song of a gypsy passing by.

(*A gust of wind blows the door open, followed by rain. In the doorway stands a youth, fawn-like, ageless, dressed in ragged garments wet with the rain. Leaves on his hair and shoulders, as if fallen from wind-blown trees. He is the personification of the lure of the road. Peter stands silent in amazement. Gypsy laughs joyously*)

Gypsy.—

Thank you, I will come in, if you insist
I saw your candle shining thro' the rain
Was it for me?
(*He enters*)

Peter.—

My mother set it there
To light her way

Gypsy.—

So found I mine in stead
(*Sings*)

Candle, candle
Flickering, flaring
One eye staring
Boldly daring out!
Out, out, out, out!
Do not stare at me.

(*He is about to blow out the candle*)
(*Bus. of wind and closing door*)

Peter.—

Do not blow out the light!

Gypsy.—
It is done
Peter.—
You dare
To blow out mother's light! You'll not stay here
You are a gypsy . . .
Gypsy.—
Passing thro' the town!
But let me wring my coat and warm my hands
That I may pluck a meal from my wet strings
(*Peter has taken candle to relight it at fire but remains listening, the candle loose in his hand while the gypsy warms himself and sings*)
Gypsy.—
Love rode by, rode by in the rain
Gypsy's weather and the dripping eaves
Love looked up as the casement swung
Gorgio heart that's afraid of thieves
Love rode by, rode by in the night
Gypsy's hour and the shadowy eaves
Rain on the roof-tree, soft as a whisper
Gorgio heart that a kiss bereaves.
Peter.—
Go on.
Gypsy.—
(*Brings his hand in a discord across strings*)
Peter.—
(*Peter takes fiddle carefully placing it near fire*)
Gypsy.—
When you have your turn,
Peter.—
Me sing,
I cannot!
Gypsy.—
Have you tried,
Peter.—
I'd feel an ass!
Gypsy.—
You might at first, not after; can you dance?
Peter.—
Oh yes! On fete days in the village square
Old Amos plays the fiddle and we dance

And eat buns afterwards, and drink good wine
The Squire sends, tho' I am not allowed

Gypsy.—

To drink? or dance?

Peter.—

Oh I may dance!

Gypsy.—

Come then!

(*Takes Peter's hand, makes him dance within*)

Gypsy.—

The pixies are dancing a'top the dreaming heather
Dance, dance, dance as the moon drops low
Night-moths and pixies whirling all together
Whirl left! . . . Twirl right!
Come day! . . . Off night!
Faster, faster . . . slower, slower
One—two—Go!

(*Peter dances at first and awkwardly then catching Gypsy's spirit, dances faster and faster then slower and slower ending with whirl and stamp—Peter stands dazed—Gypsy laughs*)

Peter.—

Go, go, you hurt me when you stop

Gypsy.—

You should learn songs to sing when I am gone
When you have put me out into the rain—

Peter.—

Must—must you go, I'll give you supper here,
My mother baked a cake, I'll give you that
And a fine apple dumpling that she made
For me to take to school, I'll give you that!

Gypsy.—

Hast ever built a fire in a wood
And crouched beside it waiting till a hare
Was brought in freshly kicking from a snare,

Peter.—

That's poaching

Gypsy.—

Ay indeed!

Peter.—

Poachers are thieves!

Gypsy.—

Come hide with me beneath this prickly hedge

Thy stomach's empty and thy head afloat
With hungry vapors—Just ahead, a patch
Of winking sunlight and a waiting trap!
(*They hide beneath table*)

Peter.—
I'll not go poaching, 'tis against the law!

Gypsy.—
Look where a hare comes bounding! . . . Ha he's missed
St. Hubert send another or we fast.

Peter.—
But what . . .

Gypsy.—
Voices! . . . Lie close—

Peter.—
Who are they?

Gypsy.—
Hush!
Thine ears have sometimes tingled from a cuff?

Peter.—
Ay! Yes indeed.

Gypsy.—
Then, think what poachers get!
Lie still!

Peter.—
My nose—

Gypsy.—
What, wouldst thou sneeze, altho
A grass-blade tickled in thy nose? . . . Weigh it
Against thine ears or else lose both!
(*Peter strangles a sneeze*)

Gypsy.—
(*Gypsy peeps from under table*)
They've gone! Come out! That was a narrow shave
(*They crawl from under the table*)

Peter.—
What art thou playing at! Art crazed?

Gypsy.—
Look! Look!
A hare! He's caught. Ha how he kicks aloft.
Here quick the bag! Now come! Crouch low this way
(*Takes shawl for bag*)

Peter.—
I come
Gypsy.—
Mind that low branch, Gad! How the beggar squirms!
(*He is leading Peter here and there thru the room, finally reaching fireplace*)
Peter.—
The Keepers, did they see us?
Gypsy.—
Not this time
Although thy nose—The campfire we are safe!
Peter.—
They did not catch us, and we got the hare!
Gypsy.—
How is thy stomach and thy head?
Peter.—
We got the hare! . . .
Gypsy.—
And art a poaching rogue
Peter.—
Where is the bag? Why it is mother's shawl—
We went a' poaching—we were almost caught . . .
Black Magic! Thou's bewitched me—Mother said—
Gypsy.—
What?
Peter.—
Never, my Peter, let the Gypsies in!
The candle's out—my mother in the rain . . .
(*He is about to light candle, when Gypsy begins to sing over dying fire and he listens*)
Gypsy.—

Flames	Leap
Age	Creep
Hot	Cold
Young	Old
Blow	Breath
Life	Death

(*Flames flare up again*)
Peter.—
(*Candle still unlighted*)
Who art thou?

Gypsy.—

[illegible]

Peter.—

[illegible]

Gypsy.—

[illegible]

Peter.—What?

Gypsy.—

[illegible]

(He proceeds to gather berries)

[illegible]

Peter.—

Oh it is beautiful

Gypsy.—

See up above

Green leaves and silver shaken in the rain
And flashes like a sword of sunlight.

Peter.—

Sun?

Gypsy.—

Oh it is night or morning as I choose
For I'm a King of gypsies! Dost not see?

Peter.—

I am cold.
But Mother said—

Yes, yes, I do see now but I am cold!
The fire's out . . .

Gypsy.—

Wouldst have thy fortune told?

Peter.—
Ay that I would but I've no three'pence
Gypsy.—
Three
Red Rowan berries touched with silver rain
Will cross old Goody's palm
(*Old woman her head covered with heavy shawl from which strays gray hairs, comes into fire light from behind settle*)
Peter.—
How didst thou come,
(*Old woman holds out her hand*)
(*Peter does so*)
Gypsy.—
Give her thy berries three
Now cross her palm
(*Peter does so*)
Old woman.—
Hold thy hands together the fire . . . So . . .
I see a soldier—
Peter.—
Why I always knew
I'd be a soldier! Oh what else, what else?
(*Gypsy watching, has seemed puzzled at voice, but is now reassured*)
Old woman.—
A sword he carries, but he wears no helm
Peter.—
He lost it in the fray! Has he a horse?
Old Woman.—
He goes a'foot and underneath his cloak
He carries something . . .
Peter.—
Maybe it's the head
Of him he slew! . . . Might it not be his head?
(*To Gypsy who nods*)
Old Woman.—
It is a brazier full of glowing coals.
Peter.—
(*Gypsy has shown disquietude*)
A brazier!—Why our sexton carries one
To warm him when he goes to dig the graves!

Old Woman.—
So does this Knight
Peter.—
Then 'tis not I, I swear
I'll never bear a kettle full of coals
When I'm a soldier I would bear a sword
And fight!
Old Woman.—
A Hearth-fire is a lovely thing
To carry thro the world, so many there
Are cold,—Guard thou thy fire, little son.
(*She looks at him between her gray locks. Then as the fire flickers she disappears behind settle*)
Peter.—
Mother—Am I asleep? . . . I thought I heard
My mother
Gypsy.—
That was but a gypsy-hag
Didst like thy fortune?
Peter.—
Yes—I do not know—
Gypsy.—
A sword to guard a kettle! I would choose
Some foe to conquer bravely in its stead!
Peter.—
Ay that would I! I'd ride to Palestine
For Holy Cross—A Templar!
Gypsy.—
Where's thy sword?
Peter.—
Here! (*Takes shawl from settle*)
Gypsy.—
And thy sword?
(*Takes stick from hearth*)
This is my sword!
Gypsy.—
And yonder
Is thy horse (*Shows bench left*) Wilt let me mount behind?
My beast was lamed in the last foray so
I killed him—
Peter.—
Killed him!

Gypsy.—
Well, why not?
Peter.—
Mount, mount!
(*They get up on bench, as on horse-back, Peter in front*)
Gypsy.—(*Singing*)
Sands, desert sands
Where the white bones lie,
Cross Holy Cross
And the blazing sky
Thousand hoofbeats
Thundering by
Cross Holy Cross
And the Cause for which we die!
Peter.—
I see, I see, all's blinding white and blue
And hosts in armor moving in the sun!
Gypsy.—
Their glitter hurts thine eyes?
Peter.—
A little
Gypsy.—
Then
Close them, and let me guide the horse.
Peter.—
Look, look!
Gypsy.—
They are upon us!
Peter.—
Who?
Gypsy.—
The Saracens!
Peter.—
Cross, Holy Cross! Down with the Infidel!
Ride faster you they're closing in upon
That band of Knights . . . The Rood, The Rood!
Gypsy.—
On, On!
Peter.—
We come, brave Sirs. Stand fast a moment more!
Ride faster! Now, take that, thou heathen dog!

Gypsy.—
Child, thou . . .
Peter.—
Child I am not! Once more, the Cross
(*They seem to fight*)
Gypsy.—
Peter . . .
Peter.—
We ride to win Jerusalem
Shall these black dogs detain us?—We are men—
Peter.—(*Singing*)
Sands desert sands
Where the bravest lie
Up the hill
Where the Cross stands high
Sweeping on
Hear the Templars cry
"Cross Holy Cross
And the Cause for which we die!"
Gypsy.—
Peter 'tis but a dream
Peter.—
Men die for dreams
Like this, as we may soon, but not unknown
One with the legions who have passed this way.
Christ! From thy throne
Send Thy battle-cry
Thousands will answer
As he and I,
Christ! Can'st Thou hear
From the white hot sky?
Lift me and show me
The cause for which I die!
(*Peter slips from the bench to floor, Gypsy bends over him, Peter motions him back*)
Keep the drops for thyself . . . I do not thirst
Art wounded?
Gypsy.—
Peter, wake!
Peter.—
I would not wake

In heaven till I have seen God's glory here—
Look! There is the place . . . a little door . . .

Gypsy.—

Wandering wit come back, we've gone too far!

(*He withdraws into shadow. During previous scene, the light has been concentrated on them. Now the glow deepens around the hearth towards which Peter creeps on his knees, a woman is seen on settle, a veil falling over her head hiding her face. Peter knocks on side of the settle*)

Peter.—

Is this the place?

Woman.—

Enter and see.

Peter.—(*Creeps on to hearth*)

Is this
The sepulchre that we have died to save?

Woman.—

This is the Holy Place where Life doth lie
(*She draws him to her, when he is quieted she says*)
Wouldst thou see something very, very sweet

Peter.—

What is it?

Woman.—

He's asleep, be very still—
(*She leans over end of settle next fire, and unseen seems to draw away a covering, a soft light shines up into their faces; Peter gazes and a smile comes over his worn little face, he stretches his arm down towards the light*)

Peter.—

May I? (*She nods*) (*Peter with a gurgle of laughter*)
He's caught my finger in his fist,
How fast he holds! . . . He will not let me go!

Woman.—(*Gently*)

He will not let thee go, . . .

Peter.—

He's waking now
And he'll cry! Dear heart he must not cry—not yet—
I'll rock his cradle . . .

Woman.—

He has none, but thou
Shalt sing to him

Peter.—

I'm much too big for songs

When I was little mother sang to me
Like this it went I think, 'twas long ago . . .
Safe art thou sheltered, while
For us in thrall
Lies a sweet Baby-boy
Cold in a stall
Warm by my little one
Sweet Mary mild
Would I might cradle
Thy Heavenly Child

Mary thy grace we ask
Else have we none
Show us compassion
For ills we have none
Out of thy tenderness
Mary divine
Send thy sweet pity
To me and to mine

Woman.—
He's asleep
Peter.—
Thou art crying!
Woman.— Yes, because I know I too
Must one day lose my dearest in the world
And so I cry for her who must lose thee.
Peter.—
What thinkest thou the glory of the cross?
Gypsy.—(*Steals softly out*)
Ay, speak now of the battle! Hast forgot?
Peter.—
To die for it and kill the Saracens!
Woman.—
To die for it each day, this shalt thou do
Look, Peter hast thou seen my face before?
Peter.—
I think—I cannot tell—It seems—
Gypsy.—(*Whispering*)
Peter, adventure waits thee on the road . . .
Woman.—
My little One who sleeps, thy Brother is
And I thy Mother, all her tears are mine,

And when thou fain wouldst fight for Calvary
Remember it is hidden in her heart.
Fight for thy mother, lift up unafraid
Thy sword for all things weak and pitiful
Battle for righteousness among mankind
Out on the Road, but carry, little son
Beneath thy cloak the hearth-fire of home.

Peter.—

That's what the fortune-teller said—

Woman.— Take now

The sweetest, holiest thing in Christendom;
(*She draws him down until he kneels beside the unseen Child*
There, now his hand is resting on thy head
Be happy little son, Divinely blest.

(*The light of fire and from holy Babe fades slowly. Darkness for a moment, than a twig snaps, the fire blazes up, Peter is asleep on floor his head on settle. The Gypsy stands watching him. A pause—door opens and Susan enters hurriedly—Gypsy is in her line of vision and in full fire-light, he spreads his arms as in a last effort to come between her and the boy, she looks directly through him searching for Peter crying:*)

Susan.—

Peter, my Peter, art thou safe, art here?

(*Turning she sees Peter on floor and with a soft exclamation kneels beside him*)

I was afraid—I ran—the light was out
Darling, my soul was with thee in my prayers

(*The Gypsy with a shrug slips to the door looking back and singing sotto voce half-sadly, half-mockingly as he goes*)

Rain on the high road
Trudging along
Singing for a penny
Pennyworth o' song
Song for a kiss
And song for a sigh
Song of a gypsy
Passing by!

(*Peter stirs in his mother's arms*)

Peter.—

I am no baby—Mother sing to me.

Susan.—

(*Croons softly as the gypsy song dies away in the distance*)

Warm by my little one
Sweet Mary mild
Would I might cradle
Thy Heavenly Child.

(*As the Gypsy song dies away the curtain falls slowly*)

GOLD

By Oscar C Williams

The streets are strange and beautiful
  With rain and night and mist-haired cold;
The lamp-posts stand knee-deep within
    Their ponds of bleary gold.

The air is thronged with loneliness,
  The mystic myriads that behold
How rivulets of rain commix
    With rivulets of gold.

And shadows here, and shadows there,
  Like boys, are shiveringly bold,
And tremble, naked, on these vague
    And dreamy banks of gold.

The houses loom like dark chateaux,
  And like a lady proud of old,
The little wind that hurries by
    Rustles its skirts of gold.

Windows are eyes that do not close,
  And who may guess the dreams untold
That stir behind them as they watch
    This glamourie in gold?

THE WEASEL'S HOLIDAY

By Anne Mary Lyman

The fifteenth day of New Year's, and the last
Day of the feast, under the carven archway
Of Lo Han Dung, the most exalted temple
Of the great god Lo Han, sat Tsang Hao Dze,
And begged a dole of all the worshippers;
The last day of the New Year's feast, the day
Most holy to the gods that bring good fortune.
The courts of Lo Han Dung, the four great courts,
Were thronged. In dark recesses dimly glowed
Hundreds of faint gold flames of votive candles,
Through soft, gray-purple haze of incense smoke,
Heavy and sweet upon the twilight air.
Chanting of gray-gowned priests, and shivering stroke
Of great round copper gongs, and deeper notes
Of cast-bronze bells, made dreamy all the dusk.
Each in his niche, remote and passionless,
The gods on golden lotus-blossoms sat,
With folded hands, and half-closed eyes, gazing
Forever on some infinitely far
Nirvana; while around their knees there beat
A sea of human longing, human striving,
Human desire, and passion for achievement.

Under the gate, where twin stone dragons writhed
Up either column, twined their scaley length,
Upraised their crested heads, and darted fierce,
Forked tongues of fire—under the gate there crouched
Tsang Hao Dze, the Weasel, keen black eyes
Darting hither and thither through the crowd;
With all the while his high monotonous cry,
Shrilling—"Oh, *Fa-tsai-lao-yea*, sayeth not
The sage that merit in the world to come
Is won by lavish largesse to the poor?
Fa-tsai-lao-yea, but a single *chen*,

Or five thy purse can spare as well—be sure
The Gods will not o'erlook thy virtuous deed!
Fa-tsai-lao-yea, seven prayers the day
Shall storm the gates of heaven, for thy gain,
Which be assured the gods will multiply
According to thy merit!" So he called,
Rocking upon his bare brown heels; and clink
By clink, the coins fell jingling into his bowl.

A slim young novice, in a gray priest-gown,
Paused under the arch: "What gains, oh Weasel?"
And Tsang Hao Dze laughed, a sidelong laugh,
And said, "Your craft and mine are all that know
How many fools have passed this gate this day,
Hoping to buy their way to Guan Dung Tien
With five red candles, so much sandalwood
As seven *chen* will buy, a few small coins,
(And half of those poor counterfeit) to spread
Among the poor."
"You mock at sacred things,"
Countered the novice, but his own black eyes
Flickered with faint contempt, the while regarding
The pressing throng of ignorant worshippers.
Then he turned his cool, contemptuous gaze
Upon the Weasel. "Scavenger of the pious,
Your trade is only for the blind and crippled,
Yet brazenly beneath the temple archway
You batten on the largesse of the pilgrims."

The Weasel rose, and stretched his lean young body;
"Ay, we be parasites, the two of us;"
And laughed, and turned upon his heel, and went
Outside the gate, and sat upon a stone
That marked an old forgotten grave; there spread
His store of copper coins, and slipped them through
His fingers, counting and caressing.
Dim
Below him, purple in the dusk, there lay
The faintly clamorous city, cupped by hills
On every side, save where the river curved,
A broad, pale streak of mirrored evening sky.
The fifteenth day of New Year's—all the city

Glittered with unaccustomed lights. The streets,
Narrow and treacherous underfoot with slime,
Were all transfigured, magic ways of light,
Sparkling strands of golden beads a-glitter,
With here and yonder chains of small red lanterns
Lifted in towers of rubies.
Then the Weasel
In pure content huddled his heels beneath him,
And rocked and crooned wild scraps and shreds of song,
Learned from the actors over games of dice.

The long hill road was black with moving shadows,
Climbing and going down again; and here
And yonder lanterns lighted through the gloom
Small, swaying circles, or there bulked the square
High shadow of a dark sedan, with bearers
Shouting for leeway, calling down the curse
Of all the gods upon the low-born swine
That blocked the road.
The Weasel crouched and watched.
Beside the gate a lantern swung and flared;
The curtains of a painted palanquin
Parted, and by the dim, uncertain light
The Weasel glimpsed a woman's small white face . . . .
She turned—the lantern gleamed across a sheen
Of broidered rich brocade, and glittered back
From green and purple jewel-facets—turned
And passed among the throng. Then sprang the Weasel
Lightly to his feet, and wove his way
Through all the pressing multitude, until
He won to where the painted palanquin
Stood empty by the road, the bearers hunched
Together on a bench of stone, smoking
And telling tales.
Within the temple courts
Hundreds of voices hissed and murmured on,
And through the clamor boomed the clang of gongs;
The Weasel waited. Then at last she came,
Moving so daintily on tiny feet,
(Together scarce would fill the Weasel's palm).
The bearers stretched, and tucked their long-stemmed pipes
Into the girding band about their waists:

Then hoisted the sedan upon their shoulders,
And muttering maledictions, turned to go
Down to the dark, gay city.
Close behind
Followed Tsang Hao Dze, dazed and in a dream,
Seeing upon the darkening screen of night
Only the vision of a small white face,
With arching brows, curved like the slim new moon,
And black, bright eyes, smooth-lidded, and a mouth
Carmined, touched with a smile inscrutable.

Down to the dark, gay city with its lights
That trailed a many-colored fire along
The water-front, they came. Fantastic shapes
Of lanterns swung above the narrow streets,
Great crimson lotus-blooms, with hearts of fire,
And round-eyed, fan-tailed goldfish, gently swaying.
Banners of scarlet silk with gold inscriptions,
Pennons of painted satin, draped and hung
From every archway. Long festoons and garlands
Cunningly wrought from colored paper, blew
Above the doors; and all the crowded length
Of every street the hucksters' stalls were ranged,
Their little stock of basketry or toys
Spread on a bench, with overhead a lamp
With wick of elder pith, shedding a gleam
Of yellow light across the busy scene.

Threading its way among the shouldering crowds
The gay sedan, with curtains drawn, went by.
And ever following, just a pace behind,
The Weasel tracked it close.
At last they came
Into the courtyard of an inn, and there
The bearers halted, set their burden down.
All the court was one wild uproar, rising
In crests of shrill, high voices. Ranged about
Were many square small tables, lighted each
With a single scarlet candle, flaring high.
Small cups of white rice-wine stood close to hand,
And heaps of copper coins, and raw white silver
Piled at the corners. Sudden silences fell,

While in the circle of the candle-light
Tense faces leaned to watch the rolling dice.

The painted curtains of the closed sedan
Opened, and tottering on her tiny feet,
The woman stepped into that wild assembly,
The lights flickered and leaped about her head,
Flashing from blue and red and purple beads,
Broidering the band around her brows. Her lips
Parted to flash a carmined smile. Her hands,
Small, delicate hands, with rose-red painted nails,
Fluttered in sign of comraderie, and then
She passed between tall pillars, and was gone
Into an inner room.
The Weasel stood
Dazed and uncertain, knowing only this—
That pure content and carefree vagabondage
Were gone forever, that there was no meaning
For him in life, beyond that small, white face,
The haunting eyes, and carmined smiling mouth.
Upon that thought, he whirled and flung himself
Down on a bench beside the nearest table,
Place his stake, the pitiful meager store
Of coins (and half of them poor counterfeit),
Reached for the dice with quivering, eager hands,
Cupped them in silence, burning-eyed, and rolled them . . .

A laugh went up; a bony, yellow hand
Swept the small heap into a greater pile,
The Weasel watched, dry-lipped, uncomprehending,
Until another shouldered him aside—
"The street, fool!" someone hissed into his ear.
Then he rose, and walked out through the gate.
And walked the glittering thoroughfares adaze.

A huckster plucked his sleeve, and cried, "Come buy!"
He looked. A handful of bright *chen* lay loose
Upon the bench, amid the huckster's wares,
A breath!—the tiny lamp flicked out—a swoop
Of hand—swift dodging through the shifting crowd—
And he was safe, and in his palm the stake
For further hazard. . . Wherefore in his heart

There grew a whisper of assurance. Turning
He made his way back to the gamblers' revels.
Then with a lordly gesture down he flung
The *chen*, and shook the dice, nor had he need
To look, to know that he had won. Again,
Again, and yet again—while jingling store
Was added to the first, until the copper
Was changed to silver, ingots of pure metal.

Then at the last, sated with sure success,
He left the shouting gambling-tables, passed
Between tall pillars, found a little window
Like filigree of carven wood; there paused
And ripped a long white strip of window-paper
Free from the lattice-frame.
Wide-startled eyes
Stared into his; the Weasel stood abashed;
But she, glimpsing the glint of silver, beckoned.
A grating bolt shot back; the golden blaze
Of light beyond a door invited. So
He came into the presence of his goddess—
All she had seemed in stolen, fleeting glances
Intensified, more dazzling, leaning toward him,
All graciousness. Her small, exquisite hands
Fluttered to him from folds of silken sleeves.
The lamp-light slipped and shimmered glossily
Across the hair, as black as polished laquer,
And down the dark, rich crimson of her gown,
Kindling hints of gold along its borders,
And waking into sinuous life the golden,
Twisting dragons, marvellously wrought
From knee to throat.
The Weasel's hard, quick eyes
Grew deep with passion, so that he beheld
Only her small, white face, all else a mist
Of jeweled fire—her delicate, powdered face,
Her new-moon brows, and narrow, langorous eyes,
Hinting of things unknowable—undreamed . . .
She lit the little opium lamp, and rolled
A pellet of the heavy, sweetish opium;
And took a pipe with bowl of sea-green jade
And stem of ivory, and gave it him.

Then took her slender five-stringed lute; her hands,
Tipped daintily with painted nails, as scarlet
As pomegranate blossoms, swept the chords,
Strange, poignant, sliding notes; the while she leaned
To him and sang—
"White herons have built their nest in my garden,
Among the irises and willows.
Fly to my Beloved, and say to him
The irises are purple in my garden,
And white petals of the cherry-blossom are falling,
And Love—and Love grows faint with waiting . . . .
The night had been a promise of the spring,
No wind; but through the dark a veil of cloud
Had thickened, till the stars grew faint and died;
And with the first bleak light of early dawn
The raw, wet chill of winter sifted down
In slow, gray rain. Gone was the festival,
Save for a few limp paper streamers, dripping
Slow drops of red or green. The flag-stone pavements,
Uneven laid, and hollowed with the tread
Of generations, caught in foul black pools
The drip from low tile roofs.
A huddled heap
Of filthy rags, part shielded from the rain
Beneath the wide eaves of the inn, stirred slightly,
Stretched a lean brown arm, resolved itself
Into the Weasel. Heavy-eyed and dull,
He stared into the rain, and shivered, hugged
His rags about him; while his brain was searching
Vaguely through a tangled, dim remoteness,
Seeking a glint of magic, half-remembered—
Something—a pair of dice with round black eyes—
No, no—a small white face, with narrowed eyes,
And carmined mouth—that wavered and grew dim—
Something about white herons—then no more
Until the damply penetrating chill
Disturbed his stupor with a growing sense
Of misery long endured.
A water-carrier
Went by with swinging pails—another passed.
The day was well awake. The sliding panels
That close the fronts of all the little shops

At night, came clattering down. A tradesman passed,
With prosperous business air,—"Oh *Fa-tsai-lao-yea,*"
Droned the Weasel, "Just a few small *chen*——"
The man went by.
Then with a creak and rattle
Of rusted hinges and reluctant bolts,
The inn-gates opened; men went in and out.
Someone tossed a copper to the Weasel;
And as it rang upon the wet black pavement,
A lightning—flash of memory ripped across
The gray fog of his brain—the clink of metal,
Rattling dice, and silver—raw white silver—
Her face, set in a mist of jeweled fire—
The warm, sick sweetness of the opium smoke.
He fumbled at his girdle—had he dreamed
The silver? Was it all a dream, except,
Perhaps, the opium? All the rest a play
Of painted shadows in a haze of smoke?
He stared into the gray, monotonous rain,
And wondered.
In the courtyard of the inn
He hard the stir and bustle of departure
Of some rich merchant's retinue, and watched
The bearers of the loads come through the gate,
And last the wealthy man himself, in state,
Three bearers to the poles of his sedan.

"O Fa-tsai-lao-yea"—Tsang Hao Dze began
His begging cry—and stopped! For in the gateway,
The woman, swaying on her tiny feet,
Stood like a faded shadow of his dream—
For in the wan, stark light of wet gray morning
Her face showed sodden drooping lines beneath
The restless, bold black eyes—her lips were pinched
And old; and from her tiny scarlet shoes
Of fraying satin, up to the stray, unkempt
And lusterless hair, she seemed a thing shabby,
And stripped of mystery, and old, as old
As all the thin worn ugliness of life . . .

* * * * * * *

The sixteenth day of New Year's boomed the gongs
Desolately across the wet deserted

Courts of Lo Han D . The shivering novice
Lit lonely candles in the gloomy shrines,
Till coming last to those four giant gods,
Guards of the gate, he came upon the Weasel,
Shrinking from the wind.
"Tsang Hao Dze—you!
What do you think to harvest here today?
The feast is over, and the gods will wait
In vain for pilgrim prayers today—and you
For pilgrim charity."
The Weasel bent
And warmed his hands above the candle flame.
"Hark you, Brother of all the poor," he said,
With impudent gaiety, "Since yestereve
I have been through the seven heavens—ay,
And down the back-stairs of the skies again;
In truth, thrown down.—*Ay-ya*! The feast is over:—
Brother, there is no generosity
Under a single one of all those roofs
You see below there. Brother of all the poor,
Surely there is a little rice and *tsai*—"
"Come, get you to the kitchen, vagabond,"
The novice laughed.—They crossed the rainwet courts.

PRAYER

By Guy Charles Cros

Translated from the French by Edward H. Pfeiffer

My God, to thee this night do I make prayer
For every mortal everywhere
Who hath not known nor youth nor comeliness,
For all whom thy fond touch hath never graced
Who are, alas! poor, tragic caricatures
From whom thy saintly image is effaced.

My God, for all poor mortals I make prayer,
For those whose heart hath never heard the words
That thou thyself hath to thy folk bequeathed,
So beautiful and so profound that they bring tears.

I have asked nought, O Lord, and ask for nothing now,
For the divine of earth, for such as we,
Since thou hast given us the universe

With all its forests and its seas,
With all its spring-times pregnant and its storms,
With all its rhythmic laws and diverse men,
With women all so soft to the caress
It seems the verdant charm
Of all that breathes and buds beneath the sun
Is now and then reflected bright in them—
The pure and perfect mirrors of the beauty of the world.
But they, the others, God, who are the truly damned,
The exiles from thine earthly paradise,
Take pity on them, let their eyes
Remain forever closed unto the light
Nor wake them from the dream that is their life;
Accord to them, at least,
Since all the rest hath been denied,
The sheer impassibility and ignorance
That thou hast given as the lot, my God,
To plants and to beasts,
Our brothers and sisters on the earth, as they!

To thee this night, O Lord, do I make prayer
For every mortal everywhere
Who hath not known nor youth nor comeliness
Nor joy divine nor genius;
For all whom thy fond touch hath never graced,
Who are, alas! poor, tragic caricatures
From whom thy saintly image is effaced.

ESTABLISHED 1889

THE OLDEST AND LARGEST REVIEW IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAG

DEVOTED TO POETRY AND DRAMA

Poet Lore

TITLE REGISTERED AS A TRADE MARK

A Magazine of Letters

Autumn Number

Borga Gard, A Play in Four Acts
By TOR HEDBERG

Dante's "Divina Commedia," Its Moslem Sources
By CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

To the White Cross of Savoy
By GIOSUE CARDUCCI

Two Blind Men and a Donkey, A Play for Marionettes
By MATHURIN M. DONDO

(Complete Contents on Inside Cover)

Richard G. Badger, Publisher
The Gorham Press The Poet Lore Company
194 Boylston St Boston U.S.A.

Poet Lore

Editors
CHARLOTTE PORTER, HELEN A. CLARKE, RUTH HILL

AUTUMN, 1921

Borga Gard, A Play in Four Acts — Tor Hedberg — 317
Translated from Swedish by Helga Colquist

Perfumed Thorns — Juan Ramon Jimenez — 374
Translated from Spanish by Herbert King Stone

Dante's Divina Commedia, Its Moslem Sources and Parallels — Charlotte Brewster Jordan — 375

Night — Renato Fucini — 390
Translated from Italian by Herbert King Stone

Two Blind Men and a Donkey, A Play — Mathurin M. Dondo — 391

Poetry in Chile — Willis K. Jones — 403

The Little Mortal Child, A Play — Gladys LaDue Evans — 409

The Mirror — Pierre de Ronsard — 415
Translated by Grace Wallace

Anton Chekov, The Master of the Gray Short-Story — N. Bryllion Fagin — 416

Slippers, A Fantasy in One Act — Anne MacFarlane — 425

Weariness from Suffering — Juan Ramon Jimenez — 430
Translated from Spanish by Herbert King Stone

Walter Pater, Some of His Imaginary Portraits — Donald Worth Marshall — 431

The Immortal, A Play in One Act — Carl Glick and Bernard Sobel — 441

To the White Cross of Savoy — Giosue Carducci — 454
Translated from Italian by Irene Sargent

Herodiade — Mallarme — 458
Translated by Joseph Twadell Shipley

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

POET LORE is published quarterly in the months of March (*Spring Number*), June (*Summer Number*), September (*Autumn Number*), and December (*Winter Number*).

Ann[illegible]ption $6.00. Single copies $1.50

BORGA GARD*

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

By Tor Hedberg

Translated from the Swedish by Helga Colquist

Characters

Karl Gustav Glimming
Herman } *his sons*
Lennart }
Malcolm, *his brother*
Aunt Adele
Ebba Biroth
Allan Ramsay
Uncle Hinke
Crown, *a peasant*
Anna, *his daughter*
The Steward

The action takes place at Borga Farm during the summer. Present time.

ACT I

Glimming's workroom, the favorite assembly room of the family It is a large, almost square room with a white-washed ceiling and walls covered with old fashioned Chinese tapestry. In the background are two windows. On the wall between these is a shelf containing records bound in blue pasteboard, account books, calendars, and statute books. Glimming's writing-desk stands obliquely between the two windows from which he has a view upon the lawn. In the left corner of the background is a rack on which are found hunting guns, carbines and dragoon-sabres. In the left corner stands a safe.

*Copyright 1921 by THE POET LORE COMPANY

On the left wall is a door leading to the vestibule, but it is closed at the opening of the scene. Before this door are arranged a table, a sofa and some chairs belonging to the Empire style. On the right wall is a door leading to a pool-room and to the second story. This door is open. Before it stands an old Marieberg porcelain stove, and farther out on the foreground are some modern upholstered leather chairs.

It is morning. The window to the right is open, affording the spectator a view upon the sunlit yard and a glimpse of the white-washed side building behind the lime trees.

Glimming is seated at his desk getting his mail ready to be sent. After a while, voices are heard in the yard. Glimming stops writing and listens.

Herman's voice.—Indeed! This is the new housekeeper? What is your name?

Anna's voice.—Anna.

Herman.—Where are you from?

Anna.—From Bo-Cottage.

Herman.—Oh, the deuce! Are you Bo-Cottage Anna, that little barefooted lass that never would curtsey when she said hello? I recognize you all right, though you've grown prettier. And now Dad has become serious. Well, well! Are you in a hurry?

Anna.—Yes

Herman.—Wait a minute! I just want to see if you have learned how to curtsey. Indeed! Wait, the deuce!

(*It becomes quiet. Then, at a distance, is heard* ANNA'S *laugh loud, hearty, but a little coarse.*)

(GLIMMING *throws his pen down, makes a move to rise but checks himself and remains sitting. He listens, picks up his pen again, and begins to write.*)

Herman (From the hall).—Good morning, Dad. (GLIMMING *nods without discontinuing to write.*) Would you believe it! I overslept anyhow! But the game of bridge wasn't over until two o'clock. I have just been in the barn, and I told Per to have the horse saddled at four instead. I'll let him sit on the race horse and ride along with us. He needs exercise, and so does Per. I promised Per that we would drive corn to-morrow. Then you should have heard how he grunted! Otherwise, I think he has aged much. (*Takes a cigar.*) Licenia! Do you still have some left of that kind? I should think you'd try a change some time. The others are, of course, lingering at the breakfast table. I and

Ramsay left them. He was going out to take a look at the estate, but I excused myself. He had gigantic luck yesterday. I lost—oh, well, not so terribly much, dear daddy. Lennart escaped unfleeced, Uncle Hinke won a shilling; but that wasn't to his credit. He is impossible! (*Goes to the window on the right.*) Mercy! How moth-eaten that lime tree looks! 'Twould be better to chop it down And the side buildings need to be white-washed again. The deuce, what a stylish housekeeper you have! It is noticeable that it isn't mother who does the choosing any more. Am I disturbing you? (*Goes from the window.*) (LENNART *and* UNCLE HINKE *come from the right.*)

Lennart—Good morning, papa.

Uncle Hinke.—Good morning, Karl Gustaf.

(GLIMMING *Nods.*)

Herman.—Have you finally had enough to eat, Uncle?

Uncle Hinke.—God save the First Lieutenant. Now, I guess I'll get along for a while.

Herman.—Did you see how he stuffed himself, Lennart? Three sausages while I was there, to say nothing of the ham. (*Offers him a cigar.*) A Licenia! Oh, yes! Well, if it's good enough for me! You will get a Havana this afternoon, Uncle. Well, not one of papa's but one of mine.

Uncle Hinke.—God save the First Lieutenant!

Herman.—Old Sybarite! But how you could play the Queen I don't understand, Uncle.

Uncle Hinke.—The Queen?

Herman.—The Jack is lying on the table and then you draw with the lady, Uncle. Why, that's idiotic!

Uncle Hinke (*Shows a temper and begins to stammer a little*).—Wha-what do I care about the Jack? If-if I want to draw with the Queen, surely that's my privilege.

Herman.—But in the name of Heaven—why, that increases the value of the Jack.

Uncle Hinke.—H-h-how am I to know? Can I read the cards?

Herman—Why, the ace and the King are taken.

Uncle Hinke.—That's not so. I dispute it.

Herman.—Ask Lennart. Didn't you play the King, and didn't Ramsay draw with the ace?

Lennart (*Who has been sitting to the right, reading a paper, looks up*).—What's that about?

Herman.—Didn't you draw with the King of Hearts?

Uncle Hinke.—No, let me explain—(*The quarrel continues, with* LENNART *as auditor.* AUNT ADELE, EBBA *and* MALCOLM *enter from the right.*)

Aunt.—How do you do my dear Karl Gustaf. Well, don't by any means let me disturb you. Why, I have Malcolm. (*Sits down by the table to the left.*)

Ebba (*Kisses* GLIMMING *on his forehead*).—Good morning, Uncle.

Aunt.—Malcolm, say, where are you? Come here, and I'll tell you all about it. Where's my knitting? Kind Ebba!—(MALCOLM *who has entered a little later than the others, goes obediently to the table and sits down beside it. He picks up a pipe and fills it. A terrier which has been lying near the door to the left comes to him and jumps up on his lap.*)

Aunt.—You are altogether too credulous, my dear Malcolm, and you don't have any knowledge of mankind. Thank you, kind, kind, Ebba! Now listen to what I tell you and keep it in mind. If a man is ruined, ninety times out of a hundred it is his wife's fault. My brother Edward was the most decent person in the world—as all the Ramsays—but Alida! Well, God forbid that I say anything mean about her. All had gone well if it hadn't been for her brother; for they were real adventurers, expecially the one who married the Brazilian; for it was thru her he came into possession of those blessed mines in Brazil, you see; and that became Edward's misfortune. But he was proud and didn't say a word, but took his secret with him to his grave. And now his son is here! Yes, yes! Mercy how they're yelling over there! What are they quarrelling about?

Ebba.—About cards, of course.

Aunt.—Yes, they have become the misfortune of many. You didn't play with them, did you, my dear Malcolm? That was right, one ought to withstand temptation.

Ebba.—Is he really that rich?

Aunt.—Whom are you talking about, my girl?

Ebba.—About Allan Ramsay.

Aunt.—They say so. Sometimes he is rich, sometimes poor—up and down, up and down. He isn't a real Ramsay, but I suppose that comes from Brazil—I mean from his Uncle. (*Designedly, somewhat sharply*) That's how it goes when a person marries an outlander, my dear Malcolm. But at present he is supposed to have money like grass.

Ebba.—I wonder how old he is.

Aunt.—Let me see. Edward was married in 1870.

Uncle Hinke.—'Seventy-two, Your Grace.

Aunt.—No-o. Ye-s! Quite right—'72 it was. Then—seventy, eighty, ninety—he ought to be thirty years.

Uncle Hinke.—Forty-one, Your Grace.

Aunt.—No-o. Ye-s! Quite right, how the time passes!

(*A pause*)

Malcolm (*Looks around, coughs*).—When I was at Kap, anno —

Lennart.—He's a sharp business head, at all events. He is supposed to have earned a million dollars last year.

Herman.—Yes, thanks to Hallefors.

Uncle Hinke (*Sighs*).—Hallefors, yes! (*A pause*)

Malcolm (*As before*).—When I was at Kap, anno 1887, I met an old Dutch pirate. He was one-eyed—

Herman.—And just to think, that if grandfather had not sold Hallefors, we could now—

Aunt.—Your grandfather was a very wise man.

Herman.—Yes, but that time he made a capital fiasco. A paltry two hundred thousand.

Uncle Hinke.—Two hundred twenty with the crops and inventories. I know, because I testified the contract.

Herman.—What did you get for testifying such a disgraceful thing, Uncle?

Uncle Hinke.—Would you like to know?

Herman.—Yes, make a clean breast of it, I tell you!

Uncle Hinke.—There, on the table the contract was signed. Then we drove to Vasteras with some corn and we ate dinner at the City Hotel. Of course, it was Gellander, the proprietor of the Iron Works, who treated us. He became drunk as a fish that evening. Ten bottles of champagne for five men. On the way home he wanted to drive the team, and if it hadn't been for Per, he would have had us all lying in the ditch. Oh! Oh! Oh! Well, at that time, it was considered generously paid, after all. For then, you see, the water didn't have any value and was allowed to run as it wished.

Lennart.—No, people didn't understand much at that time.

Uncle Hinke.—Alas! So little—so little! But we were good-livers, and there was plenty of money, and ground, too, for the one who could purchase it. Here, at Borga Farm, there dwelled once, a Karl Leonard Glimming—that was your great grandfather, boys, the greatest proprietor in Sweden—next to

Hildebrand, of course. About 1820 he owned no less than seven estates in central Sweden, one hundred and twenty farm taxations in all.

Herman.—Now you are exaggerating, Uncle. It wasn't more than five.

Uncle Hinke (*Counts on his fingers*).—Borga, Hällefors, Bränne, Kristinedal, Degersjö, Skogalund, Vällinge.

Lennart.—Where do you get Vällinge from, Uncle?

Uncle Hinke.—In the year 1827, Karl Leonard Glimming purchased Vällinge after the death of President Klas von Sockenström who was childless, and then he sold it again in 1834 to Wallner at Hägersta, proprietor of the Iron Works.

Aunt.—Uncle Hinke is right—for once.

Uncle Hinke.—Uncle Hinke knows what he's talking about, all right,—he, he, he! No one is going to fool him about the Glimmings. At that time Glimming was a big name—a very big name—a *very* big name.

Herman.—And where is everything now? It makes a person feel like tearing his hair out.

Uncle Hinke.—When Karl Leonard Glimming, at the age of sixty, remarried, and took for his bride the beautiful Elsa von Raab, he exchanged Skogalund for two estates in Stockholm, on Storgatan (*the finest residential street in Stockholm*) where he intended to build a palace for himself and his young consort. You see, he was, in fact, head over heels in love—and sixty years old—as I said before. But after the honeymoon he regained his reasoning power, and the palace was never built. Even before this he had given Bränne, Kristinedal, and Degersjö as doweries to his three daughters in his first marriage, all of whom married rich or eminent men. Beata, who married a Stahre, received Bränne.

Aunt.—Kristinedal!

Uncle Hinke.—I beg your pardon, Your Grace! Beata Glimming married Baron von Stahre, who later became the Minister of State at Kopenhagen.

Aunt.—Quite right—she did.

Uncle Hinke.—And received Bränne as a dowry.

Aunt.—Kristinedal!

Uncle Hinke.—By all that is holy—Bränne!

Aunt (*Mildly but firmly*).—Kristinedal!

Uncle Hinke (*Looks at her, goes to the window to get cooled*)

Aunt.—You see, dear Ebba, it was Ulrika, the second daughter, your great grandmother, who married a Biroth and was given

Degersjö, while the eldest one, who was called Ebba, as you, married von Raab, who was the brother of Karl Leonard's second wife, and thus he became the uncle of his father-in-law.

Ebba.—No, Auntie, Ebba was the youngest and the prettiest.

Herman.—And the most frivolous. It was she who eloped with von Raab's coachman.

Ebba.—Did she elope?

Herman.—Yes, one day, as she was out riding with the coachman they disappeared leaving not a trace after them. He was said to be a handsome man while the Raabs are as ugly as sin.

Ebba.—Not at all. Lieutenant von Raab at Halsingärna is very good-looking.

Herman.—Why, of course. He is a descendant of the coachman.

Ebba.—No, what are you saying? Is he—(*They go back a piece conversing eagerly.*)

Aunt.—Now listen to me, my dear Malcolm. Beata married von Raab and was given Kristinedal. Thus you see that Uncle Hinke is wrong. And it was at their wedding that your great-grandfather met the bridegroom's sister, and fell in love with her and proposed to her, and was accepted. In this way he became related to his own daughter; and later it is claimed, he was sorry that he had given away all his farms, when he had a son, himself; but then it was too late, and he never forgave them. And there was never any luck with them either . . . etc.

Uncle Hinke (*To* LENNART).—Thus it was Beata who married Stahre and was given Bränne; the second daughter, Ulrika, married a Biroth and was given Kristinedal; while the youngest one Ebba, married von Raab and was given Degersjö. But later, when Biroth became President of the Superior Court of Justice at Göta and moved to Jönköping, he and Stahre traded farms, and that's what Auntie . . . etc. (*The three conversations are simultaneous toward the end, and they grow louder. Finally they all shout over each other except* MALCOLM *who sits unmoved and pets the terrier. In the midst of this noise* GLIMMING *shuts his ledger with a slam and rises. All become silent at once.*)

Glimming (*Comes down*).—What's all this about?

Herman.—Oh, we are just talking about the Glimming estates.

Glimming.—I don't know that there is more than one.

Herman.—About those we might have had, if it hadn't been for—

Glimming.—Listen, my boy! When Karl Leonard Glim-

ming was sixty years old, he married the young Ebba von Raab and in this marriage a son was born to whom he willed the neighboring farms Borga and Hällefors which together formed the largest possession in Västmanland. But when he died, his son was only seven years old, and during his minority, Karl Leonard's widow managed the farms with the result that in the year 1856, when my father entered upon the inheritance, Hällefors had to be sold. Since then the Glimmings have had only the old family estate, Borga, remaining. Is there anything else we need to know? (*Silence. During* GLIMMING'S *words* RAMSAY *has appeared at the door of the vestibule. When* GLIMMING *now turns around he sees him.*) Good morning, my worthy brother, I hope you slept well.

Ramsay.—Splendidly. I got up early to accompany you on your morning round. But it was too late, anyhow.

Glimming.—Yes. In the summer I go out at six o'clock.

Ramsay.—Bravo. The old stock! I met your steward instead, and he became my cicerone. Good fellow?

Glimming.—Well, yes. A little young yet.

Ramsay.—Well, I'm not an employer, but—my compliments. Borga didn't get her reputation for nothing. There's only one thing that astonishes me.

Glimming.—What's that?

Ramsay.—That you haven't procured electricity on the farm yet although you have the power right at hand.

Glimming.—Where?

Ramsay.—At Hällesfors, of course. You will be given the best terms. Let me take care of that affair for you.

Glimming.—At Borga Farm *nothing* is taken from Hällesfors as long as *I* live.

Ramsay.—Aha!—Open enmity?

Glimming.—Yes!

Ramsay.—Now you are short-sighted, Glimming. I understand that reasoning of yours. You farmers look at industry as an enemy which must be fought against. It was passable as long as you had it confined in the towns, but now it's coming nearer to you all the time. It settles down right among you. It takes away from you the water that was allowed to run to no advantage, the woods that you cut down or allowed to overgrow, the mosses which you thought were worthless.

Glimming.—And the people you are drawing away from us

and are ruining in your cursed factories. What shall we do when we no longer have any arms to cultivate the soil?

Ramsay.—Take power from us. We take away your peasants and laborers, but we give you electricity in their stead. Of course, there will be a few difficulties before you will have time to adjust yourselves to the new conditions, but it is only a matter of time, and it depends upon yourselves whether it will be soon or not.

Light and power! Have you considered what that means? Light over the whole land, in manor houses and peasant cottages. —Don't laugh!—In stables and farm-yards, to the end of the highways. The long, dull winter darkness conquered. What a revolution! And then power, power for the new machines, with which the earth will be brought to a culture whereof we have not yet dreamed. That's the future, and it is for us, not against us. We are allies, not enemies, Glimming.

Glimming.—Yes, yes, that sounds good. But it is all a damned lie! Excuse me a moment, I must—(*Goes out to the vestibule*).

Herman.—I hope you won't take it as an insult. Papa has his old-fashioned ideas.

Ramsay.—No harm in that. He'll come, I am sure. It's not the best ones that come first.

Herman.—For my part, I think you are perfectly right.

Ramsay (*Carelessly*).—Yes, of course (*To* AUNT ADELE *who rises to go.*) I hope I am not frightening you away—

Aunt.—Not at all, but I have a few things to do—and Ebba is going down to the garden to see to it that you may have asparagus for lunch. I hope you take after your father. He was very fond of asparagus.

Ramsay.—In that capacity, at least, I have not degenerated. (AUNT ADELE *and* EBBA *go out thru the vestibule.*)

Ramsay (*to* UNCLE HINKE).—Have you, Master of the Chase, been here at Borga long?

Uncle Hinke.—Oh, yes, about fifty years.

Ramsay.—God forbid! As Master of the Chase?

Uncle Hinke.—No, as a guest.

Ramsay.—Then you are surely well acquainted with all the forests at any rate, Master?

Uncle Hinke.—That depends. Are you a speculator, Sir Banker?

Ramsay (*Laughs*).—Who knows! But, alas, I am not a banker.

Uncle Hinke.—Well, I'm not a master of the chase, either.

Ramsay.—Not? I thought that—

Uncle Hinke.—Yes, that's what they call me. When I was fifty years old, I was given that title, and now I'll hardly advance any more.

Ramsay.—Don't say that. Just let us have a talk together! (*Pats him on the shoulder*) (*Meanwhile* HERMAN *and* LENNART *have gone out to the billiards, and after a while, the sound of the balls is heard from that direction.*)

Ramsay.—And you, old Malcolm, what are you sitting here, thinking about?

Malcolm (*Rises, takes hold of his lapel*).—Anno 1867, when I was at Kap, I met an old Dutch pirate, who was one-eyed and enormously rich—Had money like grass. Agreeable fellow. We became life and soul for each other! He had bought some diamond mines up there and proposed that I should become his partner. He showed me a diamond that they had found a few days before, big as a hazel nut. Had it in the pocket of his trousers—

Ramsay.—No, Malcolm!

Malcolm.—Upon my word, in the pocket of his trousers, tied in a handkerchief, a big red handkerchief of Dutch linen, with a death skull in the one corner.

Ramsay.—Perhaps it was a flag.

Malcolm (*Looks at him*).—Yes, that's possible. Perhaps it was a piece of a flag.

Ramsay.—That was odd.

Malcolm.—Very odd.

Ramsay.—Well, did you become his companion.

Malcolm.—No, I had just engaged a berth on an East India steamer, and had to embark on the next day. Have never seen him since.

Ramsay (*Looks him over*).—It is incredible how handsome you are, Malcolm, and the more handsome the older you grow.

Malcolm (*Fondling his mustache*).—Is that so?

Ramsay.—What conquests you must have won in your days! (MALCOLM *smiles and is quiet*) What was that about the Russian princess? Did you really get married? I have never had the opportunity of hearing the correct story.

Uncle Hinke.—They met at Nizza—during the carnival—and she fell in love with him immediately. She had never seen such a handsome man before, though she had, no doubt, seen a thing or two. She was a widow, and she was bound to marry him, and

somehow Malcolm allowed himself to be persuaded. It was a short but sparkling story. How long was it you were married, Malcolm?

Malcolm.—A couple of months.

Uncle Hinke.—A month at Nizza, a month in Paris. Everywhere they left their mark, "le beau suédois" and his roaring-rich princess.

In Paris they are supposed to have squandered about half a million. If Malcolm lies about it, then I'm lying, too. Then, one fine day, he grew tired of her and deserted her, and she returned to her estate in Bessarabia, and the marriage was declared illegal, inasmuch as Malcolm did not wish to change his religion. For he has his principles. (*Looks at* MALCOLM, *laughs inwardly*). Just look at him! There he sits smoothing his black mustache! Doesn't he look like a satrap? What fates he must have endured! I remember him when he was eight years old and fought with the children, and when he was eighteen and seduced the maids. You should have seen him then. There weren't any girls who could withstand. Karl Gustaf was not a dainty feeder either. Such life! Sometimes we drove in to Vasteras and played highwaymen. Uncle Hinke was permitted to have his little share of the game, all right. At the age of twenty he went to sea after he had squandered his inheritance from his mother; and after that, he wasn't heard from oftener than every fifth year. But then, what stories! And the strangest thing is that most of what he says is true; because he doesn't boast.

Malcolm.—True, all of it, except about my inheritance.

Uncle Hinke.—And now he's sitting here at old Borga, playing settler.

Ramsay.—Settler?

Uncle Hinke.—Don't you know that he's building a log-cabin up in the Botorp-Woods—with his own hands? For three years he's been working at it; but then, it's going to be something. Yes, yes, Malcolm, I won't say anything.

Ramsay.—Hope I may visit you there some time. Aren't we going in to watch the game? If I were you, Malcolm, I should go to Bessarabia, become a Catholic and then come home with a couple of millions. Then we'd do some business! (*Goes to the billiards.*)

Malcolm.—Was he in earnest, do you think?

Uncle Hinke.—Look out for him, Malcolm. He's a cheat! Did you see how he patted me on the shoulder? But I *gave* it to

him. Why do you think Karl Gustaf has invited him to come here?

Malcolm (*Muses*).—Business?

Uncle Hinke.—Certainly! Did you hear how he tried to pump me about the woods? But I've had experience along that line before, all right. Master of the Chase!

Malcolm.—Karl Gustaf is terrible to waste money these days. (*Gets an idea.*) If I should—

Uncle Hinke.—What?

Malcolm.—If I should watch my chance and prevent him!

Uncle Hinke (*Charmed*).—Do that. Just get after him. Don't be bashful. Rid him of his money properly. What, the devil, has he to do here! And how they cater to him!

Anna (*From the vestibule*).—Isn't the Proprietor here?

Uncle Hinke.—No-o, little Anna! How are you to-day, beautiful Anna? Won't Uncle Hinke do in his stead?

Anna.—The steward is out there and wishes to talk with him.

Glimming (*From the vestibule*).—What's this about?

Anna.—It is the steward who—

Glimming.—Let him come in! Wait a moment. (*Goes to the table takes a couple of letters.*) I want you to take a few letters.

Malcolm.—Come then, Hinke. You may go with me to the Botorp Gate—but not any farther. Come, Waldmann! (MALCOLM *and* UNCLE HINKE *go, the terrier follows them.*)

Anna.—Was there anything you wanted me to do, Sir Proprietor?

Glimming (*Looks sharply at her. She sustains his glance, smiling calmly*).— Come in when the steward has gone. I wish to talk with you, Anna.

Anna.—Yes, Sir Proprietor!

Glimming.—Take these letters—to the stable. And shut that door!

Anna (*Shuts the door to the pool-room, then she goes out to the vestibule.* GLIMMING *sits down beside the table. After a few moments the steward enters from the vestibule.*)

Steward.—Good-morning, Proprietor!

Glimming.—Good-morning! Sit down. How much came yesterday?

Steward.—A scanty five millimeters.

Glimming.—Well, that's something, anyhow. It has surely helped the pastures at any rate.

Steward.—Should have come sooner. We'll have to begin on

a small scale next week. I thought of starting with the Branntorp meadow.

Glimming.—Isn't that too early?

Steward.—We'll have to start in time if we are to get thru in time with our weak working force.

Glimming.—Take extra help then.

Steward.—None to be gotten, unless you'll give better wages, Proprietor.

Glimming.—I pay what is just.

Steward.—At Hallefors they pay thirty percent *more* and take as many as they can get.

Glimming.—Hallefors! Hallefors! What have we to do with Hallefors? Let us manage our own business! Not a farthing more.—Do you hear, Sir? Not a farthing more!

Steward.—As you command, Proprietor.

Glimming.—Let's just stick it thru. It's a damned fraud, that's what it is! If they continue like this a couple of years, they'll be standing on their heads.—I'll answer for that.

Steward.—I think not. There's much money behind it. According to my supposition, Hallefors has big future—and the one, who in time—

Glimming (*Strikes the table, rises*).—Sir, you are in a cabal with them! You wish to ruin me, Sir!

Steward (*Rises also*).—Shall we begin with the Branntorp meadow next week, then?

Glimming.—Mr. Steward, you will surely begin whenever you want to. What's the use of asking me? (*Pats him on the shoulder.*) No grudge now! Surely you can get some more help.

Steward.—I'll try. Then there was another matter. Jan Person at Sjöfall . . .

Glimming.—What's the matter with him?

Steward.—He doesn't want to take the farm after his father.

Glimming.—Doesn't he want to?

Steward.—It's too poor, he says. It isn't worth the work it costs. And I must say he's justified! It's a sin for such a splendid man to wear himself out on that farm.

Glimming.—You should have answered him, Mr. Steward, that both his father and his grandfather had their living there, and they didn't complain.

Steward.—It wouldn't have paid them. But he had another proposal to make.

Glimming.—Is that so? He had another offer to give me. Let's hear!

Steward.—He wished to stay at Borga, anyhow, he said, and if he could take over Bo-Cottage instead—

Glimming.—Bo-Cottage is not vacant. He surely knows that.

Steward.—It could be, Proprietor, if you would take my advice "ad notam." The peasant of Bo-Cottage is seventy years old. Wish as he may, he isn't able to work any longer. The farm is just falling into ruins, and yet it is one of the best little farms at Borga.

Glimming.—Where should I dispose of the Bo-Cottager then?

Steward.—I should think he'd be ready for the poor-house.

Glimming—No, the Bo-Cottager shan't go to the poor-house. He was born in that cottage and shall be allowed to die there. Besides it looks as if Crown would stay at home now.

Steward.—That isn't to be depended upon. He isn't doing a single thing, you know, except to fool with Mr. Malcolm. And since Anna is away now, it's only her mother who can do anything. Of course, she's capable, but . . .

Glimming—The Bo-Cottager shall stay—and now nothing more about it.

Steward.—Good. It isn't my place to make any remarks, but—there's no system.

Glimming—What's no system?

Steward.—To be saving with the wages and to let the best farms go to ruin.

Glimming.—System! I'm no corporation, Sir! I'm a poor sinful man who's in charge of many things. But as long as I live, there'll be no system here on this farm.

Steward.—What shall I answer Jan Person?

Glimming (*Rushes up*).—Tell him—(*More calmly*) Send him to me, and I'll talk sense with him. (*The* STEWARD *goes.*)

Glimming (*Gets up, walks around in the room. There's a knocking; he sits down, calls*).—Come in!

Anna (*From the vestibule; remains at the door*).—Did you wish to talk to me, Sir Proprietor?

Glimming.—Come closer! (*Looks at her.*) You—you're going to have a few days' vacation to go home to your mother.

Anna.—Am I—going to have a vacation?

Glimming.—Yes. Do you have any objections?

Anna.—No. It's always fine to get a rest.

Glimming.—I promised your mother that you might go home, once in a while. And now, it's convenient.

Anna.—Well, I thank you.

Glimming.—You may tell Per to drive you. You may take a little flour with you for your mother, and a canister of tobacco for the old man.

Anna.—Does Per have time for that now when the young men are home?

Glimming.—That will be my affair. Give him my compliments. You may go at one o'clock.

Anna.—Who will take my work? There's surely much to do now when the young men are home—and company, too.

Glimming.—That'll be my affair. Perhaps you don't want to go?

Anna.—It's always fine to get a rest, as I said. And then I might ride over to Hällefors, too, and have a little fun—during midsummer. It's so lonely at home in Bo-Cottage. How long may I stay away?

Glimming.—Until—until I send you word. Good-bye.

Anna.—Good-bye! (*Reaches him her hand*) And, then, let me wish you a pleasant midsummer, Sir Proprietor.

Glimming (*Takes her hand*).—Thanks! And—and—tell your uncle that I'm coming over to see him some day. We're going to arrange matters pertaining the farm a little, and then it would be a good thing if you were home, also.

Anna (*Draws her hand away*).—When are you coming, Sir Proprietor?

Glimming.—I don't know exactly. Perhaps on Midsummer Eve. But then, perhaps you'll be at Hallefors.

Anna.—Oh, no, surely I can stay at home, if you wish it, Sir Proprietor.

Glimming (*Glad*).—Yes, do that. Good-bye, then!

Anna.—Good-bye! (*Goes.*)

Glimming (*Looks after her, rises, takes a deep breath, then opens the door to the pool-room and calls*).—Ramsay! Can you come now?

(*Just as* RAMSAY *comes the curtain falls.*)

ACT II

Same room.

(RAMSAY *is sitting to the right,* GLIMMING *is standing.*) So

you see that I'm certainly in an *uneasy* but in no wise *despairing* position. All I need is the proper lift, and in a few more good years, I shall have met the difficulties. It was you who helped me last time. Will you do it now, too?

Ramsay (*Looks at him; he doesn't answer.*)

Glimming.—I hope you have no reason for ruing that you laid hold on matters at that time. I have promptly paid all my obligations, and in a broader view, I dare assert that my position since then has in no wise become worse but rather better.

Ramsay (*Raises his eyebrows and is silent.*)

Glimming.—All that I have put into the property these years —and that's not a little bit—all *that* will now, little by little, bear fruit. To take one example only—the lake slope. That was an expensive affair, but of course I had to fall in line. And I don't regret it. I have already a hundred acres under the plough. Next year I'll have a hundred more. You'll see what a harvest I'll have. Then, there's the creamery. Of course, its foundation was quite expensive, also, but even this year already it pays, and it will pay better year after year. I calculate that, with this method, I'll get no less than five farthings more for the milk than I have during the last year, and after the foundation has been paid it'll be clear profit. Then I have a plan, but perhaps I'm tiring you—

Ramsay (*Shakes his head.*)

Glimming (*Goes to the table, takes something out of it, and hands it to Ramsay*).—What do you think that is?

Ramsay.—It looks like nails.

Glimming.—Horse-shoe seam, forged by hand here at Borga. That article that's traded now—the manufactured article—is pure trash, doesn't wear, and destroys the hoofs. If I only succeed to work my way into it, then you'll see. I've started cautiously, only two smiths, and I can still sell the article at a price a trifle higher than the factory. Well, the profit isn't large, of course, but—when I'll be able to run it on a larger scale it ought to gain a reputation. Feel it! That's some seam! (*He takes the seam and lays it back.*) You see, a person must be awake,—take initiative. Surely a person isn't a death dancer even if he can't fall in line with every possible kind of deception. How great a quantity of horse-shoe seams, do you think, is used in this country a year?

Ramsay.—Do you really think it's worth while to go that far within the realm of fancy?

Glimming (*looks at him*).—No, perhaps you're right! As you wish—then!

Ramsay.—Of all you've told me I shall, until another opportunity presents itself, consider only one thing. You said, if I recollect correctly, that your condition during the last year has not deteriorated but improved.

Glimming.—Wait! I haven't touched upon the most important item yet, the expenses. My expenses, as you yourself can readily see, have at times been very heavy. I don't wish to tell now what Malcolm has cost me; they have been respectable sums, and yet I don't stand for several things, old debts,—but now, God be praised, he seems to have become settled. For two years he hasn't put his foot outside of Borga, and here he'll surely also remain. If, against all expectation, he should begin to play tricks again, I shall have him placed under a guardian. Then, there are the boys. Of course, Lennart has never caused me any anxiety. He'll soon be graduated, and able to take care of himself. Unfortunately, I can't say the same about Herman. He has been and is yet quite expensive, but I've decided now that he must give up his commission and come home to take care of the farm. You know, he's to take it over some time *anyhow*. And he is a splendid boy at heart, although he's a little frivolous. Here he'll become a man, all right. And then if he can make a good match, well, don't misunderstand me, I don't calculate on that at all.

Ramsay.—Why not?

Glimming.—Because—a person can never know about such things in advance. I'm afraid he has or has had a liking for his cousin, Ebba. But she's a poor girl, you know, and besides—they're cousins! No, he should have a rich girl. The deuce! Dragoon-lieutenant! But, as I said, a person can't calculate on anything like that.

Ramsay.—On the contrary, that seems to be the surest of your calculations.

Glimming.—What—do you mean?

Ramsay.—Yes, pardon me! But when it concerns business, it's my habit to talk plainly. All the things you've produced are only suppositions and hopes of the future, and according to my conception, utterly unsafe ones. They have nothing to do with your present situation. It is not at all such as you, in good faith, (which I don't doubt), are trying to see it and are trying to make

me see it. Reports which I have gained agree with your own. On the contrary, (*looks at him*), it is almost desperate.

Glimming.—Ramsay!

Ramsay.—Yes—desperate. I think that, perhaps, with difficulties, you can keep things going for a few years yet, but you'll infallibly entangle yourself more deeply and when the crash comes, it will be so much the harder.

Glimming.—But I told you—

Ramsay.—Fairy-stories, Glimming, . . . fancies, that down in your heart you don't believe in yourself. Just the fact that you count on such factors shows how wretched the situation is. Believe me. I have a little bit of experience, and when it's a matter of judging a business proposition, I seldom make a wrong diagnosis. You are already far down on the inclined plane. Your speed will be accelerated.

Glimming.—Accordingly—you refuse?

Ramsay.—Dear Glimming—personally . . .

Glimming.—You misunderstand me. I have never thought of laying claim to your personal readiness of helping. I have only hoped that you would use your influence at the bank.

Ramsay.—Let me finish what I have to say. Personally, I should consider myself as most disobliging if I should take hold of matters now. I should act in an entirely unwarrantable manner toward the bank, if I should cause it to become more deeply engaged than it already is.

Glimming.—All right—then I shall be obliged to try in another direction. I considered myself indebted to talk with you first. But, on the contrary, that was a misunderstanding, however . . .

Ramsay.—I thank you, and I would, moreover, do it, if you now were quite sincere.

Glimming.—What do you mean?

Ramsay.—Haven't you already tried in another direction?

Glimming.—Spying?

Ramsay.—My dear friend, when a person needs money, such things cannot be avoided. The affair, for the rest of it, is simple —from the Bergslagsbank they have inquired about you of *us*.

Glimming.—Is that so? I don't understand. Are my reports doubted? Haven't I presented my whole position clearly? Am I no longer an honourable man?

Ramsay.—No one doubts your honour. But I do not wish to conceal from you that the confidence in your solidity is dangerous-

ly moved. And it's no wonder that they became quite anxious about your new loan transactions, especially since they knew that you, during the last year, have spent quite a considerable part of the capital of your forest. Indeed, there was a question raised about calling in your loan.

Glimming (*Sits down, his hands tremble*).—Call in—the loan?

Ramsay.—I succeeded in preventing it temporarily, by means of certain offers, but I cannot vouch for that it will be successful for any length of time.

Glimming.—They wish to ruin me!

Ramsay (*Rises, goes up to him*).—Now listen, Glimming! No one wishes you any harm. All depends upon yourself and upon the proposition that you no longer rock yourself to sleep in false hopes but that you stare the situation straight in the face.

Glimming.—What shall I do then?

Ramsay (*After a pause; brutally*).—Sell!

Glimming (*Rises*).—Sell! What shall I sell?

Ramsay.—Why, what you have to sell, of course.

Glimming.—You mean—Borga? (RAMSAY *nods*.) Sell Borga (GLIMMING *goes back a little. When he returns he is very calm*). Yes, there's surely always a way out. You'll pardon. I was a little surprised at the first moment. That's a thought that's never occurred to me.

Ramsay.—Really, not?

Glimming.—No, really not.

Ramsay.—That'll be the only solution finally, anyhow. And when a person makes a sale he ought to do it at the right time. Watch your chance.

Glimming.—So you consider that the opportunity now . .

Ramsay.—I believe that you yet have an opportunity of selling it voluntarily. There might come a time when you'll be compelled to, when you have the knife at your throat, and then—it'll be harder.

Glimming.—Certainly, when a person has the knife at his throat. (*Suddenly*.) Do you have a buyer?

Ramsay.—No, but—Perhaps I can get one.

Glimming.—Let's hear then!

Ramsay.—Well, then, let's play with open cards, Glimming. That's the best way to get some result. I assume that you can find a buyer in the Hallesfors company. (GLIMMING *rises*.) No, be calm now, and listen to me! (GLIMMING *sits down again*.)

What's the use of that stupid enmity? Don't you see that's

only childishness? Here it concerns greater interests, both for you and for them. I know that they wish to spread out. They need woods especially. Not now, but in the future. The greater part of your forest is young, you know. It isn't yet ripe for consumption. *You* can't wait for twenty, thirty years yet, but they can. They have plenty of money and don't look at the coins. You will be able to make terms with them that would otherwise be impossible. If you let me take care of the affair I shall do my utmost to your advantage. I am quite well acquainted with the company's plans, and I know that you now have a favorable opportunity that will perhaps never come again; because they may find another course meanwhile.

Glimming.—And if I don't want to sell, will you put the knife to my throat?

Ramsay.—You'll do it yourself. You scent a conspiracy. That's a complete mistake. And besides, make your terms, yourself. You don't need to sell the whole property. You can keep the "corps de logie" and the main farm, you know, and sell the woods and the dependencies. It can surely be arranged even that way. And then you'll still remain as the master of Borga.

Glimming.—The title was formerly the master of Borga and Hallefors.

Ramsay.—Yes, time changes. But in this way the parted properties would again be combined, and believe me, your old properties will thus come to a great future. In ten years the stock will be worth twice as much as now. If I were you I'd become a share-holder in the company.

Glimming.—At last! I've been expecting that the whole time. (*Goes to the pool-room door, opens it and calls:*) Herman! Lennart!

Ramsay (*Looks at him, shrugs his shoulders, sits down and lights a cigarette.* HERMAN *and* LENNART *come in.*)

Glimming.—Here, boys, you'll hear something new! The Hallefors Company wish to do business with us. The fraud won't go any longer, and to clear up matters they offer to take over Borga.

We'll be well-paid.—A bundle of shares in the Hallefors Company. A fine affair, isn't it? It's only to set up, and then we'll be allowed to take our little corner of the Company of Hallefors and Borga. (HERMAN *and* LENNART *look curiously, alternately at* GLIMMING *and* RAMSAY. *The latter rises.*)

Ramsay.—Yes—if the young men wish to have more parti-

cular information I'm at their service. For the present I believe it is best that I withdraw. You might think it over at your leisure, Glimming, and give me an answer some time.

Glimming.—Yes, you'll have an answer! (RAMSAY *goes out to the vestibule.*)

Herman.—Well, what's it all about? Have you been quarreling?

Glimming.—Not at all. Everything has happened calmly and orderly as is customary among business men. The rascals, the rascals!

Herman.—But what's happened?

Glimming.—Just as I said. They want to get at Borga, and Ramsay has come here to reconnoiter the grounds. I should have suspected him, but his friendliness last time fooled me. That was only to get a better hold on me. Evidently it's their intention to put the knife to my throat.

Lennart—Can they do that?

Glimming.—Of course, they can cause me difficulties, but we'll just not lose our courage. We'll be a match for them. For that reason it's well that you're home now, both of you. (*Looks at them.*) That doesn't happen so often, any more, since mother died.

Herman.—The service—dear father!—

Glimming.—Is a good thing to blame it on. What was the matter last Easter? Then the service hindered you from coming home but not from going to Vibylund.

Herman (*Troubled*).—I assure you . . .

Glimming.—'Tisn't necessary. I surely understand that you have more fun there. But there will have to be an end to merry-making now. It means to lay hold in earnest, Herman. I'm getting old. I can no longer pull the cart alone. It's time that you pull in.

Herman.—What do you mean?

Glimming.—I mean you must come home and settle down to take care of the farm.

Herman.—Give up my commission?

Glimming.—Yes. You remember upon what conditions you were allowed to become a soldier—that you should leave the service, when you'd be needed here at home. And Borga needs you now.

Herman.—Why—papa!

Glimming.—Yes, I haven't intended to retire yet. You must

first serve your apprenticeship. You see, times have changed, and agriculture demands its man in an altogether different manner than it used to. When I took over Borga I was three years younger than you, and I had no experience worth mentioning. It went all right anyhow, thanks to work and economy. You'll learn to work all right; and economy—well, that's not your line at all. But you might learn even *that*—when you get responsibility.—Get responsibility.

Herman (*Violently*).—What's the use of saying all this now? I don't want to give up my commission!

Glimming.—Don't you *want* to? But if you *must?*

Herman.—I'm an officer with life and soul. I love my regiment, and I don't want to leave it.

Glimming.—You don't want to? And Borga?

Herman.—Everybody thinks that I have a handsome career ahead of me. Ask my comrades—ask the major! I have an extraordinary chance. In seven years I ought to be a captain, and a major not later than at forty years of age.

Glimming.—And Borga?

Herman.—It would be pure madness to leave the service now. I doubt if they would let me go at all. There's a scarcity of men who aspire to become officers. We have several vacancies not yet filled. You see, according to the new proposition of army regulation—

Glimming (*With a voice of thunder*).—The devil take the army regulation! I'm talking about *Borga.*

Herman.—Borga! Why, you're taking better care of the farm than I ever could. And the way you're bound up in it! You'll never be able to give it up as long as you live.

Glimming.—I might fall away.

Herman.—You! At the age of seventy you'll be just as pert as now. And then perhaps I'll be a major. Then it might be the right time—

Glimming.—You will never be a major.

Herman.—Why not?

Glimming.—Because you're going to be the master of Borga, and those two things will not agree with each other. You must choose.

Herman.—Well. Then I'll choose . . .

Glimming.—Halt! Consider! Consider what you're doing, my boy! For three centuries Borga has been in our family. In four generations now, it has been transmitted from father to son,

and it has been our honor to keep it for our descendants. It's the tradition of our whole family that you'd frivolously break.

Herman.—We've also had warriors in our family—and they haven't been poorer proprietors for that.

Glimming.—The times were different then. Then a person could be a proprietor and, at the same time, a warrior or a civil officer. That can't be done any more. That tribe has died out and will never come again. Now-a-days a large estate makes demands upon a man in an altogether different manner than formerly if it's to be kept up. Look at me. How do you suppose I wasn't fined in the beginning on account of my inexperience? But now you'll have the advantage of my mistakes. You have grown up in the belief that you were a rich boy, and you have lived accordingly. I'm not complaining. I have done my best to keep you on the level with your comrades, but it might happen that some time there'll be an end to it. It may happen that I won't be able to do so any more. Your race-horses are a little too expensive for me.

Herman (*Eagerly*).—They'll pay, all right. You ought to see Irene. She jumps magnificently, I assure you. And if I'll only be permitted . . .

Glimming.—Nonsense. You might just as easily break your neck. That's only a hazard, my boy. Here . . . (*Stamps the floor*) Here's the work. I offer you Borga, two square miles, forests, fields and meadows, the real and personal property, all that's alive and growing, two hundred dependents who take their bread from you, the old estate of the Glimmings, and you just talk about race-horses! Just as if one of my Percherons weren't worth as much as a race-horse! Think where you are, my boy! (*Stamps the floor.*) Here, here at Borga!

Herman (*Is quiet at first, then bursts out*).—I don't want to spoil my life for Borga.

Glimming (*Goes up to him, stares at him*).—Spoil your life! (*Turns on his heel, goes to the window, stands there a while staring out. When he goes back in the room he looks a little withered; he touches his forehead*).—Is that so? Well, you choose, therefore, to continue your career as a soldier?

Herman (*Defiantly*).—Yes.

Glimming.—Very well. But prepare for reductions. At present I have a few economic difficulties. (HERMAN *tries to ask him about the trouble, but* GLIMMING *checks him.*) Well, it doesn't concern you, but as I said, your expenses will have to be reduced.

You'd better sell your race-horses at once. And I'll not pay any of your debts. Now you know that. If it should happen to go wrong for you, there'll always be a place here for you, as there has been for Malcolm.

Herman (*Deeply insulted*).—Papa!

Glimming.—Yes, yes, there have always been Glimmings who have thrown themselves away. Now it's your turn, Lennart.

Lennart.—Papa, are you really in trouble?

Glimming.—Yes, but we'll talk about that later. You and I together must try to clear it. You'll graduate this fall, won't you?

Lennart.—I hope so.

Glimming.—What do you say about taking a course at Ultuna after that?

Lennart (*Smiles*).—After I have access to the superiour court of justice?

Glimming (*Rushing up*).—What of it? Do you think that law will help a person to cultivate the soil? It might be used for other purposes, but, as you wish. You might begin right here.

Lennart.—In what capacity should I . . .

Glimming.—As future proprietor, of course. (*A pause.*)

Herman.—May I go now?

Glimming.—No, you'll stay. No sentimentality now! Important things must be decided upon, and they concern your life more than mine. (*To* LENNART.) Now, since Herman has made his choice, it's you who will sometime take over Borga. And, at the same time, you'll, in reality, even become the "caput familiae." That's a big responsibility, isn't it, to be placed on the shoulders of the younger son? But maybe, it's best so. Perhaps you have qualities that Herman lacks. I'm very little acquainted with you, you know.

Lennart.—What are you driving at, papa?

Glimming.—Of course, you'll graduate first. Then you'll come home.

Lennart.—In what capacity?

Glimming.— I told you. Didn't I? As the future proprietor

Lennart.—*Future*, yes! But until *then*?

Glimming.—Well, you might be the inspector a few years. Boson has his profit, too, but he has too many new-fangled ideas.

Lennart.—How do you know *I* haven't?

Glimming (*Looks at him sharply*).—Well, it won't be the same anyhow? When a person has the risk and the responsibility, then . . .

Lennart.—Then would I have any responsibility?

Glimming.—Surely, you would have responsibility. The whole responsibility, under *me* of course.

Lennart (*Shakes his head*).—I don't think it would go, papa.

Glimming (*Rushing up*).—Do you consider yourself too good to work together with your father?

Lennart.—No, don't take it that way at all. But if I must discontinue my law career for which I am suited and in which I am sure I'd advance quite far, I want to know at least what I'm getting into.

Glimming.—You are ambitious?

Lennart.—Yes, I am!

Glimming.—Well then, a proprietor's position is not to be despised. If a person has a talent, then—. Well, if you only get into the community's notice, after that the road isn't far to the imperial chamber. And if fortune is favorable you may finish as a minister of agriculture. Does that suit?

Lennart.—That might be a hard position, too. No doubt you have your troubles, papa?

Glimming.—Oh yes.

Lennart.—If you'd only talk with me, I believe I might know a few things—thru my studies—that you, perhaps, don't—. But at any rate, if I am to consider your offer, then I must first know of the real truth about the economy of the farm.

Glimming (*Rushing up*).—Is it a question of an examination?

Lennart.—No, of course not. But there you see, when it comes to the point, you don't want my help, yourself. Therefore, you see it's best to let everything be as it is. It's best for you and for us, too.

Glimming (*Sits down, tired and collapsed. He stares straight ahead.*)

Herman (*In a sudden burst of tenderness goes to him, lays his hand on his shoulder*).—Dear papa! Why are you fussing?

Glimming (*Pushes his hand away, looks at him, then at* LENNART *and says, half intelligibly to himself*).—How strange you are to me!

Lennart.—Is that our fault?

Glimming.—I don't know. Is it mine?

Lennart.—This is all so painful, but it was you, yourself, who started, and now it's best to make a clean breast of it. A person works to his own advantage, anyhow.

Glimming (*Mumbles*).—So strange!

Lennart (*Without listening, demonstrating eagerly*).—It isn't my intention at all to criticize your method of taking care of the farm. You are without question, a splendid agriculturist, but perhaps it's not necessary and not good, either, to go so much into detail as you do, because in that way, a person is liable to lose the oversight of the whole. And I believe that there's much to do here at Borga, that's been neglected until now.

Glimming (*Rises and bows twice before him*).—Listen, listen! What more does my respected son have to tell me.

Lennart (*Pained*).—Why, papa!

Glimming.—That your father has become a farmer! Out with it! You're right. Your father has become a farmer. No fine fashions any more, no new ideas. Just a plain farmer! Here I've gone, year after year, in drudgery, and saved, and turned the sod and the shilling, because I thought that was the way it should be. I thought that I should leave to my children the ground I inherited from my father. And that's the way the ground has taken me, piece by piece. Now it holds me fast, up to the neck it holds me. But my sons are free! What's Borga to them? They don't want to spoil their lives! (*He sobs convulsively.* HERMAN *and* LENNART *astonished and touched, go up to him.*)

Glimming (*Bursting out completely*).—Get away from me! Take your hand off! Go away! What are you doing here? I'm the master at Borga yet.

Herman.—Why, papa! Use some reasoning!

Glimming.—No reasoning here! Go away! Go as far as you wish. Go away from Borga if you wish. I'll stay here! And I'm the one who does the ordering here! (*After exchanging glances with each other, the sons leave.* GLIMMING *remains alone. He straightens up and breathes heavily.*)

ACT III

In the woods near Malcolm's log-cabin.

The cabin stands to the right. It is square, quite long, and is yet unthatched. Its little peep-windows and its door can be seen by the spectator. Before the cottage, occupying the greatest part of the stage is a clearing covered with beautiful moss and surrounded by fir trees. To the left, in the background is a slope, on which a path leads up to the cabin and then continues back of it. A clearing in the woods affords a distant view upon the blue mountain landscape.

Malcolm and Crown are seated on the ground in front of the cottage. Both are smoking little pipes.

Crown.—Yes, you're a funny body, you are, Malcolm! Give me a cordial!

Malcolm (*Reaches him a whiskey bottle*).—Say, be moderate, Crown!

Crown.—Now just why be moderate? Kluck, kluck! Just like a lassie, when you tickle her. "Help yourself Crown. Don't be bashful, but help yourself." Thanks for treatin'! (*Places the whiskey bottle to his mouth and empties it.*) That tasted like midsummer!

Malcolm.—Did you empty her?

Crown (*Reaches him the bottle*).—She wouldn't let go o' me before, dear Malcolm. (*Reaches for* MALCOLM'S *tobacco-bag.*) This way with the trashy stuff!

Malcolm.—Won't it do for you?

Crown.—Sure it'll do for me, dear Malcolm, but see, my pipe here, she wants the stuff so strong, so strong. How now, do you balk, you baboon? Won't this mixture do, huh? You little, black, preserved devil! Guess I'll have to put a bullet in the end o' ye. See, then she gave in! Now there's weather, I'll tell you! (*He lights his pipe and smokes.*) Yes, you're a funny body, you are, Malcolm!

Malcolm.—Show some manners, you rascal! (*A pause ensues, during which they smoke.*)

Malcolm.—Say, that last log,—it didn't break for a trifle.

Crown.—No, that was a good one! Wish the inspector had seen it.

Malcolm.—Yes, or Karl Gustaf! (*Laughs.*)

Crown.—Well, the lieutenant, he's entirely too good to you Malcum. Just think, to let you fool around like this in his woods!

Malcolm.—I guess it's *my* woods as much as *his.*

Crown.—That's a disputable question, that is! But let's not get into law now, Malcum! It's the deuce of a job, anyhow, you've fooled me into!

Malcolm.—Don't you have your ample pay for it?

Crown.—Not more than what's moderate, Malcum. Anyhow, it isn't for the few stivers I'm doin' it. It's more because I respect your company, Malcum! You see it's my misfortune that I can't run with the farmers.

Malcolm.—Why did you get into their ga hen?

Crown.—Why? Don't you know that it was love, that led me to the lowly peasant cottage? But you don't understand that, Malcum, because you don't have any heart. No, to throw the dung out of the stable has never been my business!

Malcolm.—Give me the tobacco!

Crown.—The tobacco! (*Gets up and pretends to look.*) Are you blamin' me for the tobacco, too, now?

Malcolm.—In your pocket!

Crown.—Oh, the devils be merciful! Well, you see, I'm so absent-minded. (*Looks at the cabin, slaps his knees, and laughs.*) Lord bless me!

Malcolm.—What's the matter?

Crown (*Suddenly serious*).—Say Malcum, can you tell why we're keepin' at this here job?

Malcolm.—At the log-cabin?

Crown.—Stop, don't try! You can't tell it, anyhow. And I can't either! And no one else, either! And that's just what's nice about the crow-song, that is! That's the way I've been all my days. "What's Crown about now? What does he mean with that? Is he clear crazy?" But they didn't get any wiser. That's why I thrive with you, Malcum. Because you are of the same caliber. If you only weren't so damned proud!

Malcolm.—Show some manners! When I associate with a rascal like you—.

Crown.—That's just what I call pride. You're so proud you don't give a care whom you go with.

Malcolm (*Gets up, and takes hold of his collar*).—If you say once more that I'm proud, why . . .

Crown.—Boss, boss! Why, I'm not saying' anything! (MALCOLM *lets him go.*) Such hands he has! And he's supposed to be a child of the gentry, is he? "The devil believe it," said the tramp!

Malcolm (*Sits down again. Suddenly melancholy*).—You don't know how I'm treated at home, Crown! Karl Gustaf is so tight with me that it's a sin and a shame. Thank God that I have enough for tobacco! He doesn't even want to trust me with your wages.

Crown.—Don't worry about that, Malcum. I'd just as soon draw it at the office.

Malcolm.—Well,—I don't give a care about that if they only had some respect for me. You couldn't believe how they treat me. Yesterday, at the dinner they gave for Ramsay they placed *me*

down at the end of the table, beside Hinke. And I just got a wing-bone of the turkey.

Crown.—That there Ramsay, he's supposed to be a devil of a braggart. Isn't he?

Malcolm.—That's what I say, Crown. He doesn't know what's customary among gentlemen. Now he's gone, *anyhow*, and it's all the same to me. I don't want to be under obligation to anyone. But I'm only asking how would it look here on the farm, if they hadn't had my money to move around with.

Crown.—Well, at any rate, you have your log-cabin. Haven't you, Malcum?

Malcolm.—What's a log-cabin to a person who might have had big estates in Bessarabia! But you don't have any respect for me, either. Do you know what kind of a person I am? Do you know that it was my ancestors who fought the Thirty-year War, and that my great grandfather owned a sixth of all Sweden?

Crown.—Aren't you piecing it a little now, dear Malcolm?

Malcolm.—You can just ask Hinke. That's the kind of man, I am, and who are you?

Crown.—I'm your Crown, dear Malcolm.

Malcolm (*Touched*).—Yes, that's what you are! And it does me good to listen to your silly nonsense, because it amuses me and dispels my sorrow. And it does me good to humble myself and live with scoundrels and rascals. (*Loud again.*) But don't you get any high thoughts, Crown, because you're allowed to address Malcolm Glimming with the familiar term.

Crown (*Looks at him*).—Well, you're a funny body! But now listen to Crown! Imagine that about fifty years or so have passed! Then both you and I'll be lying with our noses in the air; but here, everything will be almost as it is now, I reckon, with the woods, and the lumber, and the sound of the thrushes. And the eldest son of Lieutenant Herman will be dwelling at Borga and his son will also be a lieutenant and be out hunting with other lieutenants just as it has been from time immemorial. And then they'll see the log-cabin here and wonder what it is. "Oh, bother" says the Glimming, "That's only some trash that Malcolm, the lunatic we had in our family, invented." And then another half century will pass. This here woods, it'll be gone, and Bo-Cottage—fie!—will be gone, too, and in its place there'll be a nice little community with a station and a factory with fifty chimneys. Are you listenin', Malcum? And at Borga there'll live a rich manufacturer whose name is Crownlund, and after a highfolutin' dinner with

champagne and whiskey, he'll take the other manufacturers up here and he'll say to them; "Now look carefully at this here ole memorial," says he. "My grandfather's grandfather built it. He didn't come from any high descent, but there was a remarkable head on him. And he had a good friend too, who helped h m. I don't remember now what his name was, but he was a rascal . . . (*He has gradually moved away from* MALCOLM *and when the latter enraged, makes a move to get up,* CROWN *jumps away like a toad shouting:*) Hey, there, Malcum! Now I'm going to get the accordeon, and you can get some confonium, and then we'll call the girls and boys to come, and then there'll be a dancin' and a merry-makin' while it's time, and until the sun runs up. (*He goes to the background, then stops suddenly and looks down.*) What's the matter now? Isn't that Anna comin' there?

Malcolm.—That daughter o' yours?

Crown.—Yes, who else could it be? What's she doing here? (*He looks suspiciously at* MALCOLM.) It isn't you that she's settin' her cap for, is it?

Malcolm.—Do I know?

Crown.—Here she comes dancin' home a fine day and says that she's got a midsummer vacation, and she goes and sets her nose in the air against this father o' hers. If you have any doin's with the girl, I'll surely—. I know you, I do; and the lieutenant is of the same sort, I reckon.

Malcolm.—Karl Gustav?

Crown.—Oh, bother, no! The young lieutenant, of course.

Malcolm —Both he and Lennart went away with Ramsay, so you don't need to be afraid of him.

Crown.—Afraid! I want to take care of the girl, I do. She's the only child I have, and she's to be the grandmother of the Crownlunds. Do you see? Listen, Malcolm, do me the favor to go into the cabin a little, so I can talk with her.

(MALCOLM *mutters, takes his tools, and goes into the cabin, where he is later heard bustling at times.* CROWN *takes his position at the nearest corner of the house. He hides from* ANNA *who comes up the path. She stops, looks around, and then goes toward the cabin.*)

Crown (*Takes a few long steps forward*).—Good evenin'!

Anna.—Mercy, how you scared me!

Crown.—Who'd you think I was.

Anna (*Has regained her self-control*).—I don't know.

Crown.—Are you out promenadin'?

Anna.—Yes, as you see.

Crown.—Don't you know that this is forbidden ground?

Anna.—Oh, bless me!

Crown.—This is Mr. Malcolm's hunting ground, and you have nothin' to do here.

Anna (*Looks at the cabin*).—You've done a good bit now. If I understand—

Crown.—What's the matter now?

Anna.—That you can take the pains to make a fool out of yourself for the sake of Malcolm.

Crown.—Hush! It isn't for his sake I'm doin' it but for the lieutenant's.

Anna.—Do you mean—Lieutenant Herman?

Crown.—When I say just plain lieutenant, then I mean the proprietor. He was my lieutenant, he was, you see, when I was a dragoon. Those were the good old times, they were. You should have seen when the young lieutenant came home, riding on horseback with his handsome caléfacteur. The lassies stood—the deuce take me—in several ranks and files along the roads and curtseyed and smiled. And we nodded and tickled them under the chin.

Anna.—Is that so? Was the proprietor that wicked?

Crown.—Oh, yes, he was wicked, all right; but see, his Caléfacteur—.

Anna.—Oh, pshaw! You go home to mother! She's alone in the cottage!

Crown.—Why don't you keep her company then?

Anna.—A person might need to move around a little while she's young. Don't you think?

Crown.—Yes, indeed. That's what I've always said.

Anna (*Makes a move to go but remains*).—What do you mean by saying that you did it for the proprietor's sake?

Crown.—I mean that as long as Mr. Malcum has me here in the cottage, why, he'll at least stay at home. And you know what a hard time the proprietor has to get along with him.

Anna.—Oh, nonsense!

Crown.—Of course you think that the proprietor is a damned big man, don't you?

Anna.—Yes, I do.

Crown.—Well, well, I don't want to say anything about him, except that he lacks jurisprudence.

Anna.—What?

Crown.—Well, you see, without jurisprudence it's hard to get along in this country. Now, for example, look at the Hallefors Company. Here he goes, and is angry and scolds about them, and at the same time he allows himself to be dogged by them. But he isn't good enough to trip them.

Anna.—The people of Hallefors! As much money as they have.

Crown.—Money and money! There's such a thing as pep, too. And if I were in his clothes and knew what I know.

Anna (*Mocking him on purpose*).—You'd be the person to know something!

Crown.—Yes, I! There are only two people here on the farm that know something, and that's I and the old man down there.

Anna (*Attentive*).—Uncle?

Crown.—Yes, but that doesn't concern you?

Anna.—Oh, yes! Do tell me!

Crown.—I guess not. You wouldn't understand it anyhow, because it is a very intricate casus. And Crown isn't the person to force his services upon anyone. Where you goin'?

Anna.—That's none of your business. I'll go where I want to. You go home to mother! (*She goes to the right behind the cabin.*)

Crown (*Stands looking approvingly at her disappearing*).—Yes, sir! Yes, indeed! Yes-sir-ee-sir! You've done that well, Crown (*He nods.*) Yes, in truth! I'll remain all right! Your old father, he'll watch over you, he will! (*He listens, turns around and looks down the path. He starts back.*) What's up now? The very—. No, now I believe a person—. (*He muses a moment, then he steals away after* ANNA *and disappears behind the cottage.*)

(*There's no one on the stage. All is quiet except for the rustling of the forest. Then some lumber crashes under heavy foot-steps, and* GLIMMING *appears coming up the slope. He stops somewhat out of breath and wipes the perspiration from his forehead. He looks around, then goes up to the cabin and talks with a soft voice.*)

Glimming.—Anybody there? (*It is quiet a while. Then* MALCOLM *cautiously pokes his head out above the wall.*)

Glimming.—Anybody there? (*He makes a move to open the door, when all at once, he hears* MALCOLM'S *voice.*)

Malcolm.—Is it you, Karl Gustaf!

Glimming (*Disappointed*).—Malcolm! Where in the world are you?

Malcolm.—Here, on the roof.

Glimming (*Catches sight of him*).—What are you doing there?

Malcolm.—I wanted to see who was coming. What do you want here?

Glimming.—I had an errand to Bo-Cottage, and so I thought I'd peep in to see how you were succeeding with the building.

Malcolm (*Suspiciously*).—Nothing else?

Glimming.—No. But if I embarrass you, I can go again.

Malcolm.—Wait a minute! (*His head disappears; after a while he comes out thru the door.*) Did you say you wanted to see the building?

Glimming.—Yes, I thought I'd like to see it. It's about finished, I see.

Malcolm.—No, indeed. Now we're going to build a garret over it. No stair-case, only a hole in the floor with a trap-door and a ladder that a person can draw up after he's up there. It was there that I—

Glimming.—Well, a garret, too.

Malcolm.—Where is Crown? Wasn't he here?

Glimming.—No. Nobody was here.

Malcolm.—He was here just a while ago talking to his daughter.

Glimming (*Suddenly angry*).—There's going to be a garret, too! (*He goes to the cabin and counts the logs pointing at them with his cane.*) Ten, twenty—here are no less than fifty logs already! Of what service do you think this cottage is to me Malcolm?

Malcolm.—Oh, you have plenty of forest trees.

Glimming.—They surely might be needed! But if you take the best logs for a toy like this—.

Malcolm.—A toy! Just look at it! Double cornered, you see! And such joints! And not a nail in the whole cabin. It'll stand for centuries, you see!

Glimming.—Don't depend on that! At any rate you will have to do without Crown now.

Malcolm.—Shall I do without Crown?

Glimming.—I can't afford to let a big, strong man waste his labor on anything like this. Besides, he'll soon go, perhaps—

Malcolm.—Where?

Glimming.—Who knows! Pretty soon, I guess he'll take a tramp-fit again, and then no one can keep him.

Malcolm.—If Crown goes, I'll go, too.

Glimming.—Are you going to be a tramp, too?

Malcolm.—I've been that once before, though not here at home exactly, but if I say that I'm a brother of the Proprietor at Borga, then, I'll surely be received.

Glimming.—Don't depend on that! The Proprietor of Borga, he— (*A pause. He stares ahead and smooths his forehead.*) I'm afraid it's going down hill for us, Malcolm! Do you remember grandmother?

Malcolm.—Not much.

Glimming.—I remember her very well, though I was only eight years old when she died. Once she was sitting out on the lawn, where I was playing with the foreman's young ones. Then Jan Peter went by, that tall, strong servant who was gored to death later, and I just happened to look at grandma, when she looked at Jan Peter. Of course I didn't understand anything, but I have never forgotten it. Grandfather was over sixty years then.

Malcolm.—Yes, he was a proud old man.

Glimming.—Sometimes I think it seems as if something were pulling us downward. You in one manner, and me in another. Something is in our blood. As long as Malvina lived it lay quite dormant. She was so fine, Malvina, that I was ashamed. And the children grew like her, and then I didn't want to be any worse. But I didn't feel at home with all the show! Sometimes I was jealous of you, who didn't allow yourself to be hitched to the saddle, and didn't need to pull—the whole Glimming load.

Malcolm.—Have you lost your courage, Karl Gustav? Let it go gallagher! Do you remember what a life there used to be here at Borga when we two stuck together, before you went off and got married.

Glimming.—That was then, you know!

Malcolm.—Well, now you're free again, you know. Now you don't need to go and hang your head any longer. Brace up, Karl Gustav! Shall we have a wrestle again just as in the old days?

Glimming.—I guess I'm not able to And you're not either, I'm afraid.

Malcolm.—Who says so? Ho! ho! They don't know what kind of men the Glimmings are! Is it the money that's bothering you? Just let it roll! I don't give a care about my inheritance from my mother. Just let it roll!

Glimming (*Furious*).—Do you talk about your inheritance from your mother again, you damned—

Malcolm.—Come on! Just come on! We've cudgeled before, we have. I was the stronger, that is, if you didn't get angry. (*He attacks* GLIMMING. *They wrestle at first half in fun, and then in earnest.* GLIMMING *forces* MALCOLM *down on his knees.*)

Malcolm.—Oh, the devil! Are you mad? Let me go!

Crown (*Comes from behind the cabin from which hiding-place he has seen the fight*).—That was a wrestle! The devils have mercy, didn't I feel how the whole mountain-district shook? (GLIMMING *and* MALCOLM *let each other go and stand there somewhat ashamed.*) Well, lo and behold, when the Proprietor comes—. Now there's surely goin' to be some dancin'!

Glimming.—Dancing?

Crown.—Yes, we thought we'd get up a little party for the young people. I'll stand for the music, Proprietor, if you will furnish the refreshments. (*Testing him.*) Anna's comin', too. She's down there in the edge o' the forest, waitin'!

Glimming (*Moves briskly and firmly and speaks with a younger, livelier voice than before. From this moment to the end of the act he is endowed with irresistible power and push*).—Refreshments you shall have. Go down to the Bo-Cottage, Malcolm. There you'll find Lars with the gig. Tell him to take you home. You may go to the wine cellar and take whatever you want.

Malcolm.—Fine!

Glimming.—Except the old cognac, of course. And you mustn't look at Grandfather's whiskey, either. Take a few liters of punch and a couple bottles of the newly tapped cognac. Well, one may be enough. We shall wait here.

Crown.—Shouldn't I help him to carry?

Glimming.—Not necessary. Move along, Malcolm! March!

Malcolm.—I'm going am I not? (*To* CROWN.) He grew angry, you see, otherwise— (*He goes down the path.*)

Glimming (*Goes to the right and looks towards the woods in which* ANNA *has disappeared; then he turns back and stands before* CROWN). —Crown!

Crown (*Straightens up and says from force of habit*).—God save the First Lieutenant!

Glimming.—What will you take for moving away from here with your family?

Crown (*Astonished*).—Move away from here?

Glimming.—I'll buy a farm for you in Smaland. Will you be satisfied with that?

Crown (*Looks at him. His eyes twinkle. He remains astonish-*

ed and confused).—Wait a little! Do let me think. Are you in earnest, Proprietor?

Glimming.—In all seriousness.

Crown (*Points to the cabin*).—Is it on account of this job?

Glimming.—No. It's on account of Bo-Cottage. You are neglecting it. I want to leave it in other hands.

Crown.—If I neglect Bo-Cottage what would happen to the farm you'd buy me?

Glimming.—That doesn't concern me. Well, what do you say?

Crown.—Was it in Smaland?

Glimming.—Yes, that's what I thought.

Crown.—Why not in Ostergötland?

Glimming.—Smaland surely ought to do.

Crown.—Yes, of course, but Ostergötland is a little handier. (*Testing him.*) And then I think Anna would rather live there.

Glimming.—Anna will stay here.

Crown.—Is Anna going to stay? (*Is now fully clear in his course of action.*) Well, thank you very much, Sir Proprietor, for the honourable proposition, but I don't want to move.

Glimming.—And if you are forced to?

Crown.—Then Anna will move, too. I can't separate from her.

Glimming.—She has her work you know.

Crown.—Yes, of course, but, that doesn't suit a farmer's daughter.

Glimming.—Clean breast then! It's just because Anna is going to stay that you and the rest of them must go.

Crown.—Now I won't understand.

Glimming (*Fights with himself; then bursting out violently*).—Give her to me, Crown!

Crown.—What? Do you want to adopt her, Proprietor?

Glimming (*Looks into his eyes*).—The children—I'll adopt. (*A pause. They look at each other.*)

Crown.—Well, now, I never heard the like!

Glimming.—Can't be helped, Crown. I have fought against it, but—it can't be helped!

Crown.—Mercy, what a cursed piece of business!

Glimming.—What do you say?

Crown.—To go and throw herself away like that!

Glimming.—What do you mean? You're not so bold as to

. . .

Crown.—What, what? Isn't there anything the matter then?

Glimming.—There hasn't been anything between Anna and me. I am surely an honourable man.

Crown (*Looks at* GLIMMING *not without a grain of scorn*).—Well! There isn't anything the matter! Sir Proprietor, you frightened me—indeed.

Glimming.—I'll do all I can for her. She will be at the head of my house and be honored, and if there should be any children, I'll adopt them. I'll give you my word of honor on that.

Crown.—Well, I thank you—in Anna's behalf—for the honor.

Glimming.—All you can expect—do you hear! The deuce—I—I surely can't marry her.

Crown (*Looks at him. His eyes twinkle eagerly. He makes a turn, then goes up to Glimming, and takes his arm gently*). Shouldn't we go home now, Lieutenant?

Glimming (*Frees himself*).—What's the matter now? Do you dare to fool?

Crown.—Mercy, no, but—(*He begins to laugh.*) I really can't help it because, you see, the situation—(*He laughs, but stops short.*) Now she's comin' back there.

Glimming.—Go away then!

Crown.—Shall I go? Well! Why not? Well, well, I guess I'll go. I'm at a loss what to do here, but if I know Anna rightly she'll clear the situation, I'm sure!

Glimming (*Frantic*).—March!

Crown.—God save the Lieutenant! I guess I'll go down and get the accordeon meanwhile. I'll be right back.

(*Goes down the path*). (*Glimming walks back and forth impetuously.* ANNA *comes from the right and looks at him calmly.*)

Anna.—Now I'm here, Sir Proprietor, as you commanded.

Glimming (*Stops, looks at her, searchingly*).—Perhaps it's best that you go home again.

Anna (*looks at him as if she would question him, tosses her head, and makes a move to go back.*)

Glimming.—Aren't you going home?

Anna.—I guess I'll go where I please

Glimming.—Wait a minute.

Anna.—Mercy! It's to go and to come.

Glimming.—Well! Wait now, since we're alone anyhow.

Anna.—Well, but I think you could be a little more friendly toward me, Sir Proprietor. I haven't done any harm.

Glimming.—No, you haven't. And for that reason it is perhaps best that you leave my employment.

Anna (*Calmly*).—Are you displeased with me, Sir Proprietor?

Glimming.—No, on the contrary. And for that reason I would like to do something for you, if I could. If there's anything you want, tell me, and if I can— (ANNA *is quiet*) No?

Anna (*Approaches him and says slowly*).—Then let me stay!

Glimming (*With a beaming face*).—Do you wish to?

Anna.—Yes. Because I feel so much at home at your house. You are, of course, a little difficult to understand at times, but still I think that you treat me like a human being—and I appreciate it, Sir Proprietor. And then—Borga—it has been the most magnificent place I have known since I was a child. A little peasant child may know that. Otherwise I surely would not have left home to do housework.

Glimming.—What would you have done then?

Anna.—I would have gone to the city and tried to become a nurse.

Glimming.—Now just why a nurse?

Anna.—It is a good deed to help people that are sick, isn't it? And I've heard there are many nice girls who become nurses.

Glimming.—Well, for that reason!

Anna (*Impetuously*).—Yes, I think that I am too good to go and wear myself out as mother did.

Glimming.—Then you are too good to work, too, aren't you?

Anna.—Oh, yes, perhaps. But as long as I want to—

Glimming.—And what if I think that you are too good to work in my home? If I don't want to have you at my home as before? If it is on my account you can't stay?

Anna (*Gives him a questioning glance; then her eyes light up, with a little beam of triumph; she smiles.*)

Glimming.—Do you understand?

Anna (*Serious again*).—Oh. yes—I think I understand.

Glimming.—Then you also understand that you ought not to stay?

Anna (*Smiles, shakes her head.*)

Glimming (*Passionately, takes a step toward her.*)—What do you mean Anna?

Anna (*Looks at him continues to smile, but is entirely calm*). —I just mean that—there isn't any danger. Mercy, I've noticed that you think I am tolerably goodlooking, and that you

like to look at me. But that doesn't hurt me. You did that once before, you know, long ago.

Glimming.—Have I? When?

Anna.—Have you forgotten it altogether, Sir Proprietor?

Glimming.—Yes.

Anna.—Then there's no use relating it, either.

Glimming.—Yes, I want to hear it.

Anna.—As I said, it was long ago. I was only fourteen then, but large for my age. You came riding to Bo-Cottage, and I stood at the North Gate and curtsied and opened the gate. You stopped your horse and searched your pockets, but I believe you didn't find anything to give me. Then you asked what my name was. "Anna," I answered. "Are you Anna of Bo-Cottage? I ought to have been able to see that. You are a pretty girl. I don't have a coin to give you, but you can give me a kiss instead, can't you? Will you do that, Bo-Cottage lassie?" I blushed but I thought I couldn't refuse the Proprietor himself. So I curtsied and said yes. Then you reached me your hand and showed me how to mount, first on a stone, and then on your foot, and then you lifted me up, and I thought I came dreadfully high up. And then you kissed me here on my cheek, because I turned my mouth away at the last moment.

Glimming (*Animated*).—Was that in the spring? The birch trees were in full leaf, and everything in the fields was beautiful. And I was very glad that day. Well,—was that *you?*

Anna.—It was I. And I was very much ashamed because I was barefooted. And after that, —mother could never make me go without shoes. And I called that gate the Lucky-gate, and I stood there at times and waited. Well, not for you, Sir Proprietor, at all, but for my happiness. And at night I lay and read—in Starback—about Karin Mansdotter, and Kristina Gyllenstjerna—I preferred to read about her. And then I came here and, of course, I expected for a while that you would remember it, but I had to wait a long time. And now you want me to go away. And it's just as well, too, but then I prefer to go right now. (*She turns quickly to go.*)

Glimming.—Stop. You must at least reach me your hand before you go.

Anna (*Stops, looks at him and reaches him her hand*).—Of course, I can do that.

Glimming (*Takes her hand and holds it fast*).—What did you think about me that time—at the gate?

Anna.—Bless me! I thought that you did as you pleased, Sir Proprietor.

Glimming.—Is *that* what you thought? Well, Anna, it's the same now as then. I don't have a coin to give you. Will you give me a kiss instead?

Anna (*Without looking at him, smiles and curtsies*).—Yes. (*Turns her cheek toward him.*)

Glimming (*Throws his arm around her and kisses her on her mouth, once, twice.*)

Anna (*Tries to free herself*).—Proprietor!

Glimming (*Lets her out of his embrace but continues to hold her hand*).—In God's name then! Then you may stay.

Anna (*Tries in vain to loosen her hand*).—Now! No, not now.

Glimming.—Now listen to me, Bo-Cottage lassie! I am a free man. Soon for two years I have mourned blessed Malvina, and my children are grown up, and besides they don't care for their father any longer, and the Proprietor of Borga,—he does as he pleases! And now I ask you if you will be my wife.

Anna (*Looks at him surprised, tears herself away with a cry*).—No, not that! I have never thought—anything like that. No, I am not that kind I don't want to fool anyone. (*More calmly.*) And you don't mean it, either, Sir Proprietor.

Glimming.—Not at first, Anna. At first I thought it could be otherwise. But now—I know what I want.

Anna (*Eagerly*).—Now don't be crazy, good Proprietor. That's a downright folly! You to marry me! Where would that land us? And what would people say?

Glimming.—That doesn't concern me.

Anna.—Yes, indeed. You don't know what you are doing, Sir Proprietor.

Glimming.—I am quite sure I do.

Anna (*Resolutely*).—But I know, too.—And it will never happen. But—I must thank you, as I do see that you are serious—and it is a great honor to me. And I'll never forget it. And now I'm going!

Glimming.—Well, you are giving the Proprietor of Borga the mitten. That wasn't the thanks exactly that I was looking for.

Anna.—That's the best thanks I can give. What else do I have.

Glimming.—Yourself.

Anna (*Looks at him, then walks up to him resolutely and says*)—Then I'll stay anyhow—as before, let happen what will!

Glimming.—Well, that's what I thought once. But a man, a word! Now not even Satan himself can make me turn aside. And I am glad, you see. Here in this old heart, I am glad. You will be called my wife, as you wil' be, and if you give me a son he shall, with God's help, sometime become the Proprietor of Borga.

Anna (*Looks at him with big eyes, as if she had not understood him until now; her face beams. Suddenly she takes his hand and kisses it*).—God bless you! I will be your servant, your wife, as you wish. And one thing I will promise you—you'll never be sorry for it.

(*While they stand there, hand in hand, one can hear the accordeon played by* CROWN *who is coming up the path.*)

ACT IV

This act takes place in Glimming's room as described in Act I.

Anna is seated at Glimming's desk, counting and writing in her household-book. Malcolm is seated at the table to the left playing solitaire. Beside him is AUNT ADELE *busy with her knitting. It is autumn. The air is foggy. The lime trees seen thru the windows are yellow.*

Aunt Adele.—Jack on Queen! Jack on Clubs! You must be attentive, dear Malcolm. This isn't like going and fooling in the woods! How late Glimming is to day! Surely he hasn't gone and tripped on his gun! Nine of Spades! That happened to a forester at your father's. There was a dog that ran between his legs, and he got the bullet right in his stomach. Then they had to shoot him right.

Malcolm (*Astonished*).—Did they shoot the forester?

Aunt.—No, no, dog of course. You aren't following! Oh yes! That was the same autumn that they set fire to Knuts-Cottage, so that the whole barn burned up. They claimed (*with a glance at* ANNA *and with a marked emphasis*) that it was a tramp who had done it. (*She taps with her knitting needles on his shoulder.*) Do you hear, dear Malcolm,—a tramp!

Malcolm.—Yes, I hear!

Aunt.—But what's the matter with Glimming! I don't understand. He just lives out in the woods and in your block-house nowadays.

Malcolm (*Insulted*).—*Log*—

Aunt.—Well, *log*—then. It is just as if he were ashamed, to be here at home.

Malcolm.—Yes, they have taken the log cabin away from me, too.

Anna (*Turns her head*).—Then do you have any remarks about it, Brother?

Malcolm (*Tame*).—No, with all my heart. There's nothing to do any more.

Aunt.—Yes, you, you sit at home instead. Not that I want to tempt you to go, but why don't you ever go to the woods any more?

Malcolm.—He goes there, doesn't he?

Aunt.—Well, you Glimmings! Just as if the woods were not large enough for both of you.

Malcolm (*Hums something and devotes himself to the solitaire again.*)

Uncle Hinke (*Comes in from the vestibule, impetuously*).—Where is Karl Gustaf?

Aunt.—Out hunting. What do you want him for, Uncle?

Uncle.—I want to make a complaint against the inspector, I do! It's unheard of! I can't stand it any longer.

Anna (*Turns around*).—What's happened now?

Uncle.—What has happened! He has insulted me! He disputes my competency! As if I, who have been here at Borga for fifty years, shouldn't understand my affairs better than that bit of a boy. He says that I am antiquated. Antiquated! But the measure is heaped now, and hereby I declare by all that is holy, that either he or I shall leave this place.

Anna.—It will have to be you then, Uncle, because we can't do without the inspector.

Uncle.—But as for me? Good—glad to know it! I shall immediately—

Anna.—What are you going to do, Uncle?

Uncle.—Pack my suitcases.

Malcolm (*Lays down his cards, feebly interested*).—Are you going to leave?

Uncle.—Yes, I'm going to—shake the dust from my feet.

Aunt.—Dear Uncle, don't rave like that, I get so nervous.

Uncle (*Sits down*).—Pardon me!

Malcolm.—Where do you expect to go?

Uncle.—Any place at all. The important thing is that I go. Will you go along? You seem to be superfluous in this house too.

Anna.—Brother Malcolm can't go. He doesn't have time.

Malcolm (*Looks at her*).—No, I don't have time. (*He resumes his game of solitaire.*)

Uncle.—What does he have to do now that's so important?

Anna.—He has promised me a dozen of wooden spoons, and so far only three are done.

Malcolm.—With her monogram on.

Anna.—Brother Malcolm is kind, and helpful, he is. Not like the rest.

Uncle (*Rises*).—Do you mean me, Anna?

Anna.—No, I only said so. Where are you going, Uncle?

Uncle.—How do I know! (*Lamentably.*) How shall I know where to go?

Anna (*Consoling*).—Oh, there are many, indeed, that would be glad to have you come to them, Uncle. It's worse for me.

Uncle.—You have the inspector, don't you?

Anna.—Yes, God be praised that I have him! But the old are the oldest anyhow, and if I needed good advice, then it would be you I'd have to go to, Uncle.

Uncle.—Well—Uncle Hinke might be able to do something, too, would he?

Anna.—If he wouldn't be so touchy.

Uncle.—Touchy!

Malcolm (*Eagerly*).—I think that one will go!

Aunt (*Interested*).—Let me see. (UNCLE HINKE *also interested, goes to the table and watches the game.*)

Aunt.—Yes, really. Where is the Three of Hearts?

Malcolm.—Three of Hearts? Where is the Three of Hearts?

Uncle.—Lying under the Four. Then it's impossible you know. (*Leaves the table.*) Touchy! Because I won't let myself be treated like a dog by anyone at all! I am not living on charity, am I?

Anna.—I surely understand that you don't feel at home any longer, Uncle, since I became the lady of the house.

Uncle.—Have I said so?

Anna.—Oh no, such a fine old gentlemen as you, Uncle, doesn't say all that he thinks. But I surely understand, *anyhow.* And it's hard to bear, at any rate, when a person tries her level best. And it's hard to think that Glimming must lose his old friends for my sake.

Uncle.—Karl Gustaf! He surely has something to complain

about; for so much I certainly can say, that if you were not here, Anna, everything would go to pieces.

Aunt (*Rises*).—Then I guess it is best that I go! (*She gathers up her knitting and goes away. After she has gone,* MALCOLM *keeps an eye open and cheats. Then he finishes the game.*)

Uncle.—What's the matter now?

Anna (*To* UNCLE).—Is it really your intention, Uncle?

Uncle.—Yes, if it were my last word.

Anna (*Reaches him her hand*).—Thank you for that! If you knew how much good it does me to hear it, Uncle. Then, I know you will say a friendly word to the inspector, too, so that I won't have to go here and be afraid I'll lose him.

Uncle.—Indeed, I will. But it's for you, Anna, that I'll do it. Remember that.

Anna.—I'll not forget it, Uncle. (UNCLE HINKE *goes.*)

Malcolm (*Shuffles the cards*).—It went all right anyhow, do you see?

Anna (*Sits down with her household book at his table*).—That's good. Then we can talk instead.

Malcolm (*Flattered*).—Do you like to do that?

Anna.—Yes.

Malcolm.—Women have always done so. I don't know why.

Anna.—I guess it's because you're so handsome, Brother, and talk so little. (*She pulls his beard.*) With a beard like that!

Malcolm (*Looks at her*).—Well, you're full of the devil, all right but, Auntie—well, you see, you can't settle her anyhow.

Anna (*Counts*).—Then I'll have to live anyhow, I guess. No I can't make it balance. I wonder if you can't help me, Brother!

Malcolm.—With the counting? No-o!

Anna.—Oh no, you're not such sharks at counting you Glimmings. It's terrible how things have been wasted here on the farm!

Malcolm (*A little intentionally*).—Yes, we have always been kind to our help.

Anna (*Impetuously*).—Kind! Who, do you suppose will thank you for that? The more they get, the more they want! The help shall have their just due, and that's all!

Malcolm.—I guess you won't be easy to fight with, *you* won't!

Anna.—I understand that thing better than you do, and if I only have time, why—But—but—(*She shakes her head.*)

Malcolm.—Isn't everything all right?

Anna.—No, I think everything is wrong.

Malcolm.—With what?

Anna.—With Borga and everything.

Malcolm.—You mean that Karl Gustaf—

Anna (*Impetuously*).—I want you to leave Glimming in peace. He has worked for you all his life. Now he's going to have a little peace, and he's going to do whatever he pleases as long as possible.

Malcolm.—You be calm—as long as I stay here—

Anna.—You have nothing to say, Brother.

Malcolm.—What are you talking about—don't I have anything to say?

Anna.—A person, that has sold his share in the farm and squandered the money, doesn't have anything to say, surely.

Malcolm.—You're forgetting my inheritance on my mother's side.

Anna.—Ah, I can't take the pains to listen to it. That's just nonsense. You know that as well as I do. Yes, Brother, you *know* it is.

Malcolm (*Looks at her, hums, takes up his cards again and begins to shuffle them.*)

Anna.—No, the only person who could do something would be Lennart, I suppose. (*She rises.*) But he won't even come home to see his stepmother, *he* won't.

Malcolm (*Hums.*)

Anna.—What did you say, Brother? (*As* MALCOLM *doesn't answer, she takes her household book and goes to the writing desk. At the same time, she happens to look out thru the window. She starts, looks helplessly at* MALCOLM. *Then she decides quickly and goes back to him.*) Aren't you ashamed to sit and play solitaire right in the middle of the forenoon, you big, strong man?

Malcolm.—I just wanted to see if it would go once more.

Anna.—There's time for that now, isn't there? You know I am going to make preserves to-morrow and I haven't received the ladle yet that you have promised me, Brother.

Malcolm.—Have I promised?

Anna.—Don't you remember? You promised me a big, fine preserve-ladle. Down to the sloydshop, I say, and work! (*Pulls his beard.*) Well, will you get it done?

Malcolm.—I'm going, am I not?

Anna.—No, don't go that way! Go thru the kitchen.

Malcolm.—Thru the kitchen?

Anna.—Yes, and ask if you may borrow one of the old ladles to copy after.

Malcolm (*goes toward the billiard room. He stops*).—Is there to be a monogram on it?

Anna.—Yes, of course., there's to be a monogram on it. (MALCOLM *goes.* ANNA *goes quickly out to the vestibule. The stage is vacant for a moment. Then she comes back with* CROWN).

Anna.—Come in here! Has any one seen you? (*She shuts the door to the billiard room.*) "Has anyone seen you?" I ask.

Crown.—Yes, two old women that were going across the road down here in the alley were the last ones to see me, I believe.

Anna.—Don't talk nonsense! What do you want here? You know you promised.

Crown.—Yes, but it was a case of necessity, and then it doesn't count. Not very much, you know.

Anna.—You have promised, and this is the second time already that you are breaking your promise. What do you want? Can't I be left in peace at all? Are you coming here now to spoil everything for me? (*Ready to cry.*) I suppose you won't be satisfied until you've made me unhappy.

Crown.—Don't you know your father? Do you think he'd like to see anybody unhappy, unless it would be the justice of peace back home there in Ostervala, but that's a story by itself. Take a seat, Crown! (*He sits down.*) And then you surely want to hear some news from the family.

Anna.—How is mother?

Crown.—Well, thank you, she's well and sends you her greeting.

Anna.—Does she know that you are here?

Crown.—Since she's sending you her greeting, why—

Anna.—You're lying. Mother would never allow—Mother wishes only for my welfare, *she* does!

Crown.—Yes, just that. But the old man isn't feeling very well. I guess he couldn't stand moving away from Bo-Cottage. And soon I suppose his granddaughter will have to pay the expenses of a rather fine funeral for him. And I myself—Well, look at me closely now, and tell me how I am.

Anna.—You are like yourself, I think.

Crown.—Do you say so? I'm glad to hear it, my girl. Because otherwise—.

Anna.—How did you get here? Did you walk?

Crown.—No, no, that time is past. I don't have time for such things now. No, I went by train to Vasteras, but then—well, then I suppose I have taken a few short cuts; but that was for

your sake, my girl, because I thought it would create less sensation than if I came driving a team. And then I wanted to see the old places again.

Anna (*Sits down at the writing-desk*)—Isn't there anything in particular you want?

Crown.—Yes, there is, too, but I guess it'll be best to talk with the Proprietor about it.

Anna.—You'll let Glimming be in peace; do you understand? If there's something you want, then you may talk to me about it.

Crown.—Mercy, how anxious you are about him! I don't want to do him any harm!

Anna.—That's all the same. But I don't even want you to see him. Whatever you have to say, you may say it to me.

Crown.—Then is that just as good?

Anna.—Yes, it is.

Crown.—Well, there's something to show for your story. You have at least taken his place. Nay, sit there, my girl. It makes your old father glad to see that you have risen in the world. Now if it would only go as well for me, too—Well, that is, with the modification, of course.

Anna.—You surely are well taken care of.

Crown.—It might seem so, but—you say that I am like myself. That must be more in outward appearance, *that* must because, otherwise I have changed very much, both for the better and the worse. There's nothing the matter with the wherewithal, but this disposition of mine—I have lost entirely my happy contentment of mind. I've got it into my head to become a juryman.

Anna.—You, a juryman!

Crown.—Yes, I'm a damned backsword, I am, back home there in Ostervala, believe me. And for that reason I have now thought I'd get myself a locomobile.

Anna.—To become a juryman?

Crown.—Yes, I've got it into my head that that would be the way. And that's why—

Anna.—We can't give you any more money.

Crown.—It's not a question of money. Only a security—on a loan in the savings bank there at home. And a little paper with the name "Glimming" on it. That would do the whistling, that would. With a locomobile and a loan at the bank I am quite sure of the office of juryman.

Anna.—Are *you* going to begin to borrow now, also?

Crown.—Only for the sake of the position, my girl. Now it's this way—there at home in Ostervala—

Anna.—Glimming won't sign it.

Crown.—Oh, yes, he will, if you ask him,—(*He winks at her.*) at the right moment.

Anna (*Rises*).—Now you'll have to go. I have no more time for you.

Crown (*Rises also*).—Is that so? You don't? Well, good-bye then—with the locomobile! That came to me, it did when I met the old women—fie—. May I take with me greetings to the family?

Anna.—Yes, give mother my regards! Tell her that if things go as they ought to, I'll come to see her.

Crown.—Then, the devils have mercy, the flags will be hoisted in Ostervala. Good-bye then! (*He takes a step. Then he stops.*) And you don't have any little waterfall to spare, either, have you?

Anna (*Attentive*).—Waterfall?

Crown.—Yes, only a moderately sized one, like the one at Bo-Cottage, for example. That's almost better than a locomobile.

Anna.—Pshaw, you're only talking!

Crown.—Is that so? At any rate you seem to want to take care of it, according to what I noticed, when I went past.

Anna.—Have you been there?

Crown.—Yes, I wanted to visit the old places, you understand. I was up to see the log-cabin, too! (*He slaps his knees and laughs*) Bless me, in the name of Jesus! How is Malcolm now, by the way?

Anna.—Well.

Crown.—What's he doing nowadays?

Anna.—He's playing solitaire.

Crown.—Well, didn't I know he'd go wrong when he didn't have me any longer? I almost thought it was he who was busy over there at the falls.

Anna.—It's Glimming who has the idea that he's going build a saw-mill.

Crown.—Well, a saw-mill isn't to be despised, if he saws in the right way. I'm glad it wasn't what I thought.

Anna.—With Brother Malcolm?

Crown.—No, higher up. Well, that was really too good! Goodbye.

Anna.—What did you think?

Crown.—Mercy, I only thought that it was the Hallefors

Company that finally had the good fortune to get at the falls, since Sir Lennart and that other person—that Ramsay—were just there.

Anna.—At the falls?

Crown.—No, at Hallefors. Didn't you know that?

Anna.—No!

Crown.—Doesn't Lennart inform his sweet mother when he is so near?

Anna.—I haven't even seen him, since I was married, neither him nor Herman. I suppose he's ashamed of me.

Crown.—Yes, those children! But then I can make you happy by telling you that he will soon be here.

Anna.—Is Lennart coming here?

Crown.—Yes, if I didn't hear wrong entirely. Both he and that Ramsay are coming.

Anna.—Heavens! Then things must be in bad shape.

Crown.—What's in bad shape?

Anna.—Borga, and everything.

Crown.—Listen here, my girl. Here we keep on questioning, and we answer, and we don't answer, and neither you nor I get anywhere with it. Open your heart to your old father! That I have a little bit of wherewithal you know, and that I stand for the welfare of the family, that I surely also have proved.

Anna.—Well, you know that I don't have anyone else to talk with. When we were married, Glimming was in hard straits. I have learned that since. Though he got thru all right that time. He sold five thousand standing trees, that are to be sawed off this winter. But since that time it seemed as if he lost interest in agriculture and he just wanted to go in the woods. I believe that, at first, he went and counted how long it would last, but then he started to like it, and he became glad and contented, and it seemed as if he forgot everything else, both money and troubles and his sons, and I might almost say, he forgot me, too, though he never did that entirely, of course. And I was glad to see him contented, and I tried to manage the rest of it the best I could. And if I only had time, why—. There isn't a little bit that can be saved here on a farm like this, believe me. But then, in order that he might not lose himself completely, it was I who gave him that idea about the saw-mill. I remember what you had said, and then I talked with Uncle, and I learned the connections, and I thought that one can never know, you know—

Crown.—That's right, my girl; hold to that firmly! See, there is this thing with water, one can never know—

Anna.—Yes, not that I have so much faith in the saw-mill.

Crown.—Don't bother about the saw-mill! There can be a law-suit about it anyhow, and that's as good as any other saw-mill, it is, at least as any back home in Ostervala. If you only had a paper, even the smallest piece of paper.

Anna (*Suddenly, as she looks at the clock*).—Well, now you must go. Glimming comes home about this time, If I only knew when Lennart's coming!

Crown.—Why, you can telephone to the hotel at Hallefors and inquire when they'll leave here.

Anna.—Yes, I can do that. Glimming must not meet him first, for then things will go all wrong. Father, you go to the log-cabin and wait there, and then I'll see. And if you meet Glimming, try to take him with you. But don't say anything about it because he must not know—

Crown.—Be calm, my girl. Just hold firmly to the idea that a person can't know anything. The devils have mercy, if I had a law-suit at home in Ostervala, why I'd be good for a senator (*He goes.*)

Anna (*Goes to the table, takes the telephone*).—Give me Hallefors, please. Thank you! Is that Hallefors? Hotel please. Thank you. (*A pause.*) Is that the hotel? Will you tell me if Attorney Glimming is still at the hotel. Has he gone! Five minutes ago? With Director Ramsay? Oh, is that so? Alone! No, thank you, it isn't necessary. Thank you! (*Looks at the clock. She intends to go but remains and listens. Voices are heard outside. Then the door opens and* GLIMMING *comes in with* CROWN.)

Glimming.—Yes, come in! You must eat breakfast with me. Have you anything for us to eat? I'm as hungry as a wolf.

Anna.—I don't believe father has time.

Glimming.—Surely, he has time. A bit of food he must have before he goes away. Where are you going?

Crown.—I'm going home again. I just had a little errand to that daughter of mine, and that's delivered now, or just about. And then I thought I'd look at the new saw-mill that's going to be.

Glimming.—You may do that with me after we have had breakfast. Hustle up now, my girl!

Anna (*Stands helpless a moment, then makes her decision.*)—It will be ready immediately. (*She goes.*)

Glimming.—Sit down, Crown! Sit down!

Crown (*Sits down*).—Thank you. (GLIMMING *walks back*

and forth.) And you are contented and get along well, Sir Proprietor?

Glimming.—Yes, indeed, I'm getting along very well!

Crown.—Well, with a young, pretty wife at home; if I may now say it myself.

Glimming.—Yes, it's all right, everything is. But that's not the main thing, Crown.

Crown.—Isn't it?

Glimming.—The main thing is to have a meek spirit and not to be proud. It's a good thing you came, so I can tell you that I've thought about you often lately, and I've found that considering everything you've been right.

Crown.—Yes, indeed, but—in what?

Glimming.—In your view of life, Crown.

Crown.—In my—the devils have mercy!

Glimming.—Perhaps you haven't understood to put it into a system, but you've had the right conception, and you've tried to live accordingly. You are a wise man, Crown.

Crown (*Rises*).—God save the Lieutenant!

Glimming.—No, sit down! (CROWN *sits down.*) Now you're going to hear how it all came about. (*He keeps on walking, stopping now and then.*) Here I went and had great troubles. I had been compelled to sell a large part of my forest, and it cut me in the heart. It seemed as if I had sold my own dependents. Pretty soon an anxiety came over me, and I had to go out to see if it still stood there, if it hadn't disappeared during the night. And then I began to count. It was just like a fixed idea with me. For a month's time I paced around and counted and measured, and at night I sat up and made long calculations. But then one day, I had been walking for a long time and was tired, and so I lay down, my head on my cap, and went to sleep. I don't know how long I slept nor do I know when I awoke, but when I awoke, I was lying there and staring right up at the sky, where the clouds were sailing by over the tops of the pine trees. I heard a rustling around me, and the tops of the pine trees fluttered up there on high, and the air was like a rolling ocean on whose bed I was lying. Then that thought came to me again. "My woods." I sat up and had to laugh. There was something very void of meaning in the thought that it was my woods. It seemed as if both that thought and many other similar ones arose and disappeared up there somewhere in space. And I rose up and felt like a new person. And since then I've never had that thought again.

Crown.—What do you think then, Proprietor, as you make your rounds on your grounds?

Glimming.—I think that it is only a loan—for a short time. Because the thing that makes a person unhappy, you see, Crown, is that he thinks he owns something, and he even wants to own it when he's away himself. You see that in the children. But those are illusions. We are only borrowers, all of us.

Crown.—That's true, so it is!

Glimming.—Therefore when the devil of pride attacks you, go out to the woods and lie down on your back and look up to the sky, and you'll learn to have some sense.

Crown.—Yes, indeed, I think that may be all right, too. But only with the wherewithal, Boss.

Glimming (*Impetuously*).—It's just as I say. Meekness, that's what we need to learn. Am I not right?

Crown.—Yes, of course, meekness is a good thing, all right. And it's true, all right, that a person should not own too much, not more than a person can take care of himself, with a couple of men-servants, of course, and a locomobile.

Anna (*From the vestibule*).—Now the breakfast is ready.

Glimming.—Fine! Come then, Crown! Admit that I am right.

Anna.—I must talk with you first, Glimming, only a moment.

Glimming.—Wouldn't it be just as well after breakfast?

Anna.—No. It is very important.

Glimming.—Some trouble with the help again, of course. (*Resigned.*) Go ahead then, Crown. I'll come as soon as I can. (CROWN *goes.*) What's it about?

Anna.—It is only that—Lennart is coming.

Glimming.—Lennart—is coming? (*Looks cheerful.*) And Herman?

Anna.—No, only Lennart.

Glimming (*Looks depressed*).—Is that so? Only Lennart. When is he coming?

Anna.—Now, any moment at all.

Glimming.—And why don't I know anything about it? Has he informed you?

Anna.—No, I learned it accidentally from my father, who saw him at Hallefors.

Glimming.—At Hallefors? Is he coming from Hallefors?

Anna.—Yes. And Ramsay was with him. But I don't think that he's coming here now.

Glimming.—What's going on now?

Anna.—I fear for the worst, Glimming. I am afraid they want to force you to sell at last.

Glimming.—Force me! Is that so? Do you believe that? Then you don't know me. They can ruin me, perhaps, but I will never give up willingly.

Anna.—Shouldn't you try to agree, at any rate?

Glimming.—No, I don't want to see him. Why isn't Herman coming, too?

Anna.—Well, perhaps it's best that you don't see him first. If you would let me talk with him.

Glimming.—You! It'll never happen.

Anna (*Goes up closely to him*).—Dearest Glimming, I beg you, let me. I want to try to reconcile him.

Glimming.—You are crazy. If it were Herman,—as easily moved as he is. But you don't know Lennart, he is hard, he is.

Anna.—I like that better. For that reason, perhaps he can understand what I have to say to him.

Glimming.—What might you have to say to him?

Anna.—It's still a secret.

Glimming (*Looks at her*).—A secret!

Anna.—It's something that I'm not sure yet if it's of any account. But let me try it, at any rate, If it won't work you can—Hush! Isn't he coming? Yes, he's stopping outside on the road. Do go, Glimming.

Glimming (*After a little hesitation*).—Well, but if he becomes discourteous, call me. (*He goes.*)

Anna (*Alone. She goes to the window, stands behind the curtains and looks out, places her hand at her breast, then straightens up*). Ah, nonsense, why he's nothing but a slip of a boy! (*She stands waiting. There's a little lapse of time. Then some one knocks hard and with determination. She doesn't answer. The door is opened and* LENNART *comes in, looks around, but doesn't immediately see* ANNA *who is still standing at the window.*)

Anna (*Steps forth*).—Who is wanted?

Lennart.—Beg your pardon, isn't the Proprietor in? (*He looks at her, understands who she is, becomes stiff and ceremonious.*) Well, I suppose this is the new lady of the house.

Anna.—Yes. And this is—Lennart? Isn't that right?

Lennart.—Attorney Glimming, yes.

Anna (*Goes toward him with her hand stretched toward him*).—Welcome, then, though late.

Lennart (*Turning her off*).—I beg you. Isn't my father in?

Anna.—Yes, he is in the dining-room eating his breakfast.

Lennart.—That's good, then I shall—(*He makes a move to go again.*)

Anna.—Yes, but he has someone with him, whom you perhaps don't want to see, Lennart.

Lennart.—Attorney Glimming, if you please. And who is *that*?

Anna.—My father.

Lennart.—No, you're right in that. It's fine company my father keeps these days. Tramps.

Anna.—Farm-owner, if you please.

Lennart.—Is that so? Well, well, the family has prospered. Will you tell my father that I'll wait out on the yard until he is at leisure?

Anna.—Isn't it better that you wait here, Lennart? It will create less sensation.

Lennart.—Perhaps so. But I think it's best that we keep our titles until later.

Anna.—What do you mean, Lennart?

Lennart.—I mean that to you I am Attorney Glimming, nothing else.

Anna (*Looks at him and smiles.*)

Lennart (*Rushing up*).—What are you laughing at?

Anna.—I just thought that that must be a very new title, since you are so particular about it.

Lennart (*At first embarrassed, then regaining his former stiff manner*).—Will you tell my father that I am here, immediately?

Anna.—He knows it already.

Lennart.—Does he know it?

Anna.—Yes, but I thought it was best that I talk with you first, and so he yielded.

Lennart.—Is that so? You're doing just as you wish with my poor old father, I suppose?

Anna.—Well, he's not so terribly old, I should think, since he could take such a young wife, and make her happy.

Lennart (*Walks up close to her*).—You ought to be ashamed!

Anna.—Why?

Lennart.—Why? And you ask why?

Anna.—Because I, a poor working-girl, have become the mistress of Borga farm. I'm very proud of it, I am.

Lennart.—And with what means have you become this?

Anna.—Only he and I know that.

Lennart (*Laughs*).—Of course, but one might perhaps guess.

Anna (*Looks at him and smiles*).—I don't believe that you understand such things very well, Lennart.

Lennart.—You are really—. Have you no feeling at all for what you have done?

Anna.—I believe that the most I have done has been good—so far at least.—Alone as Glimming was here, forsaken by his sons.

Lennart.—That's not true. It was he who drove us away because we couldn't approve of his heedless way of taking care of the farm. Now, it has gone as I prophesied, at last. Now we have the knife at our necks, and we must sell whether we want to or not.

Anna—Is that so? Poor Glimming!

Lennart—The bank requires its loan, that's what I have to inform him.

Anna.—Poor Glimming! But isn't that quite an ugly piece of business transacted by the bank?

Lennart.—Ugly! That's a word that isn't found in business. They take care of their interests. Besides, I'd do as they are doing. The way he's now started to meddle with the woods, too. The property is losing in value every day.

Anna.—He must have money, you know. And what shall he do?

Lennart.—What shall he do?—well, that—I'll tell him, myself.

Anna.—If I now have such power over him as you think, Lennart, wouldn't it be better to have me on your side . . .

Lennart.—This doesn't concern you.

Anna.—Oh yes, it does, too. And whether you want me to or not, I'm on that side, nevertheless, Lennart.

Lennart.—Really?

Anna.—Yes, what a person can't hold, he ought to let go, and I believe that this won't hold out any longer. For that reason I suppose it's as good to sell now, as later. But the main farm Glimming shall keep as his home till the day of his death.

Lennart.—And after that you, as his widow, shall occupy it!

Anna.—Yes, that also, if I survive him. And, of course, we'll keep Bo-Cottage.

Lennart.—Bo-Cottage, as if that were something.

Anna.—It is, no doubt, the most precious thing here on the estate.

Lennart (*Looks at her and laughs*).—You mean, because you were born there.

Anna.—No, I don't mean that. That's another thing, that is. That concerns only me. No, I mean something else. And that will surely be evident, when the new saw-mill—

Lennart.—Well, what a madness now? I've heard something said about that, too. Place a saw-mill up there in the wilderness! If he even had the right to it!

Anna.—Why it belongs to Borga's possessions, doesn't it?

Lennart.—Yes, but the use of the water! You don't understand that.

Anna.—No, but for that reason I would be grateful if I might be informed about it. That's just the thing I wanted to talk with you about, Lennart.

Lennart.—I think that this conversation has already lasted too long, and if you won't tell my father, then—(*He makes a move to go.*)

Anna.—No, Lennart, you must keep calm and listen to what I have to say; otherwise, you might be sorry for it some day.

Lennart (*Struck*).—Well, what is it?

Anna.—Do you know for certain the circumstances about that waterfall, Lennart?

Lennart (*Attentive*).—Do *you* know anything about it?

Anna.—I only know what my old Uncle has told me. But, I suppose, that isn't much to pay attention to.

Lennart.—Let's hear it, at any rate.

Anna.—Well,—uncle, he persisted in believing that when Proprietor Gellander bought Hallefors, why, neither he nor anyone else thought about the conditions as to the right of the use of the water. He bought the estate for its soil and woods, and took care of it accordingly. Then there was supposed to have existed only one mill at the falls; and it was his son who first contrived the iron-works and founded the Company of Hallefors, and the old buildings down at the dam near Bo-Cottage, are a proof of the fact although they have been allowed to fall to ruins.

Lennart.—That's no proof. To the contrary—that they have been allowed to fall to ruins—

Anna.—Alas, so much has been allowed to decline here, unintentionally! But the fact that Proprietor Hermon, your grandfather, Lennart, who sold Hallefors, thought of building a saw-mill up there near Bo-Cottage once himself, is another proof.

And he surely would not have thought of it if he hadn't known that he had the right to do so.

Lennart.—I've never heard anything about that.

Anna.—No, that was just before he fell down and was killed, and since then the whole thing was forgotten. It was only Uncle who talked about it, once in a while. He thought, of course, that it would have been an honor to Bo-Cottage.

Lennart.—Yes, that sounds, quite plausible, but—it's no proof, if there aren't any papers to confirm it.

Anna.—Well, that's what I thought, too, but, of course, I have such a little bit of knowledge about things like that, and I didn't want to bother Glimming unnecessarily; and so I talked with the inspector, who is a good man and trust-worthy; and he helped me to look thru old records and books, both up there in the office and at other places. And see what we have found. (*She takes a few folded papers from her pocket and reaches them to* LENNART) Well, they are only copies of course.

Lennart (*Takes the papers hastily, sits down at the table and glances thru them*).—Yes—yes—it looks like it. Yes, it must be the proper thing. Unless—since—

Anna.—Since then nothing has been done about the affair. You know the standing Glimming has taken against the company.

Lennart.—Yes. That's not at all likely.

Anna.—Are they good papers then?

Lennart (*Rises eagerly*).—Are they good! Yes, I'll promise you they are . Possessing these papers—Was it a saw-mill father thought of building?

Anna.—Yes, he thought he would. But the building of the dam ought to be the most important thing, I should think.

Lennart.—Yes, of course. We'll build just a dam. And then we'll regulate the water-supply, shut off and turn on as we desire. What will the gentlemen down in Hallefors say then?

Anna.—Perhaps they will be a little more gentle.

Lennart.—We'll direct the whole company, quite easily.

Anna.—Yes, we will!

Lennart.—I want to see what my Ramsay will do! God knows if he hasn't divined foul play, and that's the reason he has been so anxious! Will you let me have these papers a while, so that I may study them carefully?

Anna.—Yes, but—they are valuable papers for me, they are. They are my whole dowry.

Lennart (*Looks at her, stands a while struggling with his emo-*

tions. Then he goes up to her and reaches her his hand).—Forgive me!

Anna (*Puts her hand back of her*).—I beg you!

Lennart (*Draws his hand back, stands there, embarrassed.* ANNA *looks at him, then suddenly bursts out in laughter, throws her arms around him and kisses him on his cheek.* LENNART *somewhat astonished, tries to be master of the situation*).—Shouldn't we go to Daddy?

Anna.—Why, of course, we will. And then we must also be sensible, and we must not be proud.

Lennart.—Come then! Well, I guess I'll say Anna, since we are almost of the same age.

Anna (*Reaches him her hand*).—Yes do—Attorney!

PERFUMED THORNS

(*Espinas Perfumadas*)

BY JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ

Translated from the Spanish by Herbert King Stone

Black griefs march through my life in cavalcades
  Like sullen clouds as sets the winter day;
My soul o'erborne lies cowering in the shades
  Of a twilight that may never pass away.

A garden sad, I naught of love have left
  But calm, by thorns perfumed, by fountains wept . . .
My flesh—of all but soul I am bereft,
  The rest the needy winds away have swept.

O vision that in springtime's sweetest eves
  Didst dwell among the enchanted fronds of gold!
The dream hath fled and fallen are the leaves;
  Four humble walls the only treasure hold.

DANTE'S DIVINA COMMEDIA

ITS MOSLEM SOURCES AND PARALLELS

By Charlotte Brewster Jordan

THE most notable contribution to the Dantean world of thought has been made within the last two years by a distinguished Spanish savant, Sr. Don Miguel Asíny Palacios, whose research into the original Arabic has unearthed facts which must prove as valuable in interpreting Dante as did the trilingual Rosetta Stone in interpreting the hieroglyphics of Egypt. This discovery is, that not only in its general working plan but also in its descriptive details, the *Divine Comedy* is a mediaevalized, Italianized adaptation of the legends of the nocturnal journey of Mahomet to the throne of God.

Since Dante's death in 1321, a large library of volumes has been written upon his *Divine Comedy* which has gradually become a storm centre of the literary tradewinds. Many a knotty point in his famous allegory has been hotly discussed by the *literati* of Europe; widely different interpretations have been read into and read out of his cryptic phrases; historic allusions and parallels have been discovered and repudiated; many doctrinal lines have been dubiously attributed to the church fathers, and many a system of philosophy and theology has been formulated or bolstered up by apt quotation from this mine of culture.

The scholar throwing the Moslem projectile into the camp of intellectuals is a modest young Spaniard—professor of Arabic at the University of Madrid and one of the chaplains at the palace—who some years ago noted in the Neo-Platonic and mystic doctrines of Abenmasara, certain principles which, filtering through Christian scholasticism, had been adopted not only by the savants of the Franciscan or pre-Thomist school, but also by Dante whom all critics had hitherto classified as an Aristotelian and Thomist. Plodding patiently onward, making his own dictionaries and grammars—for the Arabic tongue is not yet adequately schoolmastered for Occidental pupils—and digging assiduously into cer-

tain archives of Spain and Africa which for many centuries had been a sealed book to the scholars of Europe, he quietly pursued his independent research. As more and more light came from his widening horizon, the investigator isolated himself from current distractions and concentrated upon a new possibility which was forcing its way into his analytic consciousness. Pushing on from his original point of departure—that the metaphysics of the Cordovan, Abenmasara, and of the Murcian, Abenarabi, had, possibly already existed as precursors of the *Divine Comedy* and served as its model—he was confronted by the contingency that the similarity between the Dantesque and Moslem descriptions of a visit to the Hereafter *might* both have been modeled on Christian, mediaeval legends.

Dantists so steeped in pedantry that they can not bear the searchlight of truth upon their accepted traditions, hearing that a shaft from the Orient might play over their outworks, dismissed this possibility with an eloquent shrug of the shoulders, consigning it to the limbo of such sensational fads as the Bacon-Shakspere controversy. Such, however, was not the attitude of the Spanish Arabist. Realizing that enquiry into the pre-Dantean legends was imperative, he set himself to the comparative study of the Islamic originals. When he later found abundant proof that the Moslem folktales were undoubted prototypes of the Christian mediaeval legends, then his original problem became flooded with meridional light. The Moslem genesis, then, unquestionably offered the key not only to a great part of what is already evident in the *Divine Comedy*, but to the hitherto inexplicable parts;—to those obscure points which the Dantists have been wont to explain by precursory Christian allusions or, when that proved impossible, by attributing them because of their very incomprehensibility, to the Florentine poet's genial creative fancy.

From time to time appeared modest pamphlets tabulating the results of the Spaniard's most recent researches,—results so significant that they could not be ignored by the savants; so that when a death occurred in the ranks of the Immortals of the Spanish Royal Academy of History, the young Arabist was invited to fill the vacant place. In preparing a thesis which should set forth his special work and justify the honor conferred upon him, the new Academician went still further into the problematical fields of literary origins, constantly finding fresh confirmatory evidence. As the original Arabic Mss. yielded their secrets to his master-key, possibility changed to probability and eventually to certainty.

Not from one writer, but from many was the consensus gathered. Not from manuscripts only, but from old maps and drawings made long before Dante was born came the cumulative proof of his indebtedness to the Orient for the distinctive pattern of his masterpiece. Finally the burden of proof became so heavy that the collator's health broke under the nervous strain of assembling and annotating the many and tedious details of his surprising discoveries. It took him nearly four years to arrange in systematic form that thesis which has now swelled to many hundreds of pages and was last year published in Spain. To many, it would have been the work of a lifetime.

I

Since the sequence of thought leading to this epochal rediscovery will soon be a matter of widespread information, let us anticipate the general mental readjustment by getting clearly in mind the principal stepping stones by which the author reached his conclusions.

The starting-point for the legends clustering around the *mirach* Mahometan ascension, was naturally the *Koran*, the sacred scriptures of Islam, written in Arabic and professing to record the revelations of Allah to his prophet, Mahomet. As it was gradually evolved through the centuries, it became the nucleus around which clustered the fragmentary traditions highly colored with Oriental fantasy and popularized among the followers of the warrior-prophet. In Dante's day, the *Koran* was practically an unread book outside of Islam, not only because it was written in a "heathen" tongue, but principally because the church fathers were as uninterested in the legendary accretions adhering to the official organ of the infidel cult, as Billy Sunday would be in the Zend Avesta.

But even the *Koran* throws very little direct light upon the tradition of Mahomet's nocturnal journey, the entire legendary fabric being built upon the following single, obscure allusion:—"Praised be [the Lord] who transported his servant [Mahomet] by night from the sacred temple [of Mecca] to the further temple [of Jerusalem] the circuit of which we have blessed, that we might show him some of our signs." The very vagueness and mysteriousness of this brief text seems to have piqued the curiosity of the faithful whose exuberant Oriental imagination embroidered it during the six centuries following, with flowers of speech expressing their commentaries in magnificent, rhetorical figures, varied episodes and vivid detail.

Since the ramifications of these *hadiths*, traditions of the prophet, form a small documentary library, the Spanish Arabist has selected for his chain of proof the most patent similarities in the principal redactions extant. Beginning with the simplest, he gradually draws upon the complex action and marvelous scenes depicted with hyperbolic fertility in the writings of the most celebrated mystic philosophers among the Moslems. In each is a striking parallel—or rather a series of parallels—the whole forming a group of obvious analogies to which there can be but one interpretation.

II

First the parallelism in story: The countless legends clustering around Mahomet's nocturnal journey bring into relief the following analogies: Mahomet, like Dante, is awakened from a dull sleep; guided by Gabriel, as the Florentine is accompanied by Virgil—both leaders typifying Reason or Human Wisdom—they approach a steep mountain, craggy and high, whose crest is lost in the clouds; terrified by its forbidding aspect, the travellers are reassured by their guides who instruct them to tread in their footprints; their point of departure—the vicinity of Jerusalem—is the same; the protagonists relate realistically their personal experiences; they are apprised of their approach to the realms of woe by the shrieks of the condemned; the grim keeper challenges their right to enter till his objections are overborne by their respective conductors. Since the punishments in the *Purgatorio* and *Inferno* are visited upon the organs committing offense, or in exaggerated form victimize those who have victimized their fellow-men, they are not merely similar, but in many specific instances absolutely identical.

The parallelism in punishments: Mahomet with Gabriel and Dante with Virgil, pass trembling through the *Inferno;* the Islamic funnel shaped hell, according to the *Koran*, the *hadiths*, and the original drawings and writings of the Arabic *sufi*, Abenarabi, coincides not only with the "architecture" and general topography of the Dantesque *Inferno*, but also with the floors and levels outlined in the drawings of the modern Dantists; they pass through the city of Dis, the rain of fire, the first three valleys of *Malebolge*, and are moved with pity on beholding the dire punishments. Dante's powerful exposition of moral penalties and awards has always aroused much wonder, and was considered by the late Charles Eliot Norton as one of his most distinctive quali-

ties. Among these specific punishments, those which are literally identical both in moral classification and detail with those of the Islamic *Aaraf* are: the black whirlwind of adulterers corresponding to the windy blast of *Ad*; the fiery rain which falls upon the Sodomites obliged to revolve in a circle; the torture of the soothsayers whose heads are turned around so that they, "advance with backward gait"; Caiphas crucified upon the ground and trampled by the populace; the thieves devoured by snakes; the schismatics and false prophets stabbed almost to death yet driven onward with their internal organs revealed or with arms amputated, or carrying in their hands their own talking heads; the giants whose measureless proportions are described with analogous precision; the punishment of ice which is the Moslem *Zamharir*, inflicted upon traitors in similar positions; the hunger which feeds on its own body; the loathsome bodily eruptions which require constant scratchings; and finally, the picture of Lucifer embedded in ice like the Islamic Iblis.

Parallelism between Lucifer and Iblis: Faint with horror, the travellers behold this gigantic winged angel of many faces who was hurled from heaven because of his rebellion against God, to the uttermost pit. This pit is at the center of the earth in direct vertical projection from Jerusalem above which is the theological heaven, abode of Divinity and the Elect. Frozen, head downward, in the ice, the fallen angel in both accounts bears upon his back the various strata of the earth. The Florentine word-painter's description of Lucifer has been one of the points of the *Divine Comedy* arousing enthusiasm because of its marvelous portraiture, rich imaginative qualities, amazing erudition and extreme originality. Its counterpart may be found in the earlier legends of Islam.

Parallelism between the Inferno and Limbo: Issuing from the *Inferno* a little before dawn, the travellers next betake themselves to the *Purgatorio* or *Limbo* of the Moslems. As the dogma of purgatory did not become a doctrine of the Christian Church until a hundred years after Dante's death, his localization of Purgatory adjoining hell, with its progressive expiations and its wealth of descriptive detail,was naturally considered a triumph of the imagination. The incidents in the antechamber of Purgatory, with other obvious analogies, such as the dense smoke, the insatiable hunger and thirst of those purging themselves of sin, but strengthen the chain of evidence as to the source book of Dante's inventive fancy.

Parallelism in the descriptions and doctrines of Paradise: Approaching Paradise the generic coincidences, especially in the employment of luminant and acoustic elements in the descriptive passages, become still more strikingly evident. Both narrators comment upon the velocity of the ascension and the impossibility of doing full justice to the glorious vision whose supernal splendor robs them of sight; in both accounts the terrestrial paradise is upon an exceedingly high mountain in the midst of the ocean; the paradisaical garden watered by three rivers, is situated between purgatory and heaven,—the "vestibule of glory" where the souls of the distinguished visitors are purified by ablution in two rivers; they are then conducted by maidens appointed by God to guide and serve them, to their respective celestial soulmates representing Revelation or Divine Wisdom,—each preceded by a heavenly cortege of nymphs and elders typifying the Church Militant; the physical and moral features of the Beloved, and even the theme of their colloquies with the Blest, offer a downright parallelism. The meeting of Dante with his apotheosized Beatrice is an episode in no sense Christian, yet both in the main and in detail is essentially identical with the entrance of the soul into the Islamic paradise, following its immersion in the two rivers, guidance by a heavenly houri, and welcome by its spiritual lady.

Summary of Paradisaical parallels: The Moslem *Sufi*, Abenarabi, best systematized the earlier mystics, harmonizing their viewpoints with the *Koran*, tradition, and the Neo-Platonic speculations of the philosophers. An unprejudiced analysis, therefore, of the cardinal features of the Arabic narrations, according to this savant, demonstrates similarities in the topography of Paradise, with its sequence of planetary spheres, the Crystalline Heaven or *Primum Mobile* and also with the symmetry and decoration of its conception in the following five points: the beatific vision of the Divine Light; the diversity of grades; the ineffable ecstasy of the heavenly vision; the exterior effulgence of the Blest and their intellectual clarity; and the lack of envy among those assigned, according to their earthly service, to the lower grades of the heaven of pure spirit. These eschatalogical points alone, according to the author, offer a far better explanation of the heretofore mysterious genesis of the *Divine Comedy* than have all the sources yet consulted by the Dantists.

Parallelism in the mystic idealization of woman: Nowhere is the great Florentine more obviously indebted to M[illegible] litera-

ture than in his conception of Beatrice. His habitual reference to other women is known to have been almost contemptuous. He regarded their intellects as inferior. Yet his idealization of Beatrice as his spiritual guiding star corresponds to the mystic love of woman scattered so plentifully through the literature of the *Sufis* who repeatedly exalted her as an angel or as a symbol of divine wisdom, and who also excelled in the fine art of giving an allegorical twist to prevailing erotic phenomena. In this connection it is amusing to read the solution of Vossler, the eminent Dantist, in his commentary upon the lack of classic or Christian precedents explaining the genesis of this hybrid theory of a love which is at the same time spiritual and corporeal, "hinting of Platonism yet not immediately derived from Plato." Since neither the doctrines fo the Church, nor Ovid nor Aristotle explain this duality which must have seemed a monstrous thing in the eyes of mediaeval philosophers and theologians, Vossler—with an ingenuity more adroit than convincing—ascribes its inspirational germ to the psychology of the German race with its chivalrous, emancipating ideas of womanhood. These ideas, he claims, became transfused into moral doctrine in the more cultivated atmosphere of Southern Europe where, among the Provençal troubadours and the Italian poets of the *dolce stil nuovo* they became vehicles of psycho-physiological speculation. The Moselm key of amorous, Poetic mysticism, however, fits the lock more accurately than that of German chivalry.

Parallelism in drawings: As though anything more were needed to supplement the wealth of documentary evidence proving that the *Divine Comedy* is a sublimated, fourteenth century revivification of the Moslem legends centering about Mahomet's mystical nocturnal journey, the indefatigable researcher finds, in documents written twenty-five years before Dante's birth, outline drawings of the visited abodes of disembodied spirits which offer the clinching testimony. These sketches represented then plans of the World beyond the Tomb, together with the draft of the concentric circles explaining the doctrine of the triad of Spiritual Matter, Universal Intellect and Universal Soul, and were placed by Abenarabi in his folios eighty years before the Florentine poet gave to the world his melodious cantos, describing the same places, and representing the Trinity of body, soul and spririt in the almost literal wording of the Moslem philosopher. In complete unconsciousness of the Arabic sketches made seven centuries before, the twentieth-century Dantists have, from Dante's ver-

bal specifications, parallelled the Moslem drawings in their modern editions. Both in the Fraticelli edition and in Manfredi Porena's *Commento grafico alla Divina Commedia per uso delle scuole* (Milano 1902) are to be found supposedly original drawings of the *Inferno* coinciding exactly with the forms sketched in Abenarabi's *Fotuhat*, except that some of the concentric circles are combined making seven instead of ten of the Dantean version, but corresponding precisely in order and nomenclature. The longitudinal drawings of the *Sufis* also coincide absolutely with the later Italian delineations of the plan in profile.

But not only in the ground plan of the lower regions are to be found kindred graphic interpretations, but also in the sketches of Paradise with its corresponding seven astronomical heavens and occupants, and angelic choirs circling around the focus of Divine Light, all offering inescapable identities to challenge the observer. Here again Manfredi Porena traces in his *Commento grafico alla Divina Commedia* a geometric drawing illustrating the plan of Dante's *rosa mistica*, the topography of the abodes of the Blest seen from above and arranged like an amphitheatre of circular rows of seats, which unconsciously reproduces the identical drawing of the concentric circles and name-system of the Mahometan paradise described by Abenarabi in his *Fotuhat*. Furthermore, the rough sketches of the inverted Tree of Felicity of the Islamic paradise with its drooping branches cutting across the circular parallels of the mansions of glory, give in the perspective of its foliage, the same general effect as that given by Dante's Mystic Rose viewed from the front. Graphically, therefore, as well as by textual parallels, similarities amounting in manifold cases to identities, clearly prove the Arabic inspiration of the *Divine Comedy* and refute all lurking supposition that the relationship between model and copy could possibly have been due to chance.

III

Commenting on this point, the author truly says:

> Although it might be possible to attribute to fortuitous coincidence or to parallel and independent derivations from a common Christian model the *general* resemblances observable between the Dantesque and the Islamic in the solution of the theological problems of the Future Life, the *common* ideas or doctrines which make up both eschatological conceptions,—yet when these doctrines appear reclothed with the same artistic apparel, when the ideas have been poured into identical imaginative symbols adorned with kindred discriptive traits, then indeed, it is no longer possible to accept the hypothesis of casual coincidence.

The distinction is a very obvious one. The *ideas*, the abstract doctrines, the metaphysical solutions of problems are limited in number, and must always be reduced to a few categorical moulds, as consequents that are all derived from one and the same basic mental psychology, from one analogous abstract ideation, through all humanity and all ages. But the same thing does not happen with the *images*, the similes, which as close and concrete reflex of the real forms of external objects, are as rich in number and as varied in type as the objects themselves; and, therefore, it is morally impossible that the concrete coincidence between the *details* of two imaginative conceptions of an idea should originate in two brains having no common relationship. Furthermore, who would be capable of conceiving and enumerating *a priori* all the infinite plays and combinations that human fancy can form with the imagery of real objects—countless in themselves—which the external meanings afford? To suppose that so rich and varied a number of images and possible symbols may have sprung successively and independently from two artistic imaginations, two sensitive representations of the extra-mundane life (which is an extra-sensitive reality) adorned with identical descriptive features, is to conceive of a miracle contrary to the mathematical laws governing the calculation of probabilities. Such a miracle becomes even less probable when we realize that this casual coincidence between both representations of the Future Life would have to be proof, not of two artistic imaginations but of one individual fancy—that of the Florentine poet—and that of another collective or social conception, the Islamic. In other words, it would be necessary to admit as possible that Dante, solely by his mental effort, could in a few years, have conceived the same fantastic representation of the Future Life that the Moslem people had been industriously compiling during many centuries, by the slow, evolutionary collaboration of their traditionists, mystics and poets. Such an enormous prodigy of originality when submitted to the most elemental truths of common sense, would be insupportable without positive demonstration from those admitting it who, in turn, would have to explain to us how and why this miraculous phenomenon was consummated in the person of Dante.

IV

In addition to the graphic and literary parallels cited, there are numerous internal evidences in the *Divine Comedy* of the catholic mind of its author which made him avow himself "a citizen of the world," as well as most illuminating signs of alphabetic and numerical cabala, oneirocritics, judiciary astrology and personification of abstract ideas indicative of his sympathy with Moslem culture. This intellectual leaning toward the philosophy of the Orient is also evidenced in the lenity of punishment which he metes out to the Founder of Islam who, in Dante's judgment, is not so much the infidel denying the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation, as he is the conqueror who violently broke the ties

of fraternity in the human race. With the same indulgence, he places Saladin among the heroes in Purgatory, and also the Moslem sages, Avicenna and Averrhoes. Confirmatory proof of the Florentine's Islamic erudition, in contrast to the almost universal misinformation of contemporary Christian writers, may be seen in his historically correct picture of the death of Ali, Mahomet's cousin, since details of the cleaving of his skull are to be found only in the Moslem chronicles. Dante's acquaintance with the Moslem systems of philosophy doubtless accounts also for his audacity in placing the Averrhoist heretic, Siger of Brabant, with the Christian saints and theologians in the celestial sphere of the sun, demonstrating the author's eclecticism toward the conflict between the Arabic, Neo-Platonic philosophy and the unconditional Thomist. Also in Dante's lesser works, notably the *Convito*, he not only frequently cites the names of famous Eastern astronomers and philosophers, but he utilizes some of their theories. This fact has been proved by Paget Toynbee regarding certain passages in the *Convito* and in the *Vita Nuova*, inspired by the astronomy of Alfergam or by the theories of Averrhoes on the lunar spots. In his *De vulgari eloquio*, Dante, also admits that he read books on cosmography which, in his day, were Arabic. That he not only could but did draw freely upon the intellectuality of the Orient for reinforcement of his encyclopedic, acquisitive mind is clearly evidenced in the foremost features of his writings and in literally hundreds of other curiously interesting instances recorded in Sr. Asín's exhaustive study,—omitted here solely for reasons of space.

That exotic influences must have shaped the mentality of Dante has been surmised by Rossi, D'Ancona and others as the only key to the many otherwise undecipherable enigmas in the *Divine Comedy*, and a few years ago Bruno Nardi, the learned Italian Dantist, even attributed a Neo-Platonic filiation to the philosophy of the Florentine poet through the systems of Alfarabi, Avicenna, Algazel and Averrhoes. But it has remained for the Spanish savant to marshal the overwhelming, cumulative array of proof from the original Arabic, thus partially repaying his country's debt to the Italian culture of the Renaissance.

V

Similarity and priority having been sufficiently established, the next logical step is to show the bond between model and copy,—the most salient points of contact indispensable for such

imitation. This opens up first a most interesting demonstration of migrations of certain well-known myths and legends embedded in the folklore or religions of widely separated countries,—each country supposing the vagrant chronicles indigenous. The familiar legends, for instance, of the sleepers of Ephesus, the weighing of souls in the balance—popular in Persia and Egypt before the rise of Islam—and the struggles between demons and angels for the possession of the dead are proven by anterior manuscripts to have been of undoubted Oriental origin, and transmitted to the North and West *via* the great trade routes, the pilgrimages to the Holy Land, the Crusades, the travelling missionaries, the conquest of Sicily and the consequent Islamization of the Sicilian Court under the Norman dynasties,—also by the slaves, by the professional dancers, and especially by the Jewish merchants with their natural aptitude for the languages and sciences. An interesting case in point is that from the fifth century the common and orthodox doctrine of the Church admitted the just to the beatific vision without awaiting the Last Judgment, the contrary view being anathematized as heretical; the fact that the Mahometans held to the doctrine of judgment deferred until the resurrection is eloquent proof that Dante must have acquired this travelled idea from extra-Christian legends.

Those studying the age-long flux and reflux of the great basic thoughts necessarily happen upon many curious, almost amusing, facts and coincidences,—discovering a Mother Goose lullaby in the land of Confucius or an Aztec superstition in the lore of Buddha. Students of literary origins will, however, find no more interesting example of the universal give-and-take than that offered by the itineracy of this very theory of Life Beyond Life. Trying to formulate a system which should sanctify dominion by religion, Mahomet borrowed freely from Christianity and from primitive myths of the hoary East antedating Christianity. Many of his eschatological acquisitions, elaborated and decorated by Oriental fancy, drifted back through Egyptian and Zoroastrian channels into Christian waters where with their flotsam they were incorporated in modified form (witness the Moslem Limbo become Purgatory) into the Christian church. After they had swirled through Moslem waters, Dante re-presented them in his *Divine Comedy*. Shortly after its publication, the eddying drifts of the Renaissance swept the manuscripts which were the source-book of his inspiration into the literary backwater from which they have just been rescued—through the very original research of the

Spanish Arabist—and restored to the main thought currents at the very time that the world is preparing its celebration of the Florentine poet's sexcentenary.

It is not, however, the universal motes dancing in the sunshine of every age and land, but the specific facts showing the route of direct transmission to Dante of the finest points of Moslem culture which welds the last link in the chain of evidence. Many seem to have overlooked the fact that it was the Arabic culture concentrated in Spain which kept alight the torch of learning during the spiritual devastation of the Dark Ages. There was published in Latin a version of the *Koran* together with polemic treatises on the heresies of the Saracens. Its author, Robert Retines, an English ecclesiastic, Archdeacon of Pamplona, was well informed on Mahometan tenets since he had lived in Toledo and collaborated with its school of translators. Moreover, Saint Pedro Pascual wrote in Granada during his captivity with the Moors, his famous diatribes against the upstart Mahomet, and later went to Rome, living there some time, in order to enlist the interest of the Pope in founding his far-famed Order of Mercy. The Pope Nicholas IV, so greatly admired his scientific knowledge and religious zeal that it is more probable that his compendium of eschatological legends—telling how "Mahomet ascended to heaven, saw paradise, hell, angels and demons, the punishments of the Inferno and the delights of Paradise," and his ridicule of the Moslem fables may have been discussed by the Italian *Illuminati*.

In spite of their bitter religious wars, the intercourse between Spaniards and Moslems was frequently friendly for long periods of time. Even though monarchs of different race and faith occupied the throne, the people of the vanquished cause—the Mozarabs and Mudejars—kept constantly interchangeable the best thought of both races. Political alliances and cultural reciprocity were further encouraged by the marriage of the kings of Aragon and Castile with the Arabs. Alphonso VI, conqueror of Toledo married Zaida, daughter of the Moorish king of Seville, and surrounded himself with the sages of the conquered race. Arabic coinage and dress were adopted by the Christians, and the influence of Moslem literature reached its apogee in the court of Alphonso the Wise. Educated from childhood in an atmosphere of Semitic culture, this king, upon ascending the throne, took into his own hands the great school of translation which in Toledo was tirelessly turning into Castilian the most celebrated scientific and philo-

sophic Arabic writings. Enamored with its literature, and with a tolerance which was a faithful reflex of the social psychology of his day, this Christian monarch employed the wise men of three religions to cooperate in producing popular and less technical works. The most notable of these were his *Cronica General d' Espanna*, presenting in the romance language, pages of the *Historia Arabum* of Roderigo, Archbishop of Toledo, thus giving wider diffusion to the legend of the *mirach*. The courts of Murcia and Seville imitated that of Toledo, thus fusing the culture of Islam and Christianity, and employing teachers of both races in their universities.

To this brilliant, scholastic atmosphere came Brunetto Latini sent by the Guelph faction of Florence as ambassador to the court of Alphonso the Wise, to enlist the aid of that monarch,—who had been elected Emperor of Germany,—against the Ghibellines. This was in 1260, five years before the birth of his devoted pupil, Dante Alighieri. An avid scholar himself and greatly impressed by the spectacle of the hybrid court schools in which the king as Maecenas was combining the springs of classic and Christian learning with the swelling stream of Semitic letters, the Florentine ambassador evidently employed to good advantage the leisure hours not devoted to diplomacy. Here he familiarized himself with the .philosophic writings of the most illustrious Moslems and with the *Histroia Arabum*, containing the account of Mahomet's nocturnal journey, by the Archbishop Roderigo, which four years before had been translated into Spanish. Unable to return to Florence where the Ghibellines were again in power, Brunetto Latini spent some time in France where almost immediately he published in French his two principal works, *Tesoro* and *Tesoretto*. These works show conspicuous traces of Arabic influence, and in his *Tesoretto*—a poem in the artistic form of an allegorical journey —there is an introduction which is an enthusiastic eulogy of the King of Castile. The *Tesoro* is an enormous mass of documentation in nine volumes, an encyclopedia of the physical and natural sciences, rhetoric and history—both sacred and profane. It is a significant fact that this erudite cyclopedia contains a biography of Mahomet, a classification of philosophy which is a palpable rescript of that of Avicenna, and several legends of remote Islamic origin giving details of the rites of ablution and such capital dogmas of the Mahometan religion as the Last Judgment.

Now, all students of Florentine history and letters are aware that it was this same Brunetto Latini, the profound expositor and

Guelph politician filling the highest magistracy in the Republic, who was young Dante's preceptor in literature and rhetoric, his friend and literary counsellor. And all lovers of the *Divine Comedy* are familiar with the affectionate colloquy between master and pupil in the fifteenth canto of the *Inferno* in which the sage says:

> If thou follow but the star,
> Thou canst not miss at last a glorious haven,
> Unless in fairer days my judgment err'd.
> And if my fate so early had not chanced,
> Seeing the heavens thus bounteous to thee, I
> Had gladly given thee comfort in thy work.

To which Dante replies:

> Were all my wish fulfill'd
> Thou from the confines of man's nature yet
> Hadst not been driven forth; for in my mind
> Is fix'd, and now strikes full upon my heart,
> The dear, benign, paternal image, such
> As thine was, when so lately thou didst teach me
> The way for man to win eternity;
> And how I prized the lesson, it behooves
> That, long as life endures, my tongue should speak.

And at parting, Brunetto says to Dante, "I commend my *Treasure* to thee, wherein I yet survive."

VI

If to the circumstantial evidence of contact with the works of Alphonso the Wise and Pedro Pascual, is added Brunetto Latini's probable transmission of the lore acquired at the Moslem centre of European culture, together with the generally recognized fact of Dante's broadmindedness, his proved fondness for Arabic lore, and the feasible possibility of his introduction to the works of Abenarabi, the testimony gathers volume too arresting to be longer ignored. For, whoever dispassionately puts the *Divine Comedy* beside Abenarabi's *Fotuhat* written before Dante's day, cannot fail to see that in both books is the same general plan:—the poetic fiction of a mysterious visit to the regions of the After-World with its allegoric significance; the same geometric maps outlining the architecture of the *Inferno* and the *Paradiso*; the same general features decorating the scenario of the sublime drama; the same vivid pictures of the glorious life of the white-

robed, glistening Elect; the same beatific vision of Divine Light and the ecstasy accompanying it, together with a constant parallelism in symbols and literary devices. And as though the expression of the poetic and theologic psychology of the two were not sufficiently evidenced in the *Divine Comedy* the frankness with which both authors conceive and publish in their respective books —the *Convito* and *Los Tesoros de los amantes*—their personal objectives in the allegoric interpretation of their love canticles, puts the final seal upon the sources of Dante's inspiration for his most notable works.

Were he alive to-day the great Florentine would be the first to admit this indebtedness and, in all probability, took it for granted that everyone was familiar with what we are now rediscovering six centuries after his death.

VII

When marveling that Dante did not apparently sow broadcast the seeds of Arabic culture brought home to him by his master, it must be borne in mind that the author of the *Divine Comedy* died in exile shortly after the completion of his masterpiece; that Brunetto Latini had died disgraced by that ignoble vice for which his pupil places him in the Inferno; and that with the dawning of the Renaissance, classic Latin and Greek models gained such complete ascendancy over Moslem works that they were thenceforth known only through translations which—as religious wars caused Church and State to regain their atavistic antipathy—practically became sealed books.

Dante, then, was a religious chameleon borrowing his color from the Orient? Not at all! He was no more a plagiarist than was Chaucer who was known to have copied one of the most interesting episodes in the *Divine Comdy*, or Sophocles and Aeschylus dipping openly into the traditional lore of their day, or Shakespere so obviously beholden to Chaucer for many elements in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and to the Danish historian, Saxo, whose *Amleth* he transformed into the greatest soul-tragedy in our literature. Oftentimes the bridge between original and counterpart (all too often called by a more caustic name) is but a hair's breadth in width, yet many geniuses there be who have crossed it triumphantly.

Dante, through repeated contact with his travelled mentor, *ad ora ad ora*, was enabled to see the handwriting on the Moslem wall. The precision of the Mahometan topography of the Her e

after appealed to his orderly, assimilative, geometric mind and to his eager love of technique. Seeing in the Moslem complex a medium suitable for his memorial to Beatrice, and a flexible carrier for his views upon contemporary politics, sociology and Christian theology, he appropriated it to epitomize the spirit and temper of the Middle Ages, threading upon its artistic story-chain the garlands of his matchless *terza rima*.

Dante-lovers have read and reread his immortal poem though the centuries and—once readjusted to the balanced niceties of its inspirational sources—will continue to reread it and find in it that epic outpouring of emotional elevation, moral earnestness, intellectual mysticism and spiritual strength which have endowed it with the breath of endless life.

NIGHT

By Renato Fucini

Translated from the Italian by Herbert King Stone

The white moon floods the little court with light;
The wind is still; up in the frosty air
The poplars raise their branches gaunt and bare.
Way off, a dog is barking in the night.

Within the house they watch; two aged men
Sit quiet by the hearth and face to face;
Upstairs the priest is snoring in his place;
The stupid cat crawls purring to her den.

"He's dead!" one watcher softly breathes, "He's dead!"
The other repeats and bows his sorrowing head.
And over there beyond the hearth's dim light

The housewife in the corner sleeps and dreams,
Dreams of her son; how thin and still he seems . . .
Way off, a dog is barking in the night

TWO BLIND MEN AND A DONKEY

A PLAY FOR MARIONETTES

By Mathurin M. Dondo

The Persons of the Play

The Comedian
The First Blind Man
The Second Blind Man
The Donkey Driver
The Innkeeper
The Donkey

The action takes place in medieval France in the public square of a walled town. The settings indicate to the right a monumental gate with its deep, shadowy arch. To the left is an inn, with the sign of the Green Dragon. The fantastic silhouette of the imaginary town is seen in the background.

Scene I

Two Blind Men *stand in the square, begging for alms. Each leans on a staff, with one hand outstretched for the collecting of coin. The* Comedian *enters.*

First Blind Man (*In a droning whimper*).—Charity, if you please, for the love of God and our Lady, the blessed Virgin Mary.

Second Blind Man (*In the same tone*).—Charity, if you please, my good people, for sweet mercy's sake in the name of the great Saint Martin, our glorious patron.

First Blind Man.—Have pity on a poor blind man who lost his sight in battle against the Saracens. Ave Maria . . . (*He mumbles a prayer.*)

Second Blind Man.—Have pity on a poor man born blind who will pray for your soul and for your happiness. Ave Maria.

Comedian.—My good folks, if you ask me for pity, I give it to you from the fullness of my heart. If you ask for money, all I can give you is the blessing of the Lord. I myself am a poor beggar.

First Blind Man.—You filthy beggar, get away from here.

Second Blind Man.—Away with you. No beggar has a right to stand here.

Comedian.—Is it by special privilege of our King that you both claim exclusive right to this place?

First Blind Man.—I have been doing business on this corner for over thirty years. No one shall dispute me this place.

Second Blind Man.—Since the Pope rode through this gate on his way to Avignon, I have not left this spot. Let no beggar interfere with my trade.

Comedian.—My friends, I do not pretend to encroach upon your valuable territory. What I told you was all in jest.

First Blind Man.—You should not mock a poor blind man.

Second Blind Man.—Those who mock the blind shall weep bitterly.

Comedian.—I am a jester by profession and cannot help my little jest, but God forbid, my words convey no mockery. Pray tell me, good friends, can you recommend a good inn in this town?

First Blind Man.—There is an inn on the corner good enough for a King.

Second Blind Man.—Noble lords and rich merchants feast daily at the sign of the Green Dragon.

Comedian.—The Green Dragon is then not unworthy of serving a Comedian of my reputation. But my dear friends, I confess that my purse is just now as flat as my stomach, and both need refilling. I shall trust to my wits and to your good prayers, and with the help of God, may the Green Dragon be kind and propitious.

(*The* COMEDIAN *goes out.*)

First Blind Man.—Pierre!

Second Blind Man.—What?

First Blind Man.—Have you made a few pennies?

Second Blind Man.—Not a farthing. And you?

First Blind Man.—Nothing. And I have been standing in this place since early mass.

Second Blind Man.—I am hungry. It must be dinnertime.

First Blind Man.—For me it is rather breakfast time. I haven't tasted a morsel today.

Second Blind Man.—'Tis dinnertime, I say. It begins to smell good at the inn over there.

First Blind Man.—Yes, it smells like roast goose.

Second Blind Man.—Suppose we draw near, we can better relish its flavor.

First Blind Man.—Yes, let's go nearer. Go first Peter. You have a surer nose than I. (*They draw near the inn*)

Second Blind Man (*Taking a deep sniff*).—Um . . ah . this is the cabbage soup. How does it suit your taste?

First Blind Man (*Sniffing*).—Um . . ah . . 'Tis just the kind I like.

Second Blind Man (*Imitating some one who laps up his soup*).—Ah it does me good. It goes straight to the heart.

First Blind Man (*In the same way*).—Ah! isn't that fine! It is not every day that one tastes soup like that.

Second Blind Man.—No, verily. (*They continue their imaginary lapping for awhile.*)

Second Blind Man.—Enough of the soup, here comes the goose. (*He sniffs violently.*)

First Blind Man.—I have not done yet with my soup.

Second Blind Man.—Now for the goose, do you hear? If you care for any, you had better hurry.

First Blind Man (*Sniffs strongly*) (*Deep sighs of delight between each draught.*)

Second Blind Man (*Does the same*).—Stuffed goose.

First Blind Man.—Stuffed?

Second Blind Man.—Yes, with chestnuts. Haven't you got a nose?

First Blind Man (*Sniffing*).—You are right. Chestnuts.

Second Blind Man (*Smacking his tongue*).—Niam, niam . . Taste that, I tell you.

First Blind Man (*Same way*).—Niam, niam . . Zounds! I wager that the pope never tasted the like.

Second Blind Man.—Here, old man, be not so greedy. You're getting more than your share, it is not right. (*Sound of footsteps.*)

First Blind Man.—Some one is coming. Eh, Pierre, a client! (*The two blind men resume their begging attitude.*)

Second Blind Man.—Charity, if you please, for sweet mercy's sake in the name of Saint Martin, our most blessed patron.

First Blind Man.—Charity, if you please, in the name of our Lord and the Holy Virgin.

Scene II

The Same. The Donkey

(*The* Donkey *enters through the City Gate and steps toward the blind men.*)

Second Blind Man.—Have pity on a poor blind man who will pray for your soul and your good health.

First Blind Man.—Have pity on a poor blind man who will pray to the Lord to bless your children and grandchildren.

(*The* DONKEY *approaches the first blind man, stops, and licks his outstretched hand.*)

First Blind Man.—Thank you, my good Lady, may God requite you! (*The first blind man on feeling the donkey pushes him with his stick. The beast goes to the next man and acts in the same way.*)

Second Blind Man.—Thank you, my child, God's blessing be on you. (*Same movements. The* DONKEY *walks off.*)

(*The* DONKEY *goes out to the right.*)

First Blind Man.—Pierre!

Second Blidd Man.—Well?

First Blind Man.—You have been caught.

Second Blind Man.—So have you.

First Blind Man.—You couldn't see through it.

Second Blind Man.—Neither could you.

First Blind Man.—What was it?

Second Blind Man.—'Twas a cow.

First Blind Man.—You idiot, 'twas a dog.

Second Blind Man.—It's a cow, I tell you.

First Blind Man.—Cow yourself, I tell you it's a dog.

Second Blind Man.—Dog yourself. You are more stupid than you are blind. You couldn't distinguish your nose from your thigh.

First Blind Man.—You threefold idiot, tell me if you can distinguish my stick from (*Both sticks strike the air, right and left, and the following could be heard—each speaking alternately.*)

First and Second Blind Men.—Take that . . take this . lousy . . scabby . thief . . cheat . . pagan . . devil . .

(*The* DONKEY'S *powerful braying is heard. The two blind men stop fighting.*)

First Blind Man.—A donkey!

Second Blind Man.—A donkey!

First Blind Man.—I knew quite well it was a donkey.

Second Blind Man.—Egad, anybody would know it was a donkey.

First Blind Man.—I had only been joking.

Second Blind Man.—I pretended that I did not know.

First Blind Man.—Whoever deceives me must be pretty sharp.

Second Blind Man.—And cleverer still who gulls me. (*Steps are heard. The blind men resume their begging.*)

First Blind Man.—Charity, if you please, for the love of God and his blessed mother, the Virgin Mary.

Second Blind Man.—Charity, if you please, for the love of God and our glorious Saint Martin.

First Blind Man.—Ave Maria . . etc.

Second Blind Man.—Ave Maria . . .

Scene III

The Same

The Donkey-driver, The Comedian

(*The* Donkey-driver *enters through the city gate and comes toward the blind men.*)

Donkey-driver.—Good day, my friends. Have you perchance seen a donkey pass this way?

First Blind Man.—My good sir, I am a poor blind man. Charity, if you please, for the love of God.

Second Blind Man.—Have pity on a poor man born blind who will pray for your soul.

Donkey-driver.—Oh I must change my wording. Have you perchance heard a donkey pass by here a little while ago?

First Blind Man.—There pass many a beast through this place, my good sir.

Second Blind Man.—Beasts of all ranks and sorts pass by here, and we poor blind cannot always distinguish them.

Donkey-driver.—If you can tell me in what direction my donkey has gone, I will give you a generous reward.

First Blind Man.—Sure enough my master, your donkey passed this way.

Second Blind Man.—I noticed him first.

First Blind Man.—No, you didn't, it is I.

Second Blind Man.—He lies. I heard him first. He could not distinguish a donkey from an elephant.

Donkey-driver.—Do not quarrel, my good people. You shall both have a share in the reward. Tell me, which way did my beast go?

First Blind Man.—This way, my lord.

Second Blind Man (*Pointing in an opposite direction*).—This way, my prince.

Donkey-driver.—How long since?

First Blind Man.—Oh, fully a half an hour ago.

Second Blind Man.—A half an hour! He does not know what he is saying. Five minutes, my prince. I would lie if I said one minute more or less. Five minutes, my prince. (*The donkey is heard braying.*)

Donkey-driver.—Very well, my friends, thank you. I have promised you a reward. Here, take this. It is a fine gold ducat. (*Turns his back to them and gives them nothing.*) Share this between you!

First Blind Man.—Thank you, my lord, thank you. May God give it back to you a hundredfold.

Second Blind Man.—Thank you, my glorious prince, may God bless you. (*The* DONKEY-DRIVER *goes out.*)

First Blind Man.—May all the saints of heaven give you protection. Ave Maria . .

Second Blind Man.—I shall pray to the Lord for the salvation of your soul. Ave Maria . . (*A pause.*)

First Blind Man.—Pierre!

Second Blind Man.—What?

First Blind Man.—Suppose we go there?

Second Blind Man.—Where?

First Blind Man.—To the inn.

Second Blind Man.—To the "Green Dragon"?

First Blind Man.—Of course.

Second Blind Man.—To eat the goose?

First Blind Man.—Yes, the stuffed goose.

Second Blind Man.—To eat for fair.

First Blind Man.—Naturally for fair, to eat your fill, to eat with your mouth and not only with your nose.

Second Blind Man.—And shall we have a drink?

First Blind Man.—We shall have a drink and a good one too.

Second Blind Man.—Look here, old man, that will cost us dear.

First Blind Man.—What of it, we have the money.

Second Blind Man.—Yes, we have a goodly sum, a ducat. For a ducat we can feast. You bet there is enough to guzzle and guttle. Once in a lifetime, that is not too often.

First Blind Man.—We shall eat like princes.

Second Blind Man.—And drink like bishops. (*The two blind men enter the inn and disappear.*)

Scene IV

The Comedian, Donkey-driver, Donkey

(*Enter the* Donkey-driver *who walks toward the inn, pulling his animal by the halter and bursting into laughter at each step.*)

Donkey-driver.—Gittup, you blockhead, gittup. Hi, hi, ha, ha, ho, ho. What a fine trick I played on those blind men. Ha-ha, ho ho. They imagine I gave them a ducat, hi hi! Gittup, you ass, gittup. I gave them nothing, not even a penny. They have gone to the inn, I'll wager, and order a good dinner. I'll go in myself and enjoy the fun. Hi, hi . . .! It will be interesting to watch them get their bill. Ho ho! Gittup. I'll tie you up here while I go inside and watch the fun.

(*He ties the* Donkey *to the door and disappears in the inn.*)

(*The* Comedian *enters.*)

Comedian.—It's a fine joke and cleverly played. From my shaded seat under the gate I have witnessed the little comedy, and I declare that this donkey driver is an artist of great merit. Ladies and gentlemen, I am a comedian a wandering comedian and have travelled in all the provinces of France and Navarre. But I must confess that a merrier farce was never played. This donkey-driver has won my full admiration, and now, ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission, I shall make him the hero of a farce of my own.

(*He draws near the* Donkey *and pets the animal while addressing it.*)

Nice donkey, pretty donkey. Here, here, be a good boy, little brother. Don't you think we look alike, just a little? Yes, you said it. There is a family likeness between us, a little air of shrewdness, I warrant. As I love you, I am going to give you an opportunity to change your diet. You're as lean as I am, yes, you are. Working too hard? Yes.

(*The* Donkey *nods his head in affirmation.*) And not much to eat? No.

(*The* Donkey *shakes his head.*)

Just like me. Wait but a moment, my little brother, if I am not mistaken your fate shall be improved.

Scene V

The Innkeeper, The Comedian, The Two Blind Men

(*Through the open door of the inn, the* Two Blind Men *are heard quarelling.*)

First Blind Man.—It is you who got the ducat, you thief.

Second Blind Man.—You're a liar. He gave it to you. I am sure of it. Pay, you rascal, do you want us to go to jail?

First Blind Man.—You pay yourself, bandit, or I'll thrash you.

Second Blind Man.—I'll knock your head off first, if you don't give that ducat. (*Blows, cries, general scramble.* Innkeeper *appears on the doorstep.*)

Innkeeper.—Police, police! thief, thief, police!

Comedian.—What is the matter?

Innkeeper.—Go and call a policeman, quick, quick. There are two thieves in my inn, two blind men. They ordered a big dinner with wine and now refuse to pay.

Comedian.—Don't get excited, master, you shall be paid for your dinner. How much do they owe you?

Innkeeper—A ducat, sir, they owe me a ducat. They ate a whole goose and drank two bottles of my best wine.

Comedian.—A ducat? Bah, that is a mere trifle. I take it upon myself to reimburse you.

Innkeeper.—Really? You are too kind, sir. They do not deserve it. They're two bandits, thieves they are and they ought to be hanged.

Comedian.—Listen, master. You see this fine donkey. How much is it worth to you?

Innkeeper.—I don't care for your donkey. I want to be paid for my dinner.

Comedian.—Gently my friend, gently. By all the saints of the calendar, your dinner shall be paid. But, I say, here is a fine looking beast. You could not find its like in the whole kingdom of France.

Innkeeper.—Indeed, a sorrier looking beast it would be hard to find anywheres.

Comedian.—Ah, my dear sir, I pray you, do not judge this animal by its outward appearance. By my faith, it is a most wonderful creature. I know many a man who does not come up

to it in intelligence. Would you believe it sir? That donkey can churn butter.

Innkeeper.—Is that so?

Comedian.—Yes, sir, and sing the baby to sleep.

Innkeeper.—Is that so?

Comedian.—Yes sir, and draw water from the well.

Innkeeper.—Is that so?

Comedian.—Yes sir, and keep the beggars away.

Innkeeper.—Is that so?

Comedian.—Yes sir. And protect you from the plague.

Innkeeper.—Is that so?

Comedian.—Yes sir, and tell an honest wife from an unfaithful one.

Innkeeper.—You don't say so?

Comedian.—Yes sir. Now watch him. See him wag his tail? That means: 'Look out master, some one is trying to cheat you'.

Innkeeper.—Those two rogues of blind men!

Comedian.—Perhaps so, sir. Watch him again. Do you see his head shaking wisely? (*The* DONKEY *shakes his head.*) That means: 'Beware some young man is paying attention to your wife'.

Innkeeper.—That young scholar again, I wager. I always distrusted that blond pup. I'll make him pay for it.

Comedian.—Yes sir, this donkey is almost human. I would not sell him for any amount of money, not even for his weight in gold. For that would be a sin. I have made the vow of poverty. I have renounced all worldly possessions as I am on my way to enter the monastery. What shall I do with my beloved donkey? I cannot give him away to the first stranger for fear the precious animal might be ill treated. But here I find you, you with a noble, gentle and generous soul. You are the man who can understand my donkey, treat him with kindness and value his services. Take him, sir, he is yours. I give him away for charity's sake. He will more than pay for the blind men's dinners.

Innkeeper—Do you really wish to give the beast away?

Comedian.—He is yours for the taking.

Innkeeper.—I'll take him. Rest assured that I'll take good care of him. But look here, won't you come in and have a dinner? I have some fine roast goose today, and my wine is not to be despised. I'll give you of my best.

Comedian.—You know, kind sir, that I am bound to fasting and abstinence, but just to please you, I accept your invitation.

Innkeeper.—Well, my friend, come in, come in! I want you to taste one of my old bottles.

Comedian.—Allow me first to put the donkey in your stable. This beast is so attached to me that, if I venture a step away from him, he starts braying nigh enough to split your head. So it is best, you understand, to put him away at once and then we won't be disturbed. Where is your stable?

Innkeeper.—In the rear to your right. Hurry up, I am going to serve you a good hot dinner at once.

(*The* INNKEEPER *reenters the inn.*)

The COMEDIAN *goes out with the* DONKEY.)

SCENE VI

INNKEEPER, TWO BLIND MEN, COMEDIAN, DONKEY-DRIVER

Innkeeper (*Behind the stage*).—Begone from here. Give thanks to the Lord for having sent a generous soul to pay for your dinner, but don't ever set foot in my house again. Be off, hurry along.

First Blind Man.—Thank you, sir, may the Lord requite you.

Second Blind Man.—Thank you, master, thank you, may the Lord reward you. (*The door of the inn closes on them.*)

First Blind Man.—Pierre, tell me the truth, you have the ducat, confess it.

Second Blind Man.—I told you a hundred times, I haven't got it. He gave it to you, thief that you are.

First Blind Man.—Now, now, haven't we had enough of quarrelling?

Second Blind Man.—Yes, and enough of thrashing.

First Blind Man.—You nearly split my head.

Second Blind Man.—You nearly broke my back.

First Blind Man.—Now then let's have peace.

Second Blind Man.—Yes, peace.

First Blind Man.—We have dined well, we need calm to digest well.

Second Blind Man.—You are right, let us keep calm. Anyway, I dislike discussions after a good dinner.

First Blind Man.—Let's go over there and sit on the bench.

Second Blind Man.—Yes, let us sit down.

(*The two* BLIND MEN *withdraw underneath the gate. The* COMEDIAN *enters, puts his head in the halter, ties himself to the ring in the door, and stations himself there motionless, his head bowed, facing the wall of the inn.*)

Donkey-driver (*Appears at the door, convulsed with laughter*).—Hihi, haha, hoho.

Comedian (*Imitating the braying of a donkey*).—Ihan, ihan.

Donkey-driver (*Turning around at the noise*).—My donkey, where is my donkey? Escaped again?

Comedian (*Braying once more*).—Ihan, Ihan.

Donkey-driver.—Are you making fun of me? Where is my beast?

Comedian (*In a hypocritical tone of voice*).—My good master, do not be angry. God's will be done! I am your donkey.

Donkey-driver.—Hey, what? Are you crazy?

Comedian—For mercy's sake listen to me, my venerable master. I am your donkey, but by the grace of God, I have become a man again..

Donkey-driver.—Mercy on me! What do I hear? Am I being punished for having mocked the poor?

Comedian—My excellent master, I shall relate to you my lamentable story. May God pardon me! When I was living with my mother, I was very wicked and disobedient. I would never do what my dear mother wished. My days were spent in gambling and drinking, while my poor mother nigh killed herself with work. At last, my dear mother lost patience with me and put me out of her house and threw this curse upon me.

"Begone", she said, leave my house. "You are but an ass. Go and live among the asses. Go and live and work like an ass for five years, five months, five days, five hours."

And the curse fell upon me and I at once changed into an ass. For five years, five months, five days and five hours, I have lived and worked like a donkey. But at this very moment the term of the malediction has expired, and I have changed back into my human form. God be praised!

Donkey-driver.—Holy Mary! Is it possible? I had you for six months as a donkey and I never suspected you were a man.

Comedian.—Six months in your service, true enough. And I thank you for your kind treatment. I beg your pardon if at times I have been a bit stubborn.

Donkey-driver.—It is I who ask your pardon for having beaten

you so often. But how was I to know? Why didn't you inform me that you were a man?

Comedian.—That could not be. However, you have shown yourself very kind to me, more so than I deserved, and I hope that we may separate as friends.

Donkey-driver.—Certainly, certainly, we shall remain good friends. Do come to my house, there will be a good dinner for you.

Comedian.—I beg to be excused. I must be off on a pilgrimage to Rome to receive my absolution from our most Holy Father, and I must fast until the end of my journey.

Donkey-driver.—Here, take this little change. It may be of use to you on your long journey. Take it (*Gives him some money.*)

Comedian.—I thank you my good master, may God requite you! (*Suddenly begins to bray.*) Ihan, ihan.

Donkey-driver.—Heavens, what is happening now?

Comedian.—It is nothing. Only a habit of my donkey life. I shall have some difficulty in getting rid of it, but in time, it will pass. Goodby, my dear master.

Donkey-driver.—Good-by, my friend may the Lord take care of you.

(*The* DONKEY-DRIVER *goes out.*)

(*The* TWO BLIND MEN *who had been mute witnesses to this scene draw near and join in the braying.*)

First Blind Man, Second Blind Man, Comedian (*In turn*).—Ihan, ihan!

Comedian.—My friends, I beg your indulgence for having made an ass of myself. I am indebted to you for recommending to my attention the inn of the Green Dragon. The goose was excellent, the wine unequalled. And now I shall leave you to ply your flourishing trade by this gate, for I must wander on, to show my wits and follies throughout the land of puppetdom.

Curtain.

POETRY IN CHILE

By Willis K. Jones

"WHO is your greatest Chilean poet?" I asked a close student of Literature. I had reached the stage where I thought I could read Spanish, and was interested in the poetry of the country.

"We have none," came back the answer; "that is, none worth while. Columbia has one or two, Nicaragua and Cuba a few, but we have none, as yet."

It was his pessimism which led me to go more deeply into the subject of Chilean poetry. One does not need to trace far the history of the country to strike the first Chilean poet. Of course, Ercilla, a companion of Valdivia, and one of the Conquistadores, was the first to write poetry in Spanish on Chilean soil, and his *La Araucana* is a beautiful epic. The first truly Chilean poet, however, was Andres Bello, born in Venezuela but given Chilean citizenship by a Congress grateful to him for his work in codifying the Chilean civil laws. Bello is likewise remembered as the man who instituted the Chilean system of orthography, but he also made a name for himself as a poet, and his *Oración por Todos* is a classic of the literature.

Another writer, Dóna Mercedes Marin del Solar, struck a popular chord in her songs of Fatherland, religion, and home. Eusebio Lillo, the composer of the national anthem; Guillermo Matta, a philosophic poet; and the satirists, Cana and Soffia, complete the cycle.

For the next forty years the Muses forsook Chile. Then suddenly the whole literary world awoke to the fact that a true poet had arisen in South America when, in 1888, a Nicaraguan working in the Customs House at Valparaiso, Chile, published a small book, *Azúl*. Rubén Darío was recognized immediately. Thinking himself not sufficiently lionized in Chile, he crossed the Andes to gain fresh honors. But if to be copied is to be flattered Rubén Darío is still much lauded in Chile. Even to the present day young poets gain attention by imitating him.

Immediately following Darío came a group of young writers, of whom Pedro Antonio González was the leader. Darío, Gonzáléz, Jaimes Freire who introduced free verse into South America, and the Argentine poet, Leopoldo Lugones, did much to make

ruts in the road to Parnassus, ruts so deep that even now the poets are finding it difficult to choose their own paths.

Many of those who were writing toward the end of the nineteenth century are recognized today as among the best authors that Chile has produced. Bórquez Solar, professor of Spanish in one of the big schools of Santiago, Diego Dublé Urrutia, Francisco Contreras, the little known but beautiful Hurtado, Sanchez Recuant, secretary of the National Library, and Moure, are all noted names among the modern school.

At first Chilean verse was full of the old-fashioned conventionalisms, dragons, fair princesses, and conversations between flowers. Bórquez Solar, for instance, wrote a poem on the Island of Chiloe, describing it, as one critic complains, so that it might as well have been Norway or Newfoundland. Gradually, however, as the literary men became more familiar with the work of the modern realists—of Tolstoy, Ibsen, Gorki, and Dostoiewski—the reaction set in, and the most miserable of conditions were chosen for poetic treatment. The *roto*, or ragged Chilean peasant and the mine-worker furnished the themes, and common expressions of the lower classes provided the phraseology. It was a new, a revolutionary note. Victor Domingo Silva, who—in a straw vote conducted by a Chilean magazine—was chosen as the second most popular poet of Chile, sang in his *Hacia Alla*:

> Perhaps I am a poet,
> But even above a poet I am a revolutionist.

Yet his record as radical deputy in congress did not entirely bear him out. Bórquez Solar gave as his poetical creed his desire so to set forth the ideas and ambitions of the lower class that the echo of the clamor should come upon the upper class like the Last Trump; but since he is a city-dweller and unacquainted with the pitiful conditions of his country, his poems do not ring true. For the most part, they are not even typically Chilean, reflecting like many of the younger writers, European influence, especially of the Spaniards Marquina, Gonzalez Blanco and Unamuno.

Another evidence of outside influence is the appearance, in Chile, of free verse, though not of the same kind as that so called at home. Much of it is rhymed, because rhyme in Spanish is very easy and does not hinder the free flow of words. Ernesto Guzman, Alberto Reid, and Pedro Prado for whose poems the eminent Spanish critic Unamuno wrote the preface, are advocates of this

newest kind of verse. Prado, in his volume *Ensayos* recently published, has a very readable treatise on free verse which he says is "really free only from rhyme." Yet this novelty has not caught well with the rhythm-loving public because they have not yet learned to feel in it the cadences which are so easy to discover in the older form.

There are two more Chilean poets worthy of notice: Daniel de la Vega, whom the readers of *Zigzag*, a weekly review of wide circulation, picked as the most popular Chilean poet; and Samuel Lillo, probably the finest representative of the Chilean literary spirit. He is Pro-Rector of the University of Chile, and, like his father who composed the *Canción Nacional*, he is full of sweet songs about Chile, both epic and lyric.

But what is it that makes these men toil over the perfecting of a poem? Surely not money, for of all the professions in Chile that of a poet is the most poorly paid. Here, if anywhere, a poet would carry out the familiar conception of a garret-dweller who feeds on clouds and sunshine. Most of the Chilean magazines give as recompense only the joy of seeing one's work in print. Why pay more when there are so many willing to work for this wage! However, the Latin youth with its vivacity and desire to give expression to its tenderest feelings, is prodigal of its poetry. A little later, when the pinch of life is felt, the majority of the versifiers drop poetry for novel writing or magazine and newspaper work which yield greater returns. All that keeps the others at their singing are their own love for their work and their desire to give joy to other people who love to read it.

There is no doubt that the Latin American people are fond of poetry. In Chile this is very evident. Many of the world's greatest poets have had a vogue here. Byron has probably influenced as many Latin writers as Cervantes. Eveybody reads and enjoys poetry. The travelers in that cheapest of conveyances the third-class railroad car, are often approached by venders of sheets and pamphlets of poetry. Young boys and girls traveling back and forth to school carry their paper-bound poetry volumes to while away the time. In Santiago I saw one of the old women who sell newspapers in front of the Post Office puffing at a yellow cigaret and reading—Walt Whitman in translation. Sentimentality and melancholy are in the blood. Beauty and sadness are interrelated, and the poet who touches the minor chords is sure of an audience. If he gets no monetary returns, he will at least experience the joy of giving pleasure to many people.

But there is one institution which gives impetus to the makers of rimes, the *Juegos Florales*, or Flower Carnivals, celebrations observed periodically in many Chilean towns. In effect, they are modified Olympic games. As one event, the poets compete for prizes, often gold arrows. The winner then chooses the Queen of Love and Beauty who bestows the reward. He and the Queen then rule the carnival. All through the nation, these celebrations give opportunity to the versifiers to compete, at the same time fostering the national love of poetry. In the midst of all the joy of the occasion, the poet who strikes the most lugubrious note is surest of the prize. If he describes the mystic hour of twilight, and is melancholy and sensuous at the same time, he produces a true Chilean poem which is sure to give delight, for it is what the people have been taught to believe is beautiful poetry.

THE CANDLE

By Pedro Antonio González

Near to my candle which scarcely illumines
The lone empty sill of my window above,
I read in the book of my too simple soul
Between the vague flickerings and the wandering shadows.

I seek from my candle the flame of the rushlight
In order that with it I may consecrate
My bottomless chalice of vinegar and gall
Before the high altar of my martyrdom.

To me naught remains of the things I have known,
My only remembrances rise like the smoke
To form in the ether a cloud, O so sad,
And mark there the road of my last exodus.

I wander by night over ill-omened pathways
Nor see anywhere that bright star of the night
Which the Magi kings knew when they saw its bright light
As it guided their caravan, shining afar off.

Perhaps I am but a cursed Magi; I know not
Which is the Messiah on whose altar I

Shall lay with my lyre of swift winging song
My offering of incense, of Myrrh and of gold.

At a breath of the wind, the bars at the portal
Squeak, and the window is rattled and jarred.
From my candle so dim—it scarcely will shine
Burning drops of white tears slowly trace down its side.

SELECTION FROM "LAZARO"

By Pedro Prado

"Who is it calls?" And Lazarus upstarting from the tomb,
Looked at the Christ and comprehended all.
"Is it Thou, O Sun, Thou who casts the light?
"Is it Thou or is it all a dream? My Mary, thee,
"My sister Martha, dear to me?"

He spoke so slowly and so vaguely, too, just as a fog
Which will spring up from the water.
His grave-dulled glances wandered erringly
Over the shining landscape of Judea.
His voice remained impregnated with the heavy
Silences of the dead,
And his face, serene and pale, began at once to live
Just like a sleeping lake before the zephyr's touch.
A delicate glow of life reclad his body.

His wasted bones showed through his skin,
As will happen to everybody some time,
And in him was visible the interrupted effort
Of flesh being changed into lilies,
Into honey of figs,
Into water and winged air—etc.

TO VASCO NUNEZ BALBOA

By Samuel A. Lillo

If in the night some savage buffaloes
Suddenly plunge into a quiet pool
Beating into ripples with their hoofs
The silently sleeping fountain,

THE LITTLE MORTAL CHILD

By Gladys LaDue Evans

CAST

The Little Mortal Child
The Little Faun
Wood Folk { *Flower sprites*, *Tree sprites*, *Butterflies*, *Water sprites* }
Time: *Spring, afternoon.*
Place: *Woods.*

Scene

The curtain rises to disclose a sheltered nook of a wooded land. It is spring, and the delicate grass is starred with pink blossoms; mushrooms of giant size grow at the feet of the slender white birches. A tiny pool, fringed by fern, gleams like a bit of flaming glass in the cool green circle. At the edge of the pool kneels the Little Faun, *one frail friendly birch leans towards him like a pale ghost; heaped beside the pool is a great pile of berries, scarlet and white, hot as blood and cold as snow, and the* Little Faun *is very busily stringing them, one white, one red, one white, then red, on and on. He sings a little song as he works.*

The Little Mortal Child *wanders into the gentle wood, sobbing drearily, she doesn't see the* Little Faun *but drops down to the grass, and goes on weeping, hopelessly, wearily, there is no passion in her sobbing, that has long passed.*

Faun.—What is the matter Little Mortal Child?

Child (Sobbing).—Oh . . .

Faun.—Why do you cry?

Child.—There is nothing to do, but cry.

Faun (Looking vaguely around, uneasy, but sympathetic).—Oh isn't there? Why?

Child.—Nothing in all the world but tears.

Faun.—No! . . . Tell me . . .

Child.—I shall always cry!

Faun.—How foolish! Why must you always cry?

Child.—Well, unless I die—(*sobbing mournfully*)

Faun.—But there is an end to tears, like rain-drops and dew . . . Sometimes I cry, but not long . . .

Child (*Aroused*).—Do you? Why do you cry?

Faun.—Oh, I just feel that way, sometimes, and then I cry, and then I don't feel that way any more, and I don't cry.

Child.—But—but don't you—isn't there any real reason—why do you cry?

Faun.—Why, like flowers bloom, and die, just because—But you, why do you cry?

Child.—Oh, I shall always, always cry—

Faun.—Then it would be like night, with no sun, no color, nor (*shivers.*) Night dew is cold until the sun comes, then it is beautiful. But why should it always be night? Tell me why?

Child.—Because I have a reason, when I cry, you have no reason, so—

Faun.—But you haven't told me the reason.

Child.—I have lost a precious thing.

Faun.—Precious? What does that mean?

Child.—Don't you know? It means . . . why it means, beautiful—and—and—

Faun.—Oh yes, beautiful, I understand, beautiful.

Child.—And dear, beloved—

Faun (*In a soft caressing voice*).—Dear, beloved, ah yes, like like the flowers and trees, and—and All. (*His face is radiant and he throws his arms wide with an ecstatic gesture including everything*)

Child (*Tragically aroused from her dreary grief.*)—Yes! Dearly beloved, and I have lost it!

Faun.—But how—how could you?

Child.—How could I? How could I! How you talk, I didn't want to lose it!

Faun.—Oh, I meant, I just meant, why—how could you, do things "get lost"?

Child (*Drearily*).—Oh yes, everything gets lost.

Faun (*Dreamily*).—I don't understand, I don't understand. (*quicker*) But what was this loved thing?

Child.—A—a little dream—

Faun.—Ah, it flew away like a butterfly perhaps . . .

Child.—No.

Faun (*Eagerly*).—Yes, like a yellow butterfly and it will come back.

Child.—No.

Faun.—But why?

Child (*Dully*).—It is dead.

Faun (*Sadly*).—The little dream dead! (*brightening*) But there are millions of butterflies—aren't they all beloved?

Child (*Impatiently*).—But this wasn't a butterfly I tell you, it was a little dream, and that's a very different thing, and it was a very particular dream—my dream. It lived here. (*She sobs and lays her hand over her heart.*)

Faun.—Oh.

Child (*Sobbing*).—And now it is dead.

Faun (*Timidly*).—I have dreams too, and they live *here;* (*touching his breast.*) But sometimes they fly away.

Child.—And—and aren't you sorry?

Faun.—Sometimes, sometimes I like to be sorry.

Child.—Then you are not sorry as I am sorry.

Faun.—Well, no perhaps. There are many butterflies, and some day they all come back—

Child.—Not when they are dead!

Faun.—How do you know it is dead?

Child (*In awe*).—I—I saw it die (*shuddering.*) It was white . . . and cold!

Faun (*Echoing in a weird mysterious tone*).—It was white and cold. (*Shudders.*)

Child (*Weeping again*).—And now I shall always weep.

Faun (*Picks up a red berry, and puts it on his string, then a white one on, humming along, and the child sobs*).—What was the little dream?

Child (*In anguish*).—Oh beautiful . . .

Faun.—Yes. you told me.

Chils.—Very beautiful, it was my life. I cannot live without it. It was the most beautiful dream in the world. It was a magic dream—as long as I had it all other things were beautiful . . .

Faun.—They are anyway.

Child.—Beautiful and to be desired.

Faun.—All beautiful things are.

Child.—And life was radiant.

Faun.—All life is radiant because it is life. Life hurts, but it is achingly sweet.

Child.—I do not mind the aching, but now, there is only numbness and tears—and then no tears—and death!

Faun.—Perhaps it's not dead, the little dream.

Child.—I saw it die.

Faun.—But you were weeping then,—Tell me the dream.

Child.—Oh—oh—

Faun.—No one will hear but the grass and the wood folk.—This is a lovely place for a dream; it might come back. See all the warm gold that lies in the tall cool grass; and the pure snow of the blossoms; see the pink hands of the flower buds, they would hold it; see the snow-breast of the lilies, it could lie and sleep there; it might play with my berries, see, berries hot as life, and cool as death. A little dream should love it here.

Child.—How strangely you talk, dead things cannot come back to earth. Yet—

Faun.—Tell me.

Child.—Well, my little dream—

Faun.—Yes, what color was it?

Child.—I don't know—what color,—no color perhaps, or all colors. Red like your berry yet white too—

Faun.—Well go on, I should have thought it would have a color. It wasn't blue?

Child.—I don't think so—

Faun.—Nor happy yellow?

Child.—I don't think so, but I don't know.

Faun.—Well—go on!

Child.—Well it was a dream of love and perfection—or—

Faun.—What a queer word, so long, per-fection. What does it mean?

Child.—Don't you know that either?

Faun (*Picks up his string and threads one white berry, then one red one*) No.

Child.—Well!! How can I tell you my dream?

Faun (*Disappointed*) Oh, please—say to me what perfection is, if it only had a color—I might know.

Child.—Well, let's see, no—I think—I'm sure it doesn't have a color. Perfection is—is—why it is everything right.

Faun.—But, what is right?

Child.—I don't quite know—well then perfection is something one could never imagine any more beautiful, any more dear, something that could not be sweeter, something so whole it has no flaw, and could not be changed without marring. Do you see?

Faun.—Yes, I see a little. I see why it has no color. But how could you lose that dream!

Child.—Because there is no perfection.

(*The wood sprites slowly creep up around the two, laughing softly among themselves and whispering.*)

Faun.—No perfection, but see! (*He plucks a lovely flower, and holds it towards the child.*)

Child (*Not offering to take it*).—It is not perfect.

Faun.—Why it couldn't be more beautiful.

Child.—It might be a clearer pink.

Faun.—Yet it is lovely.

Child.—It is lovely, but one petal is torn, and too there are thorns—

Faun (*In wonderment*).—One hardly notices—

Child.—And that isn't the worst, in just a few hours, it will be all withered, faded, wrinkled and unlovely!

Faun.—Yes, but then one can pick another flower. One can love it while it is beautiful.

Child.—But is is untruthful, it doesn't last, it promises, but never fulfils. Oh, I could overlook a few flaws, then it might not be perfect, but it would be worth loving. That was my dream, my really truly dream, that there was something wholly worth loving.

Faun.—And the dream died.

Child.—Yes it died, white and cold. Listen, I loved a little mortal child, she was not perfect. But she was worth loving I thought—

Faun.—Yes, wasn't she?

Child.—No. Even the seeming beauty was false, I found it so just when I loved her most. And now I must weep, for I cannot love, and I cannot live long without loving.

Faun.—But other mortal children—?

Child (*Bitterly*).—They are all false, I know! (*Begins sobbing softly.*)

Faun.—But cannot one love? just love?

Child.—How?

Faun.—Oh, (*throwing out his arms, and shrugging his shoulders*) Poor little mortal child, she can no longer love, (*stringing beads*) (*child sobs.*) She can no longer love because there is nothing wholly worth loving.

Child (*moaning*).—O my little dream, my little dream!

Faun (*Between snatches of weird humming*).—Perhaps . . . The little dream is not dead only blinded.

Child.—Oh, no! It was a beautiful dream!

Faun.—Did it look out of your eyes?

Child.—Yes, it had to, it lived here, (*touches her breast.*)

Faun.—Perhaps it is not dead.

Child (*Petulantly*).—Why do you keep saying that, I saw it die!

Faun.—But love is—always. And worth is—always, and beauty—

Child (*Ignoring the faun*).—If only there had been someone, just one really worth loving, the dream would not have died.

Faun.—It isn't dead, I see it.

Child.—Where!! Oh where!

Faun.—In your eyes.

Child.—How can that be?

Faun.—It comes to your eyes but you do not let it see out.

Child.—How can that be, I saw it die, I felt it die.

Faun (*Mysteriously*).—Ah no, you only strangle dreams, dreams must be so free, and you—you cannot see.

Child.—How queerly you talk. Why—I can see!

Faun.—Perhaps, yes, let's try. (*Turns to the eager wood folk, and motions them to bring a black mushroom, holds it up.*) What do you see?

Child (*Puzzled, gazing steadily at it, and a bit cross*).—I—see—a black mushroom.

Faun.—Is it all black?

Child.—Very black.

Faun.—Go on, what else—

Child.—I see nothing more.

Faun.—Is that all you see?

Child (*Tensely*).—Of course, is there more?

Faun.—I see more.

(*The wood folk shake their heads, sadly, and sigh, crooning weirdly, and holding each others hands.*)

(*Twilight commences to fall.*)

Child.—Oh, but what has that to do with finding someone, something really worth loving?

Faun.—How do you know what is worth loving?

Child.—Why—why—

Faun.—Look once more. My berries—

Child.—I see red and white.

Faun.—Is that all you see, berries red, and white?

Child (*In alarm*).—Is there more to see?

Faun.—I see more. (*The wood folk weep softly, musically swaying back and forth*).—Much more.

Child (*In terror*).—I cannot see!

(*The wood folk echo softly, "She cannot see, see, see" and fall weeping*)

Child (*Wearily*).—My little dream—cold and white—Oh I shall always weep. (*Rises and stumbles sobbing past the friendly trees.*)

Faun.—Poor Mortal child!

Child (*Sobbing*) Always weep.

(*Wood folk sing-song it, "She cannot see, she cannot see*—)

Faun (*Sorrowfully musing, as he threads his white and scarlet beads, beads hot as life and cool as death*).—She cannot see.

Curtain

THE MIRROR

From "The Sonnets for Helen"

By Pierre de Ronsard

Translated by Grace Wallace

If from my verses good and ill both rain,
Of each you are the cause; for life's grey goal
Is but to sing and soothe that olden pain
Burned deep into the fiber of my soul.
It is not easy where the steel has lain
To uncomplaining smile and hide the wound
But the joyful spirit doth the victory gain;
The sad, with biting thought is self-consumed.
In seeking love I thought to gladness borrow,
And found but pain and grief and dull despair;
If only you would take from me my sorrow,
My song, like you, would bloom in beauty fair.
  I am your humble mirror, and reflect
  The mind with which your beauty is bedecked.

ANTON CHEKHOV

THE MASTER OF THE GRAY SHORT-STORY

By N. Bryllion Fagin

I

LEONID Andreyev has a symbolic short-story entitled *The Wall* Humanity in raging despair is beating against an impregnable Wall, in a vain endeavor to break through it, in order to get a glimpse of the profound mystery it guards. It is a merciless Wall! Anyone who dares challenge it is hurled back with ferocious force. No sacrifices can soften it; no mother's tears or father's curses can move it. It is red with the blood of the men and women who have pitted their human strength against it, and who now lie in the dust bleeding and moaning in the agony of defeat. The Wall cannot be conquered! The mystery of Life and Death cannot be disclosed!

This terrible little story involuntarily comes to mind when one is thinking of Chekhov. Like Andreyev in this little story, Chekhov always deals with the defeated. One by one Chekhov's people pass by—cold, discouraged, vanquished. Whether it be the small professional who hoped to make a great career, the man or woman who dreamed to find happiness in love, or the man who "hitched his wagon to a star" of noble principles and high ideals for the regeneration of suffering humanity, they all finally come to take their places in Chekhov's Lane—the avenue of the beaten.

Ghastly as Andreyev's story is, it epitomizes the happy indestructibility of dynamic human resistance to Fate. The Great Wall will never surrender to man, Andreyev says; the Great Mystery it guards will always remain a mystery. But beaten as the fighters against the Wall are, they still are moaning; groveling in the dust as they are, they still are groveling! And out of the darkness there still rises a mother with courage enough to shout to the Wall: "Murderer! Give me back my only son!" Not that the Wall will do it; but deprived of all its hopes and baffled in all its efforts to wrest the eternal mystery of existence for itself, humanity still is living—bleeding but living!

Chekhov's beaten are lifeless. They never rise! Quietly, slowly, they eke out their shallow little lives, with no thought to animate the monotony of existence, save a passing sigh at the recollection of some long-buried dream. They do not struggle; they are quitters. L ng ago they have quitted the arena of the fightin and now only wait for the consumn ation of the remaining days or years allotted to them, to pass out and be no more.

II

It has often been repeated that times bring forth men and men shape times. Great epochs in human history have produced great geniuses to incorporate these epochs for posterity. Great writers, in spite of the prophetic vision to look into the remote future ascribed to them, have to draw their material from the streams of actual life about them, and but few succeed in rising above the proverbial source.

Anton Pavlovich Chekhov was born in 1860—a time full of stormy turmoil and bright hopes for the Russian people. During the early years of his life, when awakened Russia had united in a final struggle for emancipation, Chekhov, the grandson of a serf, was struggling for an education; and when in the early eighties, through incessant hard work, he was graduated from the university a doctor of medicine, the revolution was over and lost, and triumphant reaction reigned supreme once more.

It was at this period in the history of the Russian people that Chekhov began to write his stories—in those dark years of the eighties, when the *intelligenzia* of the country was rudely awakened from its dreams of freedom and thrown into the mire of hopeless pessimism; when all the pettiness and shallowness that lay buried in its frail human soul sprang to the fore to take the place of the erstwhile bright ideals of liberty, justice, and brotherhood. And Chekhov became the great exponent of his time.

Master psychologist of the peasant as well as the college professor that he was, he chose the educated cl ss for the butt of his biting pen—the deemed-to-be and deems-himself "intellectual"—the doctor, lawyer, faculty professor, departmental clerk, officer. And, strange as it my seem, this class which he so mercilessly flayed, whose emptiness and moral bankruptcy his stories deal with, instantly recognized his unerring hand and, together with him, laughed at its own ridiculously dull physiognomy.

Laughed! For Chekhov is essentially a humorist. His is

not the quiet, genial humor of an Addison or a Washington Irving nor the more subtle, often boisterous humor of a Mark Twain. His is rather the cynical chuckle of a grown-up watching a child assume grimaces of deep earnestness and self-importance. In his earlier stories the laughable, and it is a more or less cheerful laugh, with little of the serious behind it, often predominates. But as the stories grow more in volume, the undercurrent of gloom and a stifled groan of pain become more and more audible, until, in the later volumes, his laugh quite eloquently suggests the ominous combination of submission to Fate and Mephistophelian despair.

No one may deny that physical suffering colors a man's views of life and his fellow-men, and it may be that the White Plague which claimed Chekhov, at the age of twenty-four, had as much to do with his evident faithlessness in humanity as the age in which he lived. But in vain would we look for an exaggeration or an untruthful note in his works. We feel, with that instinctive perception which is higher than knowledge, that it is all too true; that the people he pictures live and act in reality just as they do in his works. For Chekhov as artist is flawless. No detail of any importance ever escapes his knowing eye. The expression of a face, the position in which one stands or sits, the shade of voice, or the most hidden thoughts of the individual he describes, are all brought out carefully, vividly, so that the character lives and breathes, and we know he is true—and are sorry.

And this verisimilitude is attained not by voluminous description—Chekhov fortunately seems to have been ignorant of the verbose methods of a Wells, for instance—but by a judicious stroke here and there, a word, a short phrase, a mere mention of a peculiar characteristic. Most of his stories are very short—only two or three pages. Yet within these two or three pages a real live man or woman, or both, or a whole group, live through life, each with his peculiar characteristics, environment, dreams, yearning, struggles, sufferings, victories and defeats, always ending with defeat—a logical sequence with Chekhov.

III

All of Chekhov's stories, with the exception of a few of the longer ones, start when the defeat has already come—just an epilogue, a mere tracing back of events, a sort of hasty analysis of the causes that led up to it, and a picture of the hopelessness of any other consummation because of these causes. For the causes of man's defeat in life lie within man himself. True, life itself

displays no inherent tendency towards kindness; it is short and purposeless, too long for its dreariness and emptiness. But man is weak, cowardly, shallow, selfish, conceited, and dull, and follows life's routine—machine-like, without the courage to inject anything new to give it a new course.

Sometimes, as in his early stories, Chekhov indulges in flippant merry-making at the expense of the flabby creature who wants to cope with this gigantic monster—Life. These depraved, selfish cowards are prattling about the emptiness of life!

So in the little story *The Avenger* the hero goes to buy a revolver with the firm intention of first killing his faithless wife, then himself. He bargains for the price until he changes his mind about killing his wife and decides to kill her lover and himself. Then, still bargaining, he decides to kill only the lover . . . But when the salesman relates the story of an officer who had had a similar case and had killed the lover and was exiled to Siberia for life, he buys no revolver at all and kills nobody. But to compensate the salesman for his trouble, he buys a quail-trap and leaves the store feeling that he has somehow insulted something within him . . .

Or like the two-page story of *Not in Humor* where a district police officer, having lost the munificent sum of eight roubles at cards, suffers the pangs of remorse and to ease his conscience whips his boy for an offense committed some time ago.

At other times Chekhov has but blazing contempt for these pretensive "intellectuals," and bitingly clips off all the flowers with which they have adorned themselves. Their feelings, ideals, and loves; their education, manners, and tastes—all are torn into little shreds, and nothing but the bare skeleton is left.

Feeling! What a world of foolish sentimentality and rank hypocrisy lies beneath that word! And the hypocrisy is not only to fool others but more to fool oneself—to make one's own life appear nicer and nobler to oneself.

The head of a government Department has grown fifty years old. The clerks, to express their appreciation of their chief—and incidentally of course to impress upon him their devotedness . . . have gathered to present him with a very costly album. The chief is overcome with gratitude and bursting into tears vows that he will never forget the kindness of his subordinates and that until his very grave will he cherish this album with the photographs of his "devoted friends." At home he finds a surprise party waiting him and again moved to tears he makes a speech

saying that two hours ago, when his clerks presented him with this album, he felt that all his life-long sufferings in the service of his country, had been amply repaid. And so the day passes. Next morning his little son finds the album and taking out the photographs of the clerks in their shining uniforms, plays with them as soldiers. Then getting tired, he cuts out the eyes of the poor soldiers, and merrily runs to his papa to share with him the "fun." The chief gives a glance at the crippled likenesses of his "devoted friends" and is seized with a paroxysm of laughter. Then, patting his boy for his cleverness, he says: "Run along, dear, and show mama; let her also enjoy" . . . (*The Album*).

Education! In innumerable little stories Chekhov throws a glaring light upon the "educated" and the miserable mockery of their education. Here is a professor prattling for hours about Napoleon, history, philosophy, and a thousand and one other things, while right in his own house, before his very eyes, his two daughters are pining away for the lack of life, love, air, sunshine, and he cannot see and cannot understand, and prattles on and on! . . .

There is a story about a learned judge writing his decision in a case while his associates are discussing palatable dishes to eat. Every conceivable thing in the realm of food is discussed as to taste, looks, and digestive properties, until the honorable judge can stand it no longer and, throwing aside his decision he joins his colleagues, and they all march to the nearest restaurant.

There is a story of an eloquent orator speaking at the grave of a deceased drunkard, eulogizing his moral qualities and high principles, and mourning his loss to society, although he had never known him.

And so, one after another, the stories come,—brief, humorous, realistic; dealing with dull people but real ones.

While as said, Chekhov quarrels primarily with the representative class—composed of the middle and upper classes—yet he plainly indicates his opinions of the lower class—the peasant, servant, workman—to be no better. In the few stories in which he deals with this lower class, he frankly shows that he is quite remote from his predecessors, as he was also from his successors, the idealistic group of Russian writers, who held up the common people as an ideal. Chekhov's common people are as base and dull as their educated masters. They are cunning and selfish, capable of hypocritical flattery and hideous humbleness to attain their petty ends.

In *The Simulators* the peasants flock to the general's wife whose hobby is homeopathic medicine. They praise and flatter and bless her for the wonderful cure she has effected of all their ills. At the same time they complain of their poverty and receive from her presents of hay, seeds, etc. On leaving her they throw the medicine away, and next week come again to praise and bless her for her magic remedies . . .

And even in his longer and most serious stories, like *Ward No. 6* or *The Story of an Unknown Person*, the people of the lower class are presented in a light that reflects the utter depravity of their higher selves. Nikita watching the unfortunate patients of the ward is more of a lower animal than a human being. Beating is his work; and he does it brutally, mercilessly, with a full heart. Polya in the second story is devoid of anything except selfishness. To steal a dress, a ring, money, perfume, represents her highest ideal, and the reason she hates the supposed butler is because he would not show an inclination to becoming her lover.

IV

But there is still another side to Chekhov. It is that touch of pity for the wretched people of his stories which is sometimes felt through his flippancy and scorn and contempt in his early works and which becomes the dominant note in his later ones. With age he becomes more serious, and gradually his scathing sarcasm becomes softened and in its place appears a more benevolent tone. After all, these people are helpless. And helpless and cowardly they are merely because life is so hard and every thing in it so deadening! They imbibe it with the air they breathe!

"Nowhere, nowhere can we go!" the old doctor, Andre Iefimich, tells the mentally deranged Ivan Dmitriech in *Ward No. 6*. "Weak are we, my dear . . . I was indifferent, thought bravely, fearlessly, and it only took life to touch me somewhat roughly when my spirits fell . . . prostration . . . Weaklings are we; soft are we . . . And you too, my dear. You are wise, honorable; with your mother's milk you have sucked into you sublime sentiments; but as soon as you stepped into life, you grew tired and took sick . . . Weak, weak are we!"

And even man's cruelty and selfishness are not entirely man's fault. It is the grayness, the monotony of life, the defeat of all dreams and aspirations that give him his mold. There

is nothing left but to kill that awful creeper—Time—and to forget. Hence, long live vodka!

It isn't his wife's dancing with the officers that hurts the husband; it isn't jealousy or suspicion; it is why she smiles and is happy! And even on their way home he isn't satisfied. He feels "like running back into the club-house and doing something that will make everyone sad and painful, that will make them feel how insignificant and dull this life is, when here you walk in the street and listen to the sobbing of the mud under your feet, and you know that you will wake up tomorrow morning and there will be nothing again, save vodka and cards! Oh, how terrible it is!" And the wife at the same time walks and tries to think of some word that might contain all the bitterness, dirt, and sting she would hurl at her husband . . . (*The Husband*).

But Chekhov the scoffer, the hater of mollycoddles, isn't always satisfied with this pity and resignation. The slumbering fire of galling indignation leaps into flame again, in *Ward No. 6* when the unfortunate Ivan Dmitriech speaks to the doctor: "All this is philosphy—quite a comfortable philosophy for a Russian idler. You see, for instance, a peasant beats his wife. Why interfere? Let him go on; anyway both will die sooner or later . . . A woman comes with a toothache. Well? Pain is but the imagination of pain, and, in addition, without pain and disease one can't get through with this world—we shall all die—so, therefore, away woman! Don't disturb my thoughts and my vodka drinking. A comfortable philosophy; nothing to do and a clean conscience, and you feel yourself wise . . . No, sir; this is not philosophy, not broadness of view, but laziness, fake!" . . .

This passage, perhaps more effectively than any other, discloses the great love of life Chekhov bore in his sickly heart; his deep yearning for a freer and better Russia to live in; for a more courageous and nobler national character. It is the key to his bitterness, sarcasm, and pessimism, his hatred of Russian *Oblomovtchina*, or national sluggishness. For it is Chekhov who cries out in the words of the same Ivan Dmitriech: "Your Diogenes was a fool! I love life, love it passionately. I terribly want to live!" And it is Chekhov who, in the words of the consumptive revolutionist in *Teh Story of an Unknown Person*, cries; "I want to live, live, live! I want peace, quiet, warmth!"

V

Of the great masters of realism none perhaps have plumbed

the depths of woman's soul—Goethe's *Das ewig Weibliche*—with more perfection of touch than Chekhov. The outstanding feature of all Russian literature is its search for a motive of life. Chekhov's efforts were compensated in his finding but the ancient motive of love as the guiding-star of woman's life, her supreme motive, the highest expression of her soul, the alpha and omega of her being.

And it is in this field of love that Chekhov's women lose their equilibrium. One by one they start out on their quest, cheerfully, hopefully, courageously, and one by one they return, bloodless and lifeless, carrying but burnt embers in their hearts. Some, like Katya in a *Tiresome Story* are killed outright. Others like Sinaida in *The Story of an Unknown Person* still show faint traces of possible life—the last lingering rays of a setting sun . . .

But after all, what is the difference between Katya and Sinaida? Both have taken their hearts and souls, their very lives, and have thrown them at the altar of love—and have thrown them away . . . Both are modern women, daring women, ready to trample on all barriers they might encounter on their way and both have been hurled back cruelly into the abyss of hopelessness never to rise again. And back they come defeated because they live in the enchanted pool of polluted and indifferent waters —in a pale, drab world where nothing, not even love, is worth a pebble; where man is brutally selfish and cannot be trusted; where the stronger woman is destined to become cynical, distrustful and unattractive (*Three Years*). In such a world woman must pay along with man, and often more than man.

And woman does pay—not only in blood and tears and anguish of heart, but in a lowering of ideal values; in degeneration of conception of motive. In *Ariadne* the young man is thoroughly unsophisticated and loves Ariadne to an extent that he cannot conceive of anything physical being connected with her. And while he preaches to her about philosophy, ideals, principles, she elopes with an old roue. When he overtakes them, she brazenly informs him that while she loves him for his purity and depth of sentiments, yet she could not live on that alone; and that if these idealistic sentiments had been incorporated in the warm bosom of a strong male things might have been different . . .

Chekhov does not tell us what becomes of this young man. But we have seen him lose his equilibrium and, as in the plays of Ibsen, the curtain falls at the psychologic moment, when he takes his place beside his comrades in Chekhov's Lane.

VI

Such is the message of this great Russian writer; an endless chain of gray people, passing through a gray life, thinking, building, striving; fighting for the space of a lifetime a battle which they have not chance of winning; then stepping aside to drink of the waters of Lethe.

And yet this message has found fertile soil not only in Russia but wherever modern man dreams and struggles and suffers. Chekhov has come to occupy a place among the world's great writers because, in striking the chords of Russian life, he struck, with that silver touch which is the magic of genius, the elemental chords of universal life. In his own country he is perhaps better known as a dramatist then as a story writer, but we in America, where the short-story has reached its highest vogue, are just learning to appreciate the hidden treasures that sparkle in the little masterpieces of this pessimistic humorist.

Chekhov is as bitterly abhorred by those whose weak eyes are sensitive to the glowing light of truth as he is passionately adored by his disciples. Which is quite natural, for the truth, the naked truth, is so often hidden beneath a mass of artificial flowers that we are not pleased to see it abroad without its pretty fripperies, and no one is as bold in disclosing it as this gray, sickly sarcastic seer.

Chekhov was a product of the grayness of Russia that was. He fought this grayness by dipping his pen into it and passing it on to the world. And who knows what he would have written had he lived but one year longer—1905. Already the very last few dramas he wrote bear a message foretelling different winds that were even then beginning to blow over Russia. But he died; and the newer spirit remained for others of his countrymen to portray.

But Chekhov's spirit also, despite its morbid tone, is virile, beautiful, and rich. What if he did sing but the Tristan and Isolde of life? What if he painted but the gray dusk? There is a charm and a beauty of its own in it, for by the sickly tint of the sun fading in the west we learn to see its glory when it appears in the east on the morrow.

SLIPPERS

A FANTASY IN ONE ACT

By Anne Macfarlane

From an upper landing which shows two bedroom doors, the stairway of the house comes down in a most straightforward way into the heart of the living room—not a pretentious room at all but a very comfortable one. To the left in the shadow of the stairway is the street door and a rack for the children's coats and toys. But the coats are not hanging on the rack! They are lying in dim confusion on the floor—three sets of them, a six year old boy's cap and a jacket, smaller fixings for a girl and a baby's hood. Against the left wall is a phonograph with a stool close beside it—to make short legs longer—and a record case open on the floor. In the right wall is a fireplace, glowing, and before it in a wing chair with her weary feet on a stool, sits the lady of the house, too utterly worn to finish reading the evening papers scattered about her or to tackle the pile of sewing at her feet. Though only a few short years ago she was at her radiant best at this very hour of the evening, it is to be feared that she is dozing!

The clock striking eleven rouses her to her neglected duties.

She jumps and peers into the dusk of the mantel shelf to see if the clock was not mistaken. Her figure has taken on wider lines since her slim girlhood but has increased probably in energy. One wonders why she does her hair so sternly unless one happens to know that it is the very easiest and quickest mode inventible. One also wonders why she is wearing a dark serge dress in the evening unless one knows how much it costs and how long it takes to make a shimmering, floating satiny one!

She has found her ears and the clock in accord—eleven! One must hurry. She bundles the sewing away back into the shadows—folds up the papers and lays them ready to hand on the small table by the wing chair, unearths the ash tray from under a doll's coat and places it beside the papers. Then from the rack she fetches a smoking jacket and slippers and lays them to warm. She gives the coat a lingering little pat but there is scarcely time for sentiment with the room so untidy. She shakes out all the little garments and hangs them in order on three pegs. At the bottom of one heap is a toy—a small platform on four wheels with a handle for steering. She

stands it up-right and is overcome by a desire to see how it works! First she listens for returning foot-steps. The street is apparently quiet. She puts one foot on the toy gingerly and finds that it will slide! A rug interferes. She is possessed now to work the thing. She listens again—no one coming! With lightning speed she rolls aside the rug and imitating her young son she sails out toward the footlights on the gliding toy! Excitedly she turns around and slides back!

There is a noise on the street. She kicks the toy ungratefully back against the coat-rack, smooths down the rug, in a panic of haste and stands patting her hair into place waiting for the door to open. However, the footsteps pass by her door.

Her tense figure relaxes in a flood of weariness. Painfully she picks up the record book and after an anxious look around the orderly room she goes slowly up the stairs and on tiptoe into the second door on the landing.

After a moment of emptiness the street door opens and the MAN OF THE HOUSE *comes in. His evening clothes have just a touch of dishevelment. He throws his coat across a chair near the door and crosses with careful quietness to the glowing fire. But the smoking jacket and slippers only seem to annoy him and he pushes them impatiently away. He sits and scowls at the fire, stands up and scowls at the floor then sits down again—plainly nervous and distraught. At last, as though to have done with the thing he pulls a white satin slipper from his pocket and then as though it was a most unpleasant, unclean thing, he throws it from him. The slipper lies dejectedly on the hearth barely lit by the light from the dying fire. The* MAN OF THE HOUSE *walks about the room, stops to gaze unseeing at the walls of his house and walks on again. He leans against the magic phonograph, takes the rose from his button-hole and lets it fall from his fingers.*

As he starts once more on his jerky walk about the room he sees the handle of the wheel toy sticking out from the coat-rack. Absent-mindedly he stoops over it—more absentmindedly yet he pulls it out and very foolishly rolls it a few inches forward and pulls it back!

There is a noise on the landing—the click of an opening door.

In a flood of annoyance and anger the MAN OF THE HOUSE *steps back into the extreme shadow of the stairway behind all the little coats.*

The Woman of the House appears on the landing with the child in her arms—she is trying to soothe back his choking sobs.

The Woman (As she comes slowly down the stairs).—Never mind, son, we'll sit here by the fire, all warm and cozy.

The Boy.—But it was such a big black thing, mommy—came in the window.

The Woman.—Came into a silly boy's dream.

The Boy (*After a pause when no more sobs seem to be coming*).—Play a game, mommy!

The Woman (*Trying to act as though she never did unusual things*).—A *game*—then you'd never go to sleep again!

THE BOY *extremely intimate with all the delightful qualities of her character, looks fearfully over his shoulder, and urges forth just a suggestion of a sob.*

The Woman (*Holding him close and completely in her power*).—What game do you want, Babe?

The Boy.—A game where you act—*you* know—you be the girl sitting by the fire and can't go to the ball and the fairy comes and gives you things to wear and so you go and the fairy prince is there and you dance and the clock strikes (*He claps his hands to show her just how.*) and you have to run like anything for home! You know, mommy, like you did for Mary, when she bumped her her head. Come on, we'll turn on the music!

The Woman (*Dejectedly—trying to tell him that she isn't young*).—O, son dear, I don't feel like it to-night.

The Boy (*Sinks back against her—drooping again. Then he shivers*).—Mommy,—it did eat Mary, the black thing!

The Woman (*She snatches the boy to her heart, then jumps up, all energy, plumps him down in the big chair and kneels before him—her eyes sparkling happiness back into his*).—Darling! a hundred balls and fairy princes! Listen—Poor Cinderella can't go to the ball though her grand sisters in lovely dresses have gone hours ago. She's very unhappy—because she's young and likes balls, and music and fairy princes.

THE BOY *has spied the satin slipper across the hearth and gazes at it in delighted amazement.* THE MAN *watching from the shadow sees it too and curses foolishly to himself.*

The Woman.—And as she sits there all teary with sobs in her throat—

The Boy (*Jumps down from his chair and seizes the real and magic slipper. He continues the story lest his mother pause too long over it—very excitedly*).—The fairy comes to bring her slippers to wear and here it is, here it is!

THE MAN *curses again and still he believes that something may happen to fix it all up!*

The Woman (*Who really does not believe in fairies*).—But where?

The Boy (*Losing patience*).—The fairy brought it—Put it on, put it on.

The Woman (*Used to going on with things*).—Well, so Cinderella who had the very smallest feet in the world, put on the golden slippers (*She actually slips off her own and into the white satin slipper!*) Then she put on the other lovely things (*She snatches up a thin old shawl that she had wrapped around the boy.*) And there she was—*ready for the ball!*

THE BOY *runs to the phonograph and starts it.* THE MAN *having hidden so long can not very well do anything but huddle back farther into the shadow.*

The Woman.—And naturally everybody wanted to dance with the beautiful Cinderella so she danced and danced.

THE WOMAN, *a bit reckless through the strangeness of the hour and the postponed mystery of the satin slipper dances with zest and to the utter satisfaction of the boy. A trifle breathlessly she goes on with the story.*

The Woman.—The fairy prince watched her and watched her and he thought she danced more beautifully than anyone he had ever seen. And so as she danced he crossed the shining ballroom floor and—

THE BOY *has seen the rose. This time he is not nearly so surprised at the amazing realities of the story. He rushes for the rose and holds it out to his mother.*

The Boy.—And gived her a rose—and gived her a rose. (*He claps his hands in delight.*)

The Woman (*Glances anxiously about the room now and sees her husband's coat flung across the chair. The shawl droops about her.*)

The Boy (*Feeling that he has created this show, produced the properties and therefore has a right to conduct it, stamps an imperious foot at the hesitation of the leading lady*).—Dance—dance with the fairy prince!

THE WOMAN *dances—a bit more recklessly and so more youthfully.*

The Woman (*Panting*).—Please have the clock strike, dear.

THE BOY *after enjoying his power for a full minute, claps his hands.*

The Woman.—And when the clock struck twelve, Cinderella ran like anything for home.

(*She snatches the boy up in her arms and runs up the stairs.*)

The Boy (*A realist to the last, pounds on her shoulder and cries*).—Drop the slipper, drop the slipper, drop the slipper!

THE WOMAN *lets the white slipper roll down the stairs and tosses the rose in anger after it. The two disappear and the bedroom door closes after them.* THE MAN *of the House has come gradually out from the shadow during the flight of the two. He stands looking up at the closed door, then about the room as though he was seeing it for the first time. At last his eyes come back to that upper door and he smiles—a smile he hasn't used for a long time. He stoops to pick up the white slipper and the rose, then very determinedly he goes and lays them both on the fire. As they burn they cast a rosier light over the room.* THE MAN *begins to see—the jacket and slippers laid ready for him, the evening paper and at last a worn black slipper lying on the hearth.*

He picks it up so tenderly and settles down in the wing chair to think it all over.

THE WOMAN *appears in the balcony, glances at the other closed door, and comes very quickly and silently down.* THE MAN *hears her but waits until she comes nearer to hunt for her slipper.*

The Man of the House (*Speaking very gently*).—Here it is, Mary.

(*She is startled back into her old manner of restraint. He confesses the whole thing to her across the chasm of their own hearth. As he talks, gradually she softens into the pliable young thing that the* BOY *knows as mother.*) I saw you dance—I heard you tell the Boy the story. Mary, you are young with the children because they are young and you are old with me because I have grown old! I didn't know it until now but I have—old in my pleasures and in my spirit, but it is the spirit of youth that I want. I thought it had been driven out of here because all I could see was cooking and sewing and everlasting cleaning—and I wanted youth so much.

The Woman.—So you hunted for it in other places!

The Man.—And only found the shell, Mary—empty! You had the spirit of the thing locked up in your heart and you let me forget!

The Woman.—But you wanted me to be dignified and absorbed in my children and in my house and to wear rubbers—I've heard you say so hundreds of times!

The Man.—Ah, but I didn't mean it! I thought I did but

now I know I wanted first of all for you to stay young and to keep me young. Can't you?

THE WOMAN *looks at him a minute, fluttering uncertainly, then runs and starts the phonograph on the Cinderella music. Delighted,* THE MAN *comes and takes her in his arms. They stand a moment swaying to the music, then they dance rhythmically, in perfect harmony.*

THE WOMAN *sinks into the chair by the fire and the* MAN *kneels beside her.*

The Man (*Softly*).—Don't let me forget.

The Woman.—Never!

Her head bends to his, the rosy light grows brighter and the curtain goes down.

WEARINESS FROM SUFFERING

(*Hastío de sufrir*)

BY JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ

Translated from the Spanish by Herbert King Stone

My griefs increase when evening shadows fall,
  As spectre-like and grim, Remorse appears
And writes with night-black fingers on the wall
  A "Mene, Tekel, Peres"—blood and tears.

The weeping that my heart outpours would be
  Enough to fill a world of woe and dross;
The clouds pass black and darken all for me,
  Make chill my dreams and honor turn to loss.

Oh, that some hand the past might lay to rest,
  Make fast a roseleaf sweet to every thorn,
Into a star of hope convert my anxious breast,
  And change the evening dark to brightest morn!

WALTER PATER

SOME OF HIS IMAGINARY PORTRAITS

By Donald Worth Marshall

Most of Pater's imaginative works are delightful blends of the short story and the literary essay. They are somewhat languid narrations, concerned always with thoughts and sensations rather than with happenings; they are contemplative essays, the expression of Pater's personality. Indeed, although imaginative, they are nearer the latter form; he named them best, *Imaginary Portraits*.

There seems to be a tendency today to consider Walter Pater either as one of the wildest of aesthetes or as the coldest of stylists. I do not find him so; I care rather to consider him as the author of the *Imaginary Portraits*, delicate, creative character studies, expressive of a personality and a mood with which I find myself much in sympathy.

It is significant that the period of Pater's activity which may quite properly be termed his maturity—that middle period from 1880 to 1889—was given up, almost in its entirety, to these imaginative studies. First and, in his estimation, most important of these was *Marius the Epicurean*, to which he devoted five years of this best part of his life. Up to 1885, the publication date of *Marius*, Pater's production had been confined, with one exception, to critical essays, one or two a year, on various phases of subjects interesting to him: the Renaissance, English literature, Greek mythology, etc. Some of the philosophic conclusions which he reached from his study of the Renaissance were severely attacked, and this fact was probably responsible in large measure for his change from the critical essay to a loose form of fiction which would be a less vulnerable and dogmatic vehicle for the exposition of his thoughts. However that may be, Pater's chief work for ten years was the writing of a series of *Imaginary Portraits*. The name and general form were taken from an earlier study, the only break in the line of criticism, which was published in 1878 under the title, *Imaginary Portrait, The Child in the House*. During the ten years of the "creative period," Pater wrote *Marius the Epicurean*, the four Imaginary Portraits which are

included in the book of that title, and the fragment *Gaston de Latour*. In 1889 he returned to his earlier practice (which he had never wholly discontinued) and departed from it only twice thereafter, in *Emerald Uthwart* and *Apollo in Picardy*.

Pater's interest and study in his chosen pursuits never flagged; even during the creative period, when he was writing so few essays of criticism, it was only his form that he had changed; and art, philosophy, literature—now dwelt upon, strengthened, and made vivid by his imagination—appeared again in the Imaginary Portraits. The importance of this matter is in its proof that Pater was not, and should not be considered, a writer of fiction, a natural teller of stories; with him fiction was secondary to other considerations, because of his devotion to scholarly affairs. At any rate, the connection between his ordinary inclinations and his imaginative writing is most striking. Look at a list of his critical essays: *Notes on Leonardo da Vinci*, *Measure for Measure*, *A study of Dionysus*, *The Beginnings of Greek Scultpure*, *Plato and Platonism*, *Raphael*, *Pascal*. Art, literature, philosophy! (But mark the thoroughness of his study; when Pater interested himself in literature, it was *Weltliteratur*.) The Imaginary Portraits show Pater's broad knowledge as much as do any of his criticisms; they are filled with allusions to his studies and permeated with the very spirit of beauty and thought. Sometimes one interest will predominate, as in the study of an artist or a philosopher; but even then the others will be present, though relegated perforce to the background.

But Walter Pater was no pedant, even though he was interested in scholarly matters; nor are all of his Portraits literary or philosophic studies. Indeed, it is no far cry from a philosophic study to a character study, especially for this thought-loving author. *The Child in the House* is his purest example; his interest, and the reader's, is entirely in the child, in his early sensations and impressions. And through all the Portraits, the characters are finely and sympathetically conceived and portrayed, with a finer interest and sympathy because of his finer discernment.

It is in a certain delicately personal viewpoint and interest in his work, of which this character interest is only one phase, that Pater shows himself the true essayist. The true essay is redolent of personality; the real essayist always lets himself be seen through his words, not obtrusively, necessarily, but nevertheless genuinely. The essay-characteristics in Pater's work extend through all his narratives and Portraits, thus constituting another link between

them and his other productions. With him, the personal viewpoint never led to the essay of reminiscence; but, working more subtly, prevented his ever quite separating himself, his nineteenth century self, and his own personal impressions and thoughts, from any of his writing, whether it were literary appreciation or historical narrative. Often he begins a Portrait in the present time and with his own experiences, turning to his story later and presenting it as suggested by a book or monument which he has seen. He constantly refers from past to present, compares the two, points out present aspects of a scene in the middle ages; in "Marius" he speaks of Kant; he makes no attempt to create the illusion of past time, as the novelist must. Less directly, but more surely, he has written himself into his books in descriptions of places and pictures, in narrations of happenings and sensations. Duke Carl rambled through German woods that Pater must have loved, and Apollo harped among cloisters well known to him. There are narrations in *The Child in the House* and other Portraits that one cannot but feel are personal experiences. The exactness and vividness of description and the emotion of some of these narrations which seem most personal, force the belief that they are told from life. The real essayist cannot escape it—this baring of himself to the world—no matter what form he adopt; no more did Pater, for all his avoidance of the retrospective, personal essay, fail to express his personality, his own thoughts, feelings, experiences, in all his books.

Pater's natural tendencies, then, and painstaking methods of literary composition, made the essay his habitual form, only one of his finished works being a long one. And those Portraits in which the essay characteristics are most pronounced, upon which the author's individuality is most strongly impressed, are those written in the short prose form which was natural to him. In these six narrative essays—for such they are, rather than short stories—in these Imaginary Portraits, I find the clearest and best expression of Walter Pater's personality and mood. Here the characters are creations of his own, springing from his closest interests; they are his "brain children" whom he has nursed more tenderly and with a more delicate care than he has given those merely intellectual and logical writings, untouched by his fancy or imagination.

The six Portraits of which I am thinking fall naturally into three little groups, the two essays in each having some quality or idea in common. Thus in the essays of what I please to call my

first group, *Sebastian van Storck* and *Duke Carl of Rosenmold*, the author's primary interest is intellectual in its nature; the germ of the first is a philosophical theory; that of the second, the aspiration of a young German prince for a literary awakening among his people, that awakening which did come with Lessing and Goethe. *Denys l' Auxerrois* and *Apollo in Picardy* are two expressions of a very quaint and charming fancy, growing, however, from a knowledge and love of the Greek myth and the French town. And "Emerald Uthwart" and "The Child in the House" are alike in their comparative freedom from the purely intellectual, which is replaced in them by a more sustained character interest and narrative quality. Truly, these are fine threads, but even a slight structure will help in the consideration of a number of works; and I can think of no more logical order, for the chronological is not at all satisfactory.

Cold, unworldly Sebastian van Storck! melancholy consumptive, disciple of a destructive philosophy, forcing himself from surroundings full of life and vigor; his very nature bent on destroying him, so consistently must it follow out an idea, an idea that in its last fulfillment of complete negation could bring only death, a cold wiping-out of one's self. Sebastian's creed, "the world is but a thought or a series of thoughts: that it exists, therefore, only in mind," took with him a pessimistic, finally fanatical, turn; and from a theorem in which a healthier man might have found a constructive conclusion, he drew a melancholy and destructive one. For to him, this belief brought with it the duty of "suppression of self;" he strove always to escape from the colorful Dutch world of men and women full of the joy of life and art, to his little tower room, where "one only thought." Reasoning further, once started on this melncholy vein, and believing that the world in its essence was but the thought of God, or of the "primary consciousness," he was confronted with the practical conclusion, his course of action: "to hinder as little as possible what he called the restoration of equilibrium, the restoration of the primary consciousness to itself—its relief from that uneasy, tetchy, unworthy dream of a world, made so ill, or dreamt so weakly—to forget, to be forgotten." "To forget, to be forgotten!" this is not Pater's philosophy, surely. Doomed Sebastian, who all his life, and at certain times most specifically, had seemed incapable of understanding ordinary human impulses, at the very end saved a child's life—losing his own in doing it.

In Duke Carl of Rosenmold, whose portrait, we are told, embodies the aspirations of those Germans who had been looking forward to a new era in their literature, we have a more amiable figure. He is, perhaps, Pater's most natural and truly lovable character; this prince of a sleepy court, a young litterateur striving for that intellectual light, seeming to gleam fitfully, now in France, now in Italy or in Greece, but finally most strongly in his own native country. There is in Carl a manly, human flavor which makes him dear to me; he is what Sebastian Van Storck could never be, a rightly companionable figure. Yes, it is Carl himself that is worth while, with his manhood and individuality, a delicious sense of humor, and above all, true, earthly instincts and impulses; else had his attempt to enliven his people by transplanted culture from France and Italy been not only a failure but a most sorry sight. Even in these borrowed terms, he was only expressing himself, his own personality, his own longings, his own thoughts; "It was but himself truly, after all, that he had found, so fresh and real among those artificial roses." And soon, surely, his dissatisfaction with those unreal substitutes grew upon him, with the conviction that for him the center of art lay not in Greece or in France, but that "Straight through life. . . lay the road to the new Hellas." And Carl soon found an opportunity to go straight to life, in his growing love for a gypsy maid, whose simple, wild beauty and unaffected sympathy—she was, indeed, the only person in his whole little duchy who felt for him a sincere affection now drew him more and more to her. She came as a sweet breath of air from the fields to Carl, disgusted with artificialities and now determined to give natural instinct no hindrance. Practical difficulties he laughed aside, and, keenly enjoying the prospect of his horrified ministers when they should hear the news, speedily arranged for a private marriage. But on their very bridal night, startled by a sudden, increasing tumult without, these lovers rushed into the darkness; love and aspirations met a tragic end in the path of an invading army.

Dionysus, returned to earth in the 13th century, bringing to the vine country around Auxerre a season of unusual productivity renewing, as it were, the golden age—and casting an equally potent spell upon the people of the town—this is Denys l'Auxerrois, strange, wild genius, entering upon his period of influence fantastically, that day in the great church when he turned the mystic canonical game of ball into an infectious, joyous sport for all the people. The very circumstances of Denys's birth—he was

delivered prematurely at the death of his mother, killed apparently by a lightning flash—were those under which the older wine-god had been born. And now, in the golden era, which seemed to have begun with the hilarious game in the church, Denys was the leading spirit. He possessed some strange attraction for the women, and for the men too, especially the younger ones. Under his leadership, youths and maidens, drunken with a strange delirium, reveled in the night, dancing wildly through the town and the vineyards, their torches lighting up wine-stained faces, their cries startling the wonted stillness. But as yet, all this was happy, the debauchery harming no one, and the cultivation of the vine (upon which depended the prosperity of the village) flourishing as never before. But Denys, like Dionysus, had a darker side; and partly through his changed influence, partly as if these people could not enter properly into the old pagan spirit, a strain of evil appeared; tales were told of cruelties wrought by Denys and the feverish revelers. Soon that passion which he had stirred up within the people was turned against him; furiously, demoniacally, they sought his life, hunting him like a wild beast. Taking refuge in the workshop of the monastery, Denys, always a lover of the music of the pipe, began the creation of the first organ. When it was first played in public, the people heard such music as they had never heard before; yet it did not soothe them; started into fury by the sight of blood on Deny's face, like a pack of wolves, the howling mob destroyed that poor, tortured creature, tearing his body limb from limb.

Equally disastrous, though not as in Denys's case to himself, was the coming of another Greek god to France, *Apollo in Picardy*. *The Northern Apollo* had, indeed, some traces of the devil. Wayward, careless whether he used his great power for good or for ill, showing veins both of humanity and of cruelty; he was loved by all, although his influence was but a restless one. "And still he has all his own way with beasts and men . . much as all alike distrust him." The germ of Pater's story is the old one of Hyacinthus, here Hyacinthus the novice, retold, with new details, cunningly and charmingly. This is the climax, Apollyon and Hyacinthus playing at the discus in the night.

Under the overcast sky it is in darkness they are playing, by guess and touch chiefly; and suddenly an icy blast of wind has lifted the roof from the old chapel, the trees are moaning in wild circular motion, and their devil's penny-piece, when Apollyon throws it for the last time, is itself but a twirling leaf in the wind, till it sinks edgewise, sawing through

the boy's face, uplifted in the dark to trace it, crushing in the tender skull upon the brain.

His shout of laughter is turned in an instant to a cry of pain, of reproach; and in that which echoed it—an immense cry, as from the very heart of ancient tragedy, over the Picard wolds—it was as if that half-extinguished deity, its proper immensity, its old greatness and power, were restored for a moment.

A very Greek tragedy is the history of Emerald Uthwart's life, the tragedy of a quiet nature; told with a calm reserve and dignity, and a simple fitting sublimity. As I read, I am overcome with a sorrow between sympathy and pity, yet not pitying; with a choking, brooding, silent grief, for here is no pathos, but the depth of a truly noble theme. A sort of Nemesis runs through the events of Emerald Uthwart's twenty-five years; as I recast his story in my thoughts, I see this thread clearly, and many of the first-seeming happy incidents do but enhance the tragedy; which, too, is not greatest in the catastrophe, the obvious misfortune, but indeed in the joy which finally followed, coming, as it did, only to hasten death. The several simple elements of Uthwart's character form the themes of this tragic composition, appearing with a musical recurrence, in slightly differing aspects, and each time with a greater force. Sensitive, capable of a very keen enjoyment and emotion, for the most part in a quiet way, Emerald Uthwart was unfortunately little inclined to give expression to his feelings; only once or twice in the course of his whole life did he give a hint that his power of appreciation or of grief was even ordinary, his nearest friends believing him "incapable of tears." Even when he was a child, this belief that he was without the appreciative sense led his people to place their own convenience above his possible wishes; carelessly sending him off to school, never supposing that he might prefer to remain at home with his tutor, as had been the family custom. More especially was he thus misunderstood because of a trait in him of unusual submissiveness, a quiet, graceful yielding to outside influences and to the wishes of other people. Through childhood, school, the army, he gave up his mind, his spirit, wholly; believing himself hardly worthy even of intellectual attainment. And yet, little as they understood his nature, those who came near him could not but feel the spell of an unusual, delicate charm, "the charm of an exquisite character." This, then, is Emerald Uthwart; sensitive, submissive, charming; be the fates ever so unkind to such a one, there cannot but be a truly great tragedy. After his life's catas-

trophe, Emerald Uthwart, dying, comes home to his Sussex garden-spot. Lingering here among the flowers, believing himself disgraced forever, he enjoys now in his weakness, for the first time, that tender consideration for which he must have always yearned; yielding to those around him the utmost of his charm. That restoration to honor which comes at last, rather hastens the end for sorrowing, weary Uthwart, who breaks down and weeps at the news of unexpected glory; at any rate, he is at ease now, his peace of mind restored, as he lies in his bed, submissive as of old. "Emerald Uthwart, in almost unbroken absence from his home, longed greatly for it, but left it early and came back there only to die, in disgrace, as he conceived; of which it was he died there, finding the sense of the place all around him at last, like blessed oil in one's wounds."

Most charming of Pater's essays is his first Imaginary Portrait, a sympathetic, delicate study, *The Child in the House*. It is really a retrospective essay written in the third person, Florian Deleal being represented as looking back to that part of his childhood which he spent in "the old house," and tracing "the gradual expansion of the soul which had come to be there." Whether it be actually reminiscent or not, then, this essay borrows at least the spirit of retrospection; it is written with that tender and quiet feeling with which we recall loved scenes; the very words have that beauty and poetry which is found only when they express emotion. So, in this old house, amid beautiful old pictures and furniture, Florian Deleal lived as a child; knowing, too, all the pleasant nooks which children find in a house—the garret treasures, the flat roof where he could gaze at the city near-by, its smoke tinted softly by the sun. He lived here quietly, as I say, receiving delicate impressions from the beauties around him, spending his days in rooms where "The perfume of the little flowers of the lime-tree fell through the air upon them like rain." Looking back upon this time, Florian was able to trace the principal courses of his impressions and his thoughts; he saw that there had been "two predominant processes of mental change in him—the growth of an almost diseased sensibility to the spectacle of suffering, and parallel with this, the rapid growth of a certain capacity of fascination by bright color and choice form." Because of the first of these, he was always to feel keenly the sorrows of those about him, and the pains of animals; the other led to a "preponderance in his interests, of beautiful physical things" and to a habit of reliance more upon sense impressions than upon

abstract thought—a reduction of all things to the concrete. Love of physical beauty soon brought about, quite naturally, the fear of death, his natural abhorrence being intensified by certain incidents which befell at this time. To help lighten the somberness of his reflections on this matter of death, he turned easily to religious contemplations, which soon became indeed a very part of his existence; and unseen, biblical personages were now his daily companions, filling an inner need of his for creatures of his own imagining. "Sensibility—the desire of physical beauty—a strange biblical awe," these, then, were the qualities which had become predominant in Florian Deleal during his life in that house. Walter Pater, unraveling, in the most logical way, the threads of Florian's development, may or may not have been describing his own childhood. There are some properties of *The Child in the House*— a vividness of description and a tender emotion of narration (which I have already remarked)—which lead me to believe that it is a slightly disguised retrospective essay. The point in itself is not important, but for one thing. I believe, with Mr. Lucas, that anyone who can re-create in his memory some soul-building experience, who can dwell fondly on a childhood incident or an early love, is for that moment and for himself a poet. Further; if he can but express himself, he will not lack the emotion to become a poet for the world. Such poetry, because of the form which these poets habitually make use of, would seem to be the "true" essay. A sustained poetic quality Walter Pater has achieved in *The Child in the House*, simple, delicate, beautiful, in conception and in phrase.

For all the lack of plot and *narrative* emphasis, Walter Pater is, in these six essays, a true creative artist. For in them, he has drawn characters alive; novel characters, and more interesting because of their unusual quality; no mere external view has he here presented, but the inner man, "his sensations and ideas." Florian Deleal and Emerald Uthwart, Duke Carl and Denys l'Auxerrois; these are living people, artistically, imaginatively conceived. These works are indeed imaginative, though in the matter of detail rather than of narrative power; characters and surroundings are alike skillfully portrayed. Even those returning deities are no mere counterparts of their ancient selves, but latter-day characters, true to new conditions. And in all of these studies, there can be seen Pater's warm, personal interest; they are written with such sympathy, amounting oft-times to emotion; all his characters are, in a way, made in his own image, so im-

pressed are they by his personality. (You will remember my belief that these six essays are the best expression of Pater's personality and mood.)

Tranquility! that is the dominant feature of Pater's personality, the very spirit of his mood. A scholarly calmness, a contemplative ease of life and thought makes for tranquility of expression, too; for a style somewhat drowsy, languorous, and pleasing to the ear. This is no result of indolence—scholarship and good style require hard labor—but of a contemplative, thoughtful view of life, a matter of personality. It is as if he in life, as Duke Carl in music, relished "those passages of a pleasantly monotonous and, as it might seem, unending melody." Attracted to Pater, I will admit, by the reputation of his style, I soon found my greatest sympathy with this tranquil spirit, this scholarly mood; which is, indeed, largely a matter of style, of a drowsy peaceful rhythm of the words. This is a mood not conspicuous in the world today; and I have come to have a feeling of companionship with Pater at this time, when little else preserves the spirit of peace and quiet and tranquility.

THE IMMORTAL

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By Carl Glick and Bernard Sobel

Scene

The scene is the interior of a castle. Which may mean a great deal to you—or nothing. However, since it is a castle, we are certain that nobility belongs here. Or a title at any rate. And the room is so lavishly furnished, so essentially feminine in its appointments, its color scheme, with its rich rugs, odd vases, and low, suggestive and commodious divans, that you at once come to the conclusion that the owner is a woman, and that she has fitted up this place in order to tickle a masculine fancy. You are right. It does belong to a woman, this room. She is even more than a woman. She is a Countess. For practical purposes there must be a door at the left. At the rear is an open portico overlooking the sea, with distant mountains in the background, and stretches of the clear blue sky. The architecture of the room is mixed Gothic. Just one step removed from barbarism. But the Countess has added glass to the windows, removed the straw from the floors, and put in modern furniture. That is, modern according to the standards of the Nineteeth Century. But it is not of the Victorian period.

At Rise

The curtain rises disclosing two persons seated in the room. The Countess *herself is at the back upstage before an easel on which hangs an unfinished portrait of a man. The* Countess *is rather bizarre in her dress. She designs her own costumes. For what she is wearing is frankly a costume. Low, trailing sleeves, full skirts with a sweeping train, a tight bodice, open at the neck, around which she has fastened a black silk ribbon—for a reason. As to her emotions she is very esoteric. Her rather tempestuous nature demands drama. She enjoys creating a scene. It flatters her egotism. Every once in a while, with a sigh she looks at the man she is painting, and adds a touch of color to the portrait. The object of her attention is seated down-stage before a three-legged table. He is*

seemingly unconscious that the woman—the COUNTESS—*exists. The man is a handsome fellow, and fully aware of this fact. His collar is open at the throat. He has a very fetching throat, and does not like to conceal it beneath the tortures of stiff linen. By profession he is a gentleman. By choice a poet. And by that he shall be known, although names need not be mentioned. Outside some strolling singers begin to chant a love song in a foreign tongue. The* POET *looks up from his writing.*

Poet.—Close the window! (THE COUNTESS *rises and closes the window. The* POET *goes on with his scribbling. The* COUNTESS *returns to her brushes. The song dies away in the distance. The* POET *looks up.*

Poet.—Open the window! (*The* COUNTESS *rises and opens the window. The* POET *picks up his manuscript, and after wetting his lips with his tongue reads aloud. The* COUNTESS *listens, with an expression of keen enjoyment.*

Poet.—

" . . . . . the lore
Of mighty minds doth hollow in the ears
Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous, but by thee
How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we feel,
In swiftly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
Which of the Heirs of Immortality
Is proud, and makes the breath of God real!"

(*With great satisfaction*). Ah! That's a great poem. A superb poem! A poem worthy of a lord. By Jove, I wonder how I did it—or rather, how I done it.

(*To the* COUNTESS). If you understand the sublety of my grammatical error . . . This power to write poetry is a great thing . . . a queer thing. I really can't account for it. I leave that to the critics.

(*Rising.*) Well, the next thing to do after writing a poem is to preserve it for posterity—make duplicate copies. Then I'll send the original to the publisher. Countess, you little love bird, come here . . .

Countess (*Running for ward without tripping over her train*).—Beloved, here I am. What is your wish? (*She snuggles into his arms, and manages to tickle his neck with the sleeves of her dress.*) Noel . . . do you love me?

Poet (*Trying to look surprised*).—Love you? . . . Of

course. But darling, you must get rid of that cook of yours . . . The food is terrible.

Countess.—He goes tomorrow . . . But Noel, how much do you love me?

Poet.—Oh, so so.

Countess.—Very much?

Poet.—Very much indeed . . . I love all women (*Quickly, seeing the look on her face.*) That is: all women who are interesting, beautiful, and properly appreciative.

Countess.—As I am?

Poet.—As you are! . . . Interesting and beautiful.

Countess.—Then I am lacking in appreciation? . Oh, Noel, how can you? How can you? . . . (*Without too long a pause.*) What do you mean by appreciative?

Poet (*With a slight gesture of boredom*).—Must I explain? . . . That's a bad line. Sounds as if it were quoted from a Drury Lane melodrama.

Coubtess.—Tell me how you would like to be loved.

Poet (*Glancing at the ceiling, and not at the* COUNTESS).—I want my genius to be appreciated. My genius in particular. I want people to love me for myself alone. That is highly important. But I want them to be willing if necessary, to help me with my work if I should ever call upon them. My genius, myself, and my work . . . The three inseparables.

Countess (*Repeating after him like an echo*).—Your genius . . . yourself . . . and your work. I will help you. I will inspire you. I will thrill you to great heights. I adore you. I love you!

Poet (*In a practical tone of voice*).—Good. Then do a little copying for me, my star of Italy, just a little copying. (*The* COUNTESS *is silent a moment. The* POET *looks at her earnestly. He wonders if she has failed to understand him. So, in order to impress upon her mind just how she can inspire him, he clasps her to his breast.*)

Countess.—Noel!

Poet.—You're a neat little package. A pleasant armful . . . You will help me? Do some copying for me?

Countess (*Resting in his arms. She speaks coyly*).—Right now?

Poet.—Yes. A dozen copies of this poem. I have just finished it. Great stuff. It will give Keats indigestion. Turn

Southey green with envy. And stir up old Wordsworth until he considers having an illicit love affair with some country bumpkin.

Countess (*Stroking his hair*).—It is tedious work, beloved.

Poet (*Disentangling himself from her arms*).—What? You refuse.

Countess.—No . . No . . No . . I will do it gladly.

Poet.—It is work for one you love . . . (*And adds, as an after thought.*) And for one who loves you . . .

Countess (*With a glad cry*).—Noel!

Poet.—Don't muss my hair again.

Countess.—Noel, that is what I want to talk about.

Poet.—My hair?

Countess.—Our love. I want to talk about our love.

Poet (*Disappointed*).—Oh. Do you doubt me?

Countess.—No. Nevertheless—however—I—I do not want you to treat me as you have treated the others. I want a definite understanding.

Poet.—I wish you would be more original. (*Peevishly.*) Beautiful orchid, please do not renew that topic . . . I am absolutely written out today.

Countess.—You refuse?

Poet.—I do!

Countess.—But you said . . .

Poet.—Yes, I know. But just now I prefer to talk about something else.

Countess (*With a gesture worthy of Sarah Siddons*).—What?

Poet (*Humbly*).—About myself.

Countess (*Descending to the smiles of an ingenue*).—Then, I will listen . . . my lover . . . my genius.

Poet (*Pacing up and down*).—But there is just what puzzles me. Which am I? Genius or lover? Man or superman?

Countess (*Mystified*).—What an odd thing to say . . . Sometimes, Noel, I don't understand you.

Poet.—I was merely thinking aloud. I get more space that way. Don't listen . . . (*But he knows that she will.*)

Countess (*Living up to his expectations*).—I will listen.

Poet (*Satisfied*).—Very well then. But I warn you, it may give you a head-ache. (*He says this only to create dramatic suspense.*)

Countess.—Proceed!

Poet.—Recently I made a startling discovery about men. It

is a loathsome discovery, yet somewhat fascinating. It is this: men will not accept the beautiful unless they are tricked into doing so. They will not look upon truth unless they are cheated into it. They will not worship genius unless it is arrayed, like a buffoon in gaudy garb, dressed up in scandal, decorated in mystery, clothed in innuendos.

Countess (*Rustling the sleeves of her gown*).—What has this to do with our love? What has scandal, mystery, and innuendos to do with my love for you . . . and your love for me?

Poet (*Prosaically*).—Much. If you believe in me, if you really believe that I am a genius, you must help make the world know me. Force everyone to recognize my genius. Make my name a household word . . . Let Byron, Byron be on everyone's lips.

Countess.—But how can I do this? . . . Is not my love enough?

Poet.—Oh, yes. Plenty. But talk about me. Spread abroad my fame. Trick the world into knowing me. Help establish the Byron tradition.

Countess.—What is that?

Poet.—That I am not what I seem to be.

(*The air is heavy with expectancy. The* COUNTESS *rises. She is not quite certain whether she should show fear, anger, curiosity, or indifference. The effect of the* POET'S *words upon her is exactly what he had planned. To be quite frank, for a moment or two, he knows that he has her guessing. And enjoys the thrill to the utmost.*)

Countess.—What do you mean? (*She tries hard to keep her voice from trembling, but fails.*)

Poet.—How trite! I expected something better . . . Here, however, is my answer. It is because I, as a man, am the strangest of beings . . . (*He pauses.*) As a lover, I am physical, yet an aesthetic . . . (*Another pause.*) But as a genius, I am universal, eternal, supreme!!

Countess.—Beautiful . . . Divine . . . How wonderfully you say that.

Poet.—Don't rant! Be practical.

Countess (*Thrilled to the marrow*).—I shall be anything you wish. How can I help establish the Byron tradition?

Poet.—Between you and me, my cuckoo bird, your work will be very simple. You will be my advertizer incognito. The more publicity I get the better.

Countess (*Understanding him. Says bitterly*).—Yes, and my

reward? Tears and misery. The more your fame spreads, the more mistresses you'll have. You have half a dozen this very moment. How do I know? I am not blind. I wager they are even now waiting outside the castle.

Poet.—Tut, tut. My heart is a big one. What's a mistress more or less . . . I am capable of a comprehensive love. (*He crosses to the window and looks out, hoping to catch a glimpse of the half dozen waiting outside.*)

Countess.—I can endure this no longer. I am tired. Beware lest I revenge myself.

Poet.—How would you go about it? Do not be so violent. (*He pours himself a glass of wine.*) When you are tempestuous, I love you least. To me you represent . . . repose.

Countess.—Answer me, for once and all. What am I to you? Do I come first in your heart? . . . Speak.

Poet.—Not just now. It isn't convenient. (*Glancing out of the window.*) Tush! I see little Mignon entering the gates. I think she wants to talk with me.

Countess.—She shall not enter this house? (*She crosses to the door, and stands before it, her arms outspread.*) I loathe her. I despise her.

Poet.—I adore you when you act like this . . . Listen, my tame nightingale, you are my mistress are you not?

Countess (*Rushing to him*).—Beloved! Beloved!!

Poet (*Holding up a detaining hand*).—Listen to me first. This is also your castle?

Countess.—Assuredly. I am the last of myline. The last of the de Vengals.

Poet.—Then you are my hostess?

Countess (*Dropping her eyes*).—Oh, Noel . . .You are more than welcome here.

Poet.—Then continue, my beloved one, to be hospitable. Receive my guests.

Countess.—I?

Poet.—Make Mignon welcome. (*Pause.*) If you love me . . .

Countess.—I did not think you'd ask for proof . . . I will do your bidding.

Poet.—Good. I thank you.

Countess.—But my answer? When will you give me that?

Poet (*After a moment's thought*).—Let me see. It is now late afternoon. The sun, so often called by these damned classicists,

"a ball of fire," is beginning to near its nadir point of contact. I will give you your answer when the first star appears in the heavens. Is it a go?

Countess.—Yes.

Poet.—And you will not molest little Mignon and me?

Countess (*Humbly*).—I will not molest you. (*Then drawing herself up, she says with fire, and a different meaning.*) I will not molest you!

Poet (*Kissing her hand*).—I thank you. I am a gentleman first . . . And by the way, you must not pay any particular attention to our speech. We will doubtless talk about politics. (*Which shows on his part a rare understanding of feminine nature.*)

Countess.—I shall sit quietly in the corner—

Poet (*In dismay*).—The corner—

Countess (*Continuing*).—And write your biography.

Poet.—Ah, good.

Countess.—I shall not forget your promise. (*She glides from the room.*)

(*The* POET *arranges his clothes, runs his fingers along the smooth lines of his throat, and smiles pleasantly to himself.*)

Poet (*Composing aloud*).—

"Juan she saw, and, as a pretty child,
Caressed him often—such a thing might be
Quite innocently done, and harmless styled,
When she had twenty years and thirteen he;
But I am not so sure I should have smiled
When he was sixteen, Julia twenty-three;
These few short years make wondrous alterations,
Particularly amongst sun-burnt nations."

(MIGNON *enters. She stands enraptured, listening.* MIGNON *is passably good looking. Rather slim of waist. But her ankles are large. She is dressed in the gay holiday attire of a peasant.*

Mignon.—My poet. My poet. See, I have come. I have come to you. . . .

Poet (*Without changing his position, or looking around*).—Just a minute, my love. We will postpone further conversation until I finish my thought . . .

"When lo! he stumbled o'er a pair of shoes.
A pair of shoes!—what then, not much, if they
Are such as fit with ladies' feet, but these
(No one can tell how much I grieve to say)
Were masculine."

Mignon (*Charmed*).—Thou art a genius. Ah, how I wish I could write poetry. (*She comes forward.*)

Poet.—Probably it is just as well that you do not.

Mignon (*Timidly*).—It must be wonderful to be a poet.

Poet.—Ah, yes. Yes, indeed. It's a scholarly business. By the way, where was it I met you? I can remember your lovely eyes, but the time and the place have completely——

Mignon.—For shame! Forgetful poet. (*She giggles.*) It was at the Inn, at the Eglesia Inn.

Poet.—Of course. At the Inn. Let me see. Were you one of the guests?

Mignon (*Pouting*).—No. I was not.

Poet.—No? Oh, certainly not. I'm stupid. You are the innkeeper's daughter.

Mignon (*Tossing her head*).—No!

Poet.—His niece?

Mignon (*Stamping her foot*).—No!

Poet.—Forgive me. I love you so much that I can't remember who you are. (*He takes her in his arms.*) The joy of you lets me think only of the moment . . . Who are you, lovely princess? Tell me.

Mignon (*Sharply*).—I am the cook at the Inn. You wrote a poem about my spaghetti . . . .

Poet (*Stepping away from her quickly*).—A cook . . . In the name of everything unholy. In the name of everything sacriligious! . . . I, Lord Byron . . . How frightfully vulgar! (*He shudders.*)

Mignon.—What do you say?

Poet (*Recovering himself*).—Though, why not? The spaghetti was well served. Cooking is an art. A wondrous art! They say that there was once a French chef who was so devoted to his art that he committed suicide because he spoiled the salad. After all, I am a democrat.

Mignon.—I do not spoil things. If I did I should be dismissed. See, how good my work is . . . (*Bringing forth a a small basket she has with her.*) I have brought you pastry, sweetmeats . . . .

Poet.—Ah, Hebe, carrier of rare viands to a God, I thank thee . . . To my arms. Let me taste your lips . . . (*He takes her in his arms and kisses her.*)

Mignon (*After a long moment*).—Now let me watch you eat.

Poet (*Taking up a cake*).—With pleasure.

Mignon.—You like it?

Poet.—Can it be possible that the same hand also made the spaghetti? I suppose I should have inquired first if you have mixed some sort of a love potion in this cake . . . But you see, I take you on trust.

(*There is a low whistle outside the window. The* POET *crosses over and looks out. He waves his hand, makes a gesture for the person below to come in.*)

Mignon.—Who is it?

Poet.—That English girl who has been following me about. Some sort of a female authoress, I believe. Will you be so good, my own, as to leave us alone for a few moments. She wishes to discuss business with me. Literary secrets . . . H'm.

Mignon.—If you wish it.

Poet.—You know what these women are . . .

Mignon (*Sympathetically*).—Oh, yes . . . I shall go away quietly and wait outside the door. I have some work to do.

Poet (*Thinking how the odor of cooking foods upsets him*).—What?

Mignon.—My spelling is bad, and sometimes I make slight errors, but I am writing a book.

Poet.—What sort of a book?

Mignon.—Your biography.

Poet.—Oh, that's all right then.

Mignon.—I am telling the inside facts about our great love . . .

Poet.—Excellent. It will be sure to be suppressed, and run into countless editions. (MIGNON *starts for the door. The* COUNTESS *appears upon the threshold. The two women glare at each other. A long pause. Then the* COUNTESS, *after a long stare at* MIGNON *comes into the room.* MIGNON, *with a toss of her head, exits.*

Poet.—What melodrama!

Countess (*Coming up to the* POET).—Noel, the evening star has appeared. It is time for my answer.

Poet.—So soon. (*He goes and looks out.*) You have good eyesight. But you will have to wait a little longer. Someone is coming.

Countess (*With suppressed rage*).—Who is it this time?

Poet.—The English girl, representing my publishers.

Countess.—I have endured this long enough. Take care that I do not—

Poet (*Interested*).—What?

Countess.—Kill you both!

Poet.—Your threats do not thrill me even. I also have done a little murder.

Countess (*Shrinking back. She thinks this is personal*).—You?

Poet.—Remember the Cosair?

Countess (*Fascinated*).—Ah, he was killed. He was killed. It was wonderful . . . I shall put that into your biography.

Poet (*Modestly*).—Yes, do. (*The* COUNTESS *leaves the room. The* POET *arranges his clothes, runs his fingers along the smooth lines of his throat, and smiles pleasantly to himself.*)

Poet (*Composing aloud*).—

"Juan when she saw him, and, as a pretty child,
Caressed him often—such a thing might be
Quite innocently done——

(*A loud voice off-stage interrupts him. It is the* ENGLISH GIRL.)

English Girl (*Off-stage*).—Byron! Lord Byron! Leader of men! Revolutionist! Lord Byron . . . Genius . . . Lover . . . Immortal . . . Where are you? (*She enters suddenly.*)

Poet.—Here I am!

(*The* ENGLISH GIRL *is quite prosaically dressed. She looks as if she had just come from a walking-tour of the provinces. The first bloom of youth has long since vanished from her cheeks. But her intentions are still good.*

English Girl.—At last, after many days, we meet again.

Poet.—It was predestined.

English Girl.—You believe that, too?

Poet.—I swear it, by all orthodox religions.

English Girl (*Wondering whether or not to kneel would be effective*).—I have followed you as I would follow a star. The mystery of your melancholy has lighted the way.

Poet.—Your figure is slightly mixed, but I understand you.

English Girl.—It is wonderful to be understood.

Poet (*Looking at her suspiciously*).—Do you recite poems in drawing-rooms?

English Girl.—Byron, your fame is far-spread. Everyone talks about you.

Poet.—That is strange. I am so modest. Are the facts of my personal life mentioned very much?

English Girl.—Everything is known . . .

Poet.—Thank God.

English Girl.—Your swimming prowess; your connections with Parliamentarians; your consorting with the Princess; your triumphs with the beaux.

Poet.—My God!

English Girl.—You are the glory of three continents. You have started the fashion in collars. Poet. Protector of the Greeks, Prince of harems, revolutionist, atheist, murderer of little children, exile, lunatic.

Poet (*Solemnly bowing*).—I thank you.

English Girl.—And now I, too, come to swell your fame.

Poet.—You?

English Girl.—Even I. I have come here actuated by a great ambition.

Poet.—H'm. Actuated! . . . I, too, am ambitious. What do you seek?

English Girl.—I want to be the mother of a race of supermen. I want you to be the father of my child.

Poet.—I thank you. Where is he?

English Girl (*With surprise*).—Who?

Poet.—The child.

English Girl.—He is not yet born . . . You are to be the father.

Poet (*Munching another one of* MIGNON'S *cakes*).—How interesting.

English Girl.—It is predestined.

Poet.—I see now why you believe . . . What shall we name him?

English Girl.—Gordon Napoleon! My son!!

Poet.—Why "Napoleon?" But you have made me very happy. This moment is memorable. After all, I am very much like Napoleon.

English Girl.—I will sit down and write this scene . . .

Poet.—What do you mean by that? Am I being tricked?

English Girl.—I am writing your biography.

Poet.—My love. (*He holds out his arms.*) (*The* ENGLISH GIRL *is about to go to him, when the* COUNTESS *enters.*)

Countess.—I have endured this long enough. My answer!

Poet.—When the stars are all out . . .

Countess.—You are false to me.

Poet.—False? I, Lord George Byron, false? . . . Well, it is the fate of great men to be maligned. Go add that to your version of my biography. Lord Byron was false occasionally.

(*The* English Girl *has been watching this scene with great interest.*)

Countess (*Drawing a dagger*).—You play with me . . . I shall kill you!

Poet.—Where's Mignon? . . . Put that thing away, you'll cut yourself. And don't be so peevish.

Countess (*In despair*).—I worship you . . . alas! (*She throws away the dagger.*) You have made me weak . . .

English Girl.—Byron, I never create a scene . . . .

Poet.—What? . . . Oh, yes. (*Goes to the door.*) Mignon . . .

(Mignon *enters timidly.*)

Countess.—The evening stars have appeared . . . But I do not expect my answer . . . now.

Poet (*After a pause, looking at the three women*).—I am sick of love. Sick of admiration . . . (*He expects an answer, but the women remain silent.*) Oh, what a race this is. What vile things human beings are . . . To them beauty and truth mean nothing. What they crave is morbidity, scandal, ugliness, insincerity . . . vice. (*He lowers his eyes.*) It is not what a man does, what he creates . . . but how he lives, and with whom . . . And if that does not interest the mob, a man's work may rot . . . rot!

Countess.—But my love is different!

Poet.—Only in appearance. All public characters are loved. . . . The prize fighters, the prize swimmers, the statesmen, the soldiers, the bishops . . . And I must suffer with the lot of them because I am a poet. What is the praise of man that men should want it. What is love? (*The three women start to speak, but* Byron *silences them.*) And yet this praise, the laurel wreaths of fame, I crave it, in spite of myself. I long for adulation, triumphs, kisses, immortality . . . Amidst cheapness and vulgarity, I strive fearfully, worm that I am, for immortality. To live forever! . . . (*He has worked himself into almost a frenzy.*)

English Girl (*With meaning*).—Gordon Napoleon!

Poet (*Ignoring her tactless remark*).—Ah, I hate myself! I hate the race of men! I hate the very elements! (*With a change of tone.*) Quick, take this down. An inspiration is upon me. (*The three women rush to find paper and pen. The* Poet *holds the center of the stage, as they seek the corners.*)

Countess.—Yes!

English Girl.—Yes!

Mignon.—Yes!

(*As the* POET *begins to speak, in the distance a woman's voice is heard singing a love song. It comes nearer and nearer.*

Poet (*Composing*).—

"We are the fools of Time and Terror; Days
Steal on us, and steal from us; yet we live,
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.
In all the days of this detested yoke—
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pain,
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—
In all the days of past and future—for
In life there is no present—we can number
How few—how less than few—wherein the soul
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment's . . . . .
Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare:
Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,
And I feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart,
But I can act even when I most abhor,
And champion human fears . . . The Night approaches."

(*The woman's voice rings louder. It sounds as if it comes from directly beneath the window. The* POET *pauses. Then he moves slowly to the open window, and steps out upon the portico, and disappears. Inside the room, the women write feverishly, as outside the woman's voice abruptly ceases, and*

The Curtain falls.

TO THE WHITE CROSS OF SAVOY

By Giosué Carducci

Translated from the Italian by Irene Sargent

First didst thou wave from battlements
Of subalpine castle walls,
Within the austere woods of pine,
Where the furious north-wind falls;
Beaming amid th' uplifted shields
Of the nobles stern and rude,
When fierce mail-coated cavaliers
Counted blood their daily food.

How fair and bright, O silver cross,
To our eyes and hearts art thou:
High o'er the Priors' Palace set
With the City free below!
Here was it that the brazen age
Cast off its barbarousness
And Roman liberty assumed,
Like a noble, stately dress.

True is it: here thou didst not float
O'er a vassal homage paid,
When feudal lord throughout the vales
His proud trumpet-signal made.
Thou didst not here see tournaments,
Nor the Courts of Love behold,
Nor didst thou hear the Troubadour
Praise in song the fair, the bold.

A plebs of powerful freemen
Here founded a commonwealth,
And here the noble in the trades
Worked in poverty and stealth:
When murmurs rose from the weavers
In the guilds of the Commune,

And Giano was seen with Dante
In the citizens' tribune.

But the light which circling round thee
With new strength upflames and darts;
Which from Susa to far Scylla
Unto thee close draws our hearts
In the hope of a new era,
When our Mother Great shall bring
All her scattered sons from exile
To reunion 'neath thy king:

That same light from out the darkness
Of Italian disgrace
These sad tombs and these fortresses
Preserved for our day and race.
So too, the sepulchres sent forth
From the Roman ashes gray
To the late-born Etrurians
The pure, bright celestial ray.

Dante, who first the blessed light
Received in his holy breast,
Of thee, O new Italia,
Through three kingdoms went in quest:
When he stood before the Concept
His prophetic heart yearned strong,
He clasped Rome to his bosom
And burst into fervent song.

Here in th' imperial senate-halls,
And here in the lairs of crime,
Sad Machiavelli brooded
Long over his scheme sublime;
And because Italia languished
O'er powered by sin and greed,
He sought the Pure Idea for strength
And impulse to lofty deed.

Alas! to set free his people
The force of his spirit failed,
And the Decius of Florentia

His dolorous soul exhaled;
But the concept of the thinker
And the warrior's outpoured blood
Above th' intruder's hateful head
Like God's flaming anger stood.

First, the craftsman Burlamacchi
Sore-tortured, but not cast down,
Declared Italia's Unity,
In despite of fate and Crown.
For the pure and lofty Idea
Fled from weak and weary brains
To the dungeons where it lightened
The rude iron bonds and chains.

And now, beloved of our Dead,
Of our Living hope and joy,
Thou shinest in our heaven blue,
O thou white cross of Savoy!
First of thy great was Filibert,
And thy glory waxed when fell
Upon the Goths th' avenging sword
Of thy Charles Emmanuel.

It was thy glory to be hailed
By the wearers of the blouse,
When Piedmont patriot bore thee high
'Mid arms of his ducal house;
And then across the Adrian sea
To the Ligurian strand
Outflashed from Peschiera's walls
The victor's blinding brand.

When the sad day of Novara
Failed thy ruin to involve,
Then didst thou our hearts inspire
With a holier awe and love;
And a king at San Martino
Raised a nation's servile State,
When within thy folds, O banner,
Gathered he Italia's fate!

Now who has said that shuddering
With a tyrant's wrath and fear,
Over Florentia's people proud
A Hapsburg shall domineer?
Arise, strong legions of our youth,
Arise in your might and arm!
Come forth, Capponi, from thy tomb
To waken the bells' alarm!

For us to battle will be sweet,
To die be victory,
While at our side shall Glory fight
And the soul of History.
And thou, O white cross of Savoy,
High set o'er our towers and swords,
Shall stir to craven fear and flight
The bands of our foreign lords.

We, the children not unworthy
Of our elders true and strong,
Offering our hearts and weapons,
Loyally around thee throng.
God protect thee, precious symbol,
Object of our love and joy:
God protect thee and our Sov'reign,
O thou white cross of Savoy!

HERODIADE

By Mallarme

Translated by Joseph Twadell Shipley

Nurse.—
You would! Did I see a princess' shadow fall?
My lips on your jeweled fingers; but recall
Your journey in unknown ages.
Herodiade.—
If you dare!
The flood of my immaculate blond hair
When it washes my lonely flesh, it chills
With horror, and my locks that the moonlight thrills
Are immortal. O woman, with a kiss I die—
If beauty were not death . . .
What secret calls,
What morning shorn of prophecy
Pours on the dying distance her mournful festivals—
Do I know?
You have seen me, nurse of snow,
Walking the heavy gaol of stone and steel
Where with my lions marched the fallow years;
Secure I trod as one who evil brings
In the perfumed desert of the ancient kings:
But did you feel
What were my fears?
I stop, I dream of exiles, and I shed—
As in the deluge of a fountainhead—
My own pale lilies, and the languid droop
The lions watch impatiently, and tense
Thrust, silent, through my silent revery;
Sweeping away my robes soft indolence,
Behold my feet that pacify the sea.
You, still the shudders of your senile flesh;
Come, since the savage mesh
Of my uncouth locks profanes
Your fear of manes,

Help, since you dare not see me pass,
Show me a glass.

Nurse.—

If not the gay myrrh in secret vial,
Let the stolen essence of ashes of rose
Its sombre elegance disclose;
Come, child—a trial . . .

Herodiade.— Let the perfumes be!
You know I hate them, nurse, would you have their wine
Whelm my languishing head? The bee
That sucks forgetfulness of care
From sweet unfolding blossoms, lurks not near my hair;
My locks are gold, virgin of siren scents,
Their eager shine
Is cruel, and their pale blandishments
Fling back at you the metal's barren cold,
Jewels of my natal barrier, arms, urns,
Out of my lonely childhood.

Nurse.—

But I am old,
Queen, and your reason spurns
My pallid spirit, as an old tome, or as the year old grass.

Herodiade.—

Enough! Hold the mirror before me.
Glass!
Cold water frozen by boredom in thy frame,
How often, hour long, when fancies came
Fruitless, and my memories retold
Were leaves in dark abysms beneath thy cold,
There was myself, a far-off shadowed thing.—
But horror! Evenings, in thine austere spring
I saw my sparse dream in its nudity!
Nurse, am I beautiful?

Nurse.—

A very star,
But that lock hangs . . .

Herodiade.—

I see
Your purpose, and my blood runs frigid to its source;
Stop; withhold that hand—afar!
Infamous profanation! Oh! reveal
What demon wakes this sinister unease

And hurtles you: that kiss, and these,
These proffered scents, and—who shall heal
You, oh my heart?—that still more impious hand,
For I know that you would touch me, and I stand
Beneath a sun whose dying brings me woe.
Oh day of terror to Herodiade!

Nurse.—
Strange days, in truth; may heaven ward the blow!
Lonely shadow, fluttered frenzy, sad,
Precocious in your restless glance of fear,
You are wrong, my dear.
Yet always lovely as a mountain cloud
And dreadful in your beauty, and as proud . . .

Herodiade.—
But you won't touch me?

Nurse.—
I could pray
That Destiny yield me your secret thought.

Herodiade.—
Oh! Silence!

Nurse.—
Will he come some day?

Herodiade.—
Pure constellations, hear her not!

Nurse.—
And yet . . and yet . . in sullen shadowed fright
To dream yourself forever merciless
While praying God to open the delight
Of your indulgence. In the fire of your anguish confess
For whom you guard the unknown splendor whole.
All the vain mystery of your soul?

Herodiade.—
For myself.

Nurse.—
Sad flower that springs alone, to crave
Only its shadow in the stream—debility.

Herodiade.—
Go, save
Your pity as your irony.

Nurse.—
And yet you shall explain; no, simple child,
Some hour your high disdain will be defiled.

Herodiade.—
But who will touch me, whom the lions spare?
Enough; I need naught human; if I stare
Carved, lost where the joys of heaven wait,
Then I recall the days your milk outspurted.
Nurse.—
Pitiable victim offered to her fate!
Herodiade.—
Yes, for myself, myself alone, I flourish, deserted!
You know it, amethyst gardens, in your graves
Of masterly resplendent floorless caves,
You unknown golds that shield your ancient births
Of fire
Below the somber sleep of primal earth's desire,
You stones that to my flawless jewel eyes
Lend all your rich pellucid harmonies,
You metals that endow my springtide tresses
With fatal glory veiling dim caresses!
And you, oh woman born in laughing times
That scorn the evil that the Sibyl rimes
Who speak of a mortal! telling:
From the chalice of my robes, aroma of fierce delights,
If there comes welling
The white enchantment of my nudity,
If summer's lazy azure, and its nights
Playing on woman as the moon on sea,
Behold the starlight of my quivering shame,
I die.
I love the horror of being virgin. And it blesses
To linger here in terror of my tresses,
When, inviolate reptile, couched at night, I feel
Piercing my futile flesh the gelid steel
Of thy pale clarity,
Thou who dost wane and go,
Thou who dost burn of chastity,
White eve of icicles and cruel snow.
And thy sister alone, oh my sister eterne,
My dreams shall rise to thee: so glad I yearn—
The limpid depths of a heart at thy command—
I am alone in my endless-dreary land
And all without lives in idolatry
Of a mirror in whose quiet sleep is shown

Herodiade of diamond-clear regard.
Oh final charm! I feel it, I am alone.

Nurse.—

Madam, and will you die?

Herodiade.—

No, grandam. Have the shutters barred
Before you go. Be calm; forgive my frozen heart . . .
The heavenly azure smiles where the deep walls part,
And I, I hate the glorious azure!
Gentle waves
Are cradled, and, far off, their rustling laves
A country whose forbidding heavens frown,
Hateful with Venus, who, as night slips down,
Burns in the foliage.
I am going there.
'Tis frivolous, you say, yet stand
The torches, whence the wax with fitful flare
Pours on the vain gold exotic tears, and . . .

Nurse.—

Yes?

Herodiade.—

Adieu.
You lie, oh naked flower of my lips!
I wait a something new,
Unknown. Perhaps—your ardent cries
Strange as the mystery that whips—
You offer up the ultimate bruised sighs
Of a childhood pregnant with the dream to be
Parting at last its frigid jewelry.

THE MANNER OF MAN THAT KILLS

Spencer—Czolgosz—Richeson

BY

L. VERNON BRIGGS M. D.

Director of the Massachusetts Society for Mental Hygiene, Member of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, Societe Medico-Psychologique of Paris, France; New England Society of Psychiatry, American Medico-Psychological Association

In presenting the histories of Spencer, Czolgosz, and Richeson to the public, the writer endeavors to awaken Society to its duties toward similar individuals in the community before they commit overt acts. Society is willing enough to condemn and punish the defective or the mentally sick man the moment he has committed a crime or a breach of the peace, but does practically nothing to save him from leading a life that results in disaster—often in homicide.

These crimes for which Society is responsible are usually the result of environment and suggestion on unstable or diseased minds. To provide suitable environment and protection, when necessary, and early medical treatment is the duty of Society. When the results of the neglect of this duty become apparent in some tragic event, Society and not its victims should be held responsible.

8vo, cloth, Illustrated $5.00 net

FILL THIS IN TODAY

RICHARD G. BADGER, 194 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Enclosed find $.....in.....for which send me

THE MANNER OF MAN THAT KILLS $5.15 postpaid

Name.....

Address.....

RICHARD G. BADGER - PUBLISHER - BOSTON

The Builders of a Nation

A History of the Pilgrim Fathers

BY

Frank Grenville Beardsley, Ph. D.

Author of "A History of American Revivals," etc.

"Most excellent and painstaking history.

"Quite distinct in matter and manner from many of the special publications of the day, which touch upon varying chords of the one song of the Pilgrim settlement at Plymouth, is this volume of Pilgrim history. Dr. Beardsley aims not at a popular story of religious adventure, but at a serious record of causes and effects.

"This author has followed a new and untrodden path in reaching his final goal and has told the story in a manner which will interest and instruct many readers."—*The Boston Evening Transcript.*

Cloth, 8vo. $2.50 net

An American

BY

Belle Willey Gue

Primitive, passionate, love runs all through this stirring story of Cuba.

The excitement, the bloodshed, the thrills, however, are not the beginning and end of the book; for the author calls it AN AMERICAN and says:

"If all the titles that have ever been bestowed by human beings upon each other. . .all the names that indicate the possession of wealth or fame or place or power upon the earth. . . .should be displayed before my eyes, and I be asked to select but one among them all to be the one by which I would be known, I would without a moment's hesitation, choose AN AMERICAN."

Cloth, 8vo. $2.00 net

RICHARD G. BADGER - PUBLISHER - BOSTON

Percival Lowell

An After Glow

BY

LOUISE LEONARD

A distinguished European scientist once asked: "Is Dr. Lowell the astronomer related to Dr. Lowell the Oriental scholar?" This question illust ates the remarkable diversity of genius of our investigator of Mars, and to it Miss Leonard's volume furnishes the answer.

Here in many quotations from his letters Dr. Lowell gives an intimate view of himself such as no other individual could possibly offer, embellished by excellent portraits of him in those surroundings that he loved so well in nearby Cambridge, in distant Seoul or in Flagstaff, the scenes of his important scientific work.

Life and Letters was an old-fashioned nineteenth century biographical mirror in which the subject was made himself to set forth his own life story. *An After Glow* is a twentieth century abbreviation which takes the salient points of the character of Dr. Lowell and presents them in his own incisive words.

Miss Leonard in her capacity of executive secretary to Dr. Lowell was fully in touch with his varying spirit. She has caught him delightfully announcing the discovery of a new tree, enthusiastic about a morning's expedition to the rim of a distant chasm, or rejoicing in the discovery of the tors of Saturn or a new infringement of polar snows on the dark disk of Mars.

Illustrated, $2.75 net

RICHARD G. BADGER, 149 Boylston ST., Boston, Mass.

Enclosed find $.....in.....for which send me.....copies of

PERCIVAL LOWELL

.....

.....

$2 85 postpaid .....

RICHARD G. BADGER - PUBLISHER - BOSTON

PITFALLS

By A. J. Caffrey, M. D.

Instructor in Physiology at Milwaukee Medical College, from 1901 to 1910. Assistant Professor of Medicine at Marquette University School of Medicine, from 1913 to 1920.

Perhaps in no other line of work are there so many pitfalls as in the in the medical profession.

The Gurgling Scream, *Buried Alive*, and *Oriental Orgies* are all real experiences of real physicians; but they read more like Sherlock Holmes Stories.

8vo, cloth, $2.00 net

TWO PLAYS AND A PREFACE

By Della J. Evans

The first play, M-R-S, is a comedy based on an incident in the family life of people who are well mannered and intelligent. It deals with the very prevalent situation in many homes of an unmarried daughter who remains at home and becomes very necessary to the household without, in many cases, having her activities appreciated.

The second play, THE YOUNGER SON, has for its principal character a young man, well educated, upright and industrious, who through the prejudice and injustice on the part of a father and brother, is placed in a false and suppressed position from which he is finally extricated by the insight and generosity of a discerning relative.

12mo, cloth, $1.50 net

SONNETS

By Col. Laban Lacy Rice

A collection of fifty sonnets of mingled Italian and Elizabethan pattern which voice the writer's affection for one who has exerted a profound influence on his life. They attempt from the masculine point of view what *Sonnets from the Portugese* did from the feminine.

The author has eschewed the conventional diction of older sonnet sequences using a phraseology that is simple, direct and modern. In substance the sonnets reflect an exceptional sincerity, and in general have a thought-content that differentiates them from all other American sonnet cycles.

12mo. cloth, $1.50 net

RICHARD G. BADGER - PUBLISHER - BOSTON

ESTABLISHED 1889

E OLDEST AND LARGEST REVIEW IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE
EVOTED TO POETRY AND DRAMA

Poet Lore

TITLE REGISTERED AS A TRADE MARK

DEC 31 1921

A Magazine of Letters

Winter Number

The Steamer Tenacity, A Comedy in Three Acts
By CHARLES VILDRAC

The Romancers, A Comedy in Three Acts
By EDMOND ROSTAND

Ties of Blood, A Drama in One Act
By LILLIAN SUTTON PELEE

Figs From Asphalt
By CHRISTABEL F. FISKE

(Complete Contents on Inside Cover)

Richard G. Badger, Publisher
The Gorham Press The Poet Lore Company
194 Boylston St Boston U.S.A.

Poet Lore

Editors

CHARLOTTE PORTER, HELEN A. CLARKE, RUTH HILL

WINTER, 1921

The Steamer Tenacity, A Comedy in Three Acts	Charles Vildrac	463
Translated from French by John Strong Newberry		
Ballade	Martha Hart Bliss	496
The Yiddish Theatre	C. Madison	497
Voltaire	Anna E. Bagstad	519
The Romancers	Edmond Rostand	520
Translated from French by Anna E. Bagstad		
Pierre Louys and the Songs of Bilitis	Ernest S. Bates & Gladys C. Graham	562
Ties of Blood, A Drama in One Act	Lillian Sutton Pelee	572
The Sensible Man	Hilda Laura Norman	580
On a Popular Poet	P. T. Hopkins	581
The Old Order, A Play in One Act	Evelyn Emig	586
Figs from Asphalt	Christabel F. Fiske	596
Inheritance	Theresa Hooley	617
Ad Una Cantate	Albert Edmund Trombly	618

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

POET LORE is published quarterly in the months of March (*Spring Number*), June (*Summer Number*), September (*Autumn Number*), and December (*Winter Number*).

Annual subscription $6.00. Single copies $1.50

THE STEAMER TENACITY

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

By Charles Vildrac

Translated from the French by John Strong Newberry

Cast of Characters

Thérese, *Waitress at the Cordier restaurant, aged 22.*
The Widow Cordier, *aged 55.*
Bastien, *aged 29.*
Ségard, *aged 26.*
Hidoux, *aged 60.*
An English Sailor
A Young Workman, Workmen, Sailors, Etc.

Time—*The Present.*

Scene—*The entire action takes place in the dining room of a small restaurant near the wharves of a French port.*

ACT I

A little restaurant for workmen in a port. At the back, through the windows and the open entrance door, one sees a harbor crowded with ships. Up-stage, at the left, is the bar. There is a door behind it. On the right is another door, similarly placed. It is from the latter that Thérese *emerges to wait on customers. The room is filled with tables at which workmen are eating.*

Hidoux, *half drunk, is leaning against the bar, his glass in front of him. He addresses himself alternately to* Madame Cordier *and the assembled company.*

Hidoux.—Come now Madame Cordier, what do you think about it? Ought such things to be? Take all these fellows here who get their twelve francs. . .yes, put it at twelve francs. (*He interrupts himself and stretches his arm towards a young man at a nearby table.*) Hey there, my boy! How much do you get?

The Young Workman.—Twelve francs fifty.

Hidoux.—All right, say their twelve francs fifty a day. Take

*Copyright 1921 by THE POET LORE COMPANY

these people, Madame Cordier, who get their twelve francs fifty a day lugging steel rails for the tramway from morning till night. It's hard labor, labor that wears one out, hands, arms, shoulders, and back. Isn't that right, my friends? Good! Well, on the other hand, take me. Just between pals, I'm not what you might call a steady worker. (*Laughter.*) Well, here's an example. A sewer pipe burst and flooded the cellar of Monsieur Desbrosses. I agreed to bale it out for him at fifteen francs a day. It took me two days to finish the job. It was no joke I can tell you. Well, just as I was drawing my thirty francs who should come walking by but Monsieur Desbrosses. I hadn't washed myself yet; anyone might have thought I'd come out of a dredge-bucket. He looked me over, went with me to inspect the work,and gave me a tip of fifty francs. A tip of fifty francs! Two days work, eighty francs! Naturally it was all right as far as I was concerned. But all the same, just between ourselves, Madame Cordier, ought such things to be?

Madame Cordier.—This makes ten times that you've asked me that?

Hidoux (*After drinking*).—What will you have, Madame Cordier? I'll take the same.

Madame Cordier.—What time would you like your breakfast?

Hidoux.—It's the same way when an American comes off the steamer. I carry his suit-case for him; he gives me a hundred sous. For fifteen minutes' work! You'll say, it's just a stroke of luck. Very well, but all the same, answer me this: to earn a hundred francs in fifteen minutes, frankly now, ought such things to be, when there are comrades, day-laborers like myself. . . . Bear in mind that I . . .

Thérèse.—Eh, old gaffer! I got a hundred sous yesterday myself.

Hidoux.—Oh! when it comes to women it's quite different. A hundred sous? Who gave it to you?

Thérèse.—You did! He doesn't even remember it! What time was it when you got through with your cellar?

Hidoux.—Seven o'clock.

Thérèse.—Well, at nine you were drunk already, very drunk! But you hadn't yet washed yourself.

Hidoux.—Supposing . . .

Thérèse.—You came here, ah! la la!

Hidoux.—Supposing that I had washed myself before I drew

my pay; that I hadn't stunk to heaven; or that Monsieur Desbrosses hadn't had the sort of heart that rises above stinks; then I could have whistled for my fifty francs. To think that riches. .

Madame Cordier (*Motioning towards* THÉRESE).—It was she, Hidoux, who . . .

Hidoux.—To think that riches should hang on such a trifle! I just can't get over it! Ought such things to be?

Madame Cordier.—It was she, it was Thérèse, who took pity on you, and took off your jacket, and sponged you, and washed your face and hands.

Hidoux (*To* THÉRESE).—And I gave you a hundred sous?

Thérèse.—Yes, and without my asking for anything. And I made sure that you knew what you were about. I went and shouted in your ear: "Hidoux, did you know that you gave me a hundred sous? Is it a hundred sous that you meant to give me?" Because, as the proprietress will tell you, I'm square with people even when they're drunk.

Hidoux.—Won't you join me in something? A little liqueur?

(*Enter* BASTIEN *and* SÉGARD *carrying light luggage.*)

Bastien (*To* THÉRESE *who has come forward*).—May we have something to eat, Mademoiselle?

Thérèse (*Indicating a table at the right, opposite the bar*).—Yes, sir. Sit there. (*They sit down.* THÉRÉSE *sets places for them and takes their orders. A silence.*)

Hidoux (*Approaching the table*).—Travelers! Good morning, gentlemen! Did you have a good crossing? I suppose you arrived on the boat from England.

Bastien (*Laughing*).—Not we!

Ségard.—We came from Paris.

Madame Cordier.—From Paris! Didn't you find it rather warm for traveling?

Bastien.—Yes, and thirsty. Mademoiselle, bring us some wine first of all.

Hidoux.—Then you are Parisians?

Bastien.—Right you are, old top.

Hidoux.—Bravo! Put it there: it's the hand of a man who such as you see him, has been a Parisian in his time. A man who lived for six years at 54 Rue Saint-Maur. That must mean something to you?

Bastien.—Yes, I know that part of the city, but we come from the Avenue de Clichy.

Ségard.—Do I know the rue Saint-Maur? I should think I

did! When I was a boy I spent my vacations with my aunt, a washerwoman who lived then at number 28. Ah! the rue Saint-Maur.

Hidoux.—Then you remember number 54! In those days it was a house with furnished rooms to let, just opposite the great sheet iron dealer's . . .

Ségard.—Sébillon!

Hidoux.—Sébillon. The proprietor! Now there was a true Parisian! Sébillon! I came very near working for him.

Ségard.—I have passed whole afternoons watching them load sheet iron on trucks, at Sébillon's. I can see the men now with their little leather aprons stained with rust, and their copper-colored throats and hands, like Redskins.

Hidoux.—Just so.

Ségard.—They would swing out a great sheet of iron, six or eight feet wide, and send it to fall on the others. When it struck them you can guess how happy I was; it sounded like thunder.

Hidoux.—Their noise interfered with my afternoon nap.

Ségard.—Ah, it's far away, it's far away. . . (To BASTIEN) This is going to make it farther still.

Hidoux.—I'm speaking of the days when I was fifteen.

Bastien (*To* SÉGARD).—Let your memories alone, you will find them again at sixty.

Hidoux.—But . . . hey, Thérèse! Allow me, my friends, to offer you, before your breakfast comes . . .

Ségard.—Oh, nothing!

Bastien.—You're too kind.

Hidoux.—Just a little white wine! Come now! THÉRESE, my child!

Ségard.—No . . .

Thérèse (*Serving them*).—Let him do it, he's rich today.

Hidoux.—I'm rich today. See how pretty Thérèse is; and a good girl, you know; and warm-hearted. Last night she took care of me like . . . but never mind that. (*He seats himself opposite the two travelers.*) I'm going to have some breakfast, too. Your health. (*They drink.*) And you've come here, like this, to get a job?

Bastien.—Well, hardly!

Hidoux.—Then I suppose you're taking a little pleasure-trip along the coast.

Bastien (*Enigmatically*).—Pleasure? Yes and no. But not along the coast.

Hidoux.—Inland, perhaps, to visit relatives?

Thérèse.—Such curiosity!

Hidoux.—Gentlemen, she is right. I'm indiscreet. Pardon me! I'm indiscreet.

Ségard.—Not at all.

Hidoux.—Excuse me! The truth is the truth. But I had no reasons for asking.

Bastien.—There's no indiscretion about it, my friend. Only we're not going to visit relatives and we're not going inland.

Hidoux (*With dignity*).—I don't want to know.

Ségard.—We've no reason to make a secret of where we're going. In fact we ought to tell, in order to get more information. (THÉRESE *lingers, interested.*)

Bastien (*Magnificently, and with effect*).—Where we're going, why, we can cry it from the house-tops. Tomorrow we sail for the other side of the world!

Hidoux.—Ah! ah! that's a different matter.

Thérèse.—For what country?

Ségard (*A little moved*).—For Canada.

Bastien.—For the farthest depths of Canada!

Madame Cordier (*Who has come out from behind her wicket, and drawn near them*).—No doubt you're going there to follow your trade?

Bastien (*Emphatically*).—Our trade, Madame! Do you think that they've given us time to follow a trade? What I mean to say is that we've almost forgotten the one we used to follow! We come from making war. We've been working for six years in barracks or on the Meuse or on the Marne or on the Somme, in the charming work-shops of the government. That's the employer with whom we've stayed the longest since we finished our apprenticeship. (*Laughter. Some workmen approach, smoking. A silence.*) No, not our trade! But I said to my friend here: yesterday, it was the war; today, it's paying for the war; tomorrow, it will be something else. Stay here and you'll always get the dirty end of the stick. It's the stranger in a strange land who has the fewest obligations. And then as I said to him, do you see yourself after those four years, from which by some miracle you come out with a whole skin, four years without counting three years of military service beforehand and ten months of barracks afterwards, do you see yourself going back as if nothing had happened, as if you were returning from a fine Sunday in the country, going back to a basement in the rue Montmartre to

spend the night in setting up their filthy papers! For I may as well tell you that we're type-setters—And I said to him: let's get out, let's go where they can never lay hands on us again! Go and live like free men in the open air! Go and colonize the new world! Wasn't that it, Alfred?

Ségard.—Yes.

Hidoux.—Bravo! That's the talk! Now I do odd jobs in the harbor. They call on me for anything where strength is needed. Madame Cordier can tell you that I've no reason to complain. (*He turns towards her.*) Didn't I strike it rich no later than yesterday? Very well! But all the same if I had my life to live over again I don't say that . . . All the same America has been pretty well worked out, even before the war . . .

Bastien.—Worked out? That depends on what part of America you mean! Naturally I'm not speaking of the United States, I'm not speaking of New York! You must get this straight; it's to Canada that we're going. Canada is as large as Europe, including Russia, and in all that space hasn't as many inhabitants as Paris or London. In Canada you have lands inhabited by Eskimos, and other lands, in the south, inhabited by negroes and redskins. You see, it's very simple we're going to land at Montreal. And from Montreal do you know how many kilometers we have to travel to get to our new quarters? Two thousand! Two thousand kilometers!

Madame Cordier.—On foot?

Bastien.—No, by train. Just imagine, two thousand kilometers by train, through country where there's nothing but wheat as far as you can see. Or prairies with herds of cattle guarded by men like Buffalo Bill. And you see lakes, too, lakes that are as large as France.

Hidoux (*Skeptically*).—Oh! as large as France! . . .

Bastien.—Yes, Monsieur, as large as France! I could show you the little book we have about the country. It's in the bag there. Eh, Alfred? In short, we're not going to the part of Canada that's known. We're going to Manitoba, if you wish to know, to the farthest depths of Manitoba! So you see how it is! You understand that we know what we're about. (You can be sure that where we're going there's plenty of work for survivors of the war who wish to earn their daily bread in freedom.) Besides they have made us propositions.

Thérèse.—If the survivors of the war go away now what's to become of us women?

Ségard.—I'll take you with me, Mademoiselle.

(THÉRESE *comes to lean on the table near* SÉGARD, *and jokes with him.*)

The Young Workman (*To* BASTIEN).—They've made you propositions?

Bastien.—Yes. You see it's like this. It's a French-English society; you sign a contract with them; they send you at their expense to an agricultural training school in Canada, where you work for a year, with free board and wages into the bargain, learning cattle-breeding and farming and getting the general run of things. At the end of the year they give you land and build you a house. Then you're in your own establishment, and you have ten years to pay the purchase price of your property. Of course you pay interest during that time; you also pay absurdly small amounts for the rent of agricultural machines. You don't have to buy a thing. And the total cost isn't half as much as the outrageous rent you have to pay in Paris.

Madame Cordier.—And if at the end of your year's apprenticeship a farmer's life doesn't appeal to you?

Bastien.—You are free! You drop the whole thing. Only, as is no more than right, you pay to the society a forfeit of 600 francs, to repay them for the expenses of the voyage and other things. And it has been paid already; as a precaution they deduct it from your wages. If you go on they give it back to you, and you have something with which to buy a chandelier for your chateau.

Hidoux.—It's certainly well thought out. (*Approving murmurs.*)

Bastien.—Everything is provided for! It's amazing.

Thérèse.—You aren't afraid you may have had enough of it by the end of the year?

Bastien.—We? Do you take us for children? We look at things as they are. We know quite well that it's going to be hard at first. And yet—what is there that isn't hard, after the war? Just a question of will, that's all. You see, when I have a goal in view my eyes never leave it. We're men of decision; isn't that so Alfred?

Ségard (*Faintly*).—To be sure . . .

Bastien (*Indicating* SÉGARD).—If he were alone, you know he might not see it through . . . but with me . . .

Ségard.—Why do you say that?

Bastien.—It's not a reproach, old fellow, But admit that a

bottom our natures are not the same. You were less ready than I to leave your country, your family, and all the rest.

Ségard (*Lightly*).—Bah!

Madame Cordier.—That's nothing to be ashamed of, my boy; it's quite natural. There are people who are more inclined than others to become attached . . .

Bastien.—And then you must remember this. I'm the one who had the idea, you understand; I'm the one who reasoned with him, persuaded him. You might say that I seized him by the arm and said to him. "Come!"

Ségard (*Smiling*).—You're not taking me on board by force.

Bastien.—Of course not! I mean that if you had been alone perhaps you mightn't have gone.

Ségard.—Oh, I'll grant you that.

Bastien.—Well, I would have gone alone. (*A silence.*)

Thérèse.—You go tomorrow?

Bastien.—Yes, my pretty one, tomorrow.

Ségard.—Yes, tomorrow. We must go and find out the sailing time.

Hidoux.—What boat?

Bastien.—A steamer that has a name made for us, a name that couldn't be more pat; one that we could take as our motto, eh, Alfred? It is called "Tenacity."

Hidoux.—Tenacity? I've seen it somewhere. Doesn't it belong to the Transatlantic Line?

Bastien (*Taking some papers from his pocket*).—No. To the (*He reads*) Smith-Walter and Sons Company, of Montreal. We're going out to look for it presently.

Hidoux.—It's in the second slip to the right. I'll show you the way (*Judicially.*) It's a boat that must draw . . . let's see—

Ségard.—Where are we going to sleep?

Madame Cordier.—Here, if you like. I have rooms.

Hidoux.—You couldn't find a better place. If you're drunk tonight a mere supposition—there's a Thérèse who will wash your hands and faces for you.

Thérèse.—Come now, do you think that these gentlemen . .

Bastien.—Then the thing is settled, Madame. We'll sleep here. And now I'll stand treat for everybody; let's drink to the steamer Tenacity of Montreal. Mademoiselle Thérèse, brandys all around, or whatever you choose.

Hidoux.—A fine idea. (THÉRESE *serves them.*)

Bastien.—In ten years we'll be back this way. You must

have some good bottles ready for us then.

Ségard.—In ten years, or perhaps more.

Bastien.—Or perhaps less. To your health, Madame.

Madame Cordier.—And to a prosperous voyage, then.

Thérèse.—To your love affairs out yonder.

Bastien.—When there's a question of our love-affairs, perhaps we'll have to back and look for you.

Ségard.—It would be too much to hope for, to find girls like you in Canada.

Thérèse (*With a slight curtsey*).—You're much too good!

Hidoux (*Who has turned towards the door at the back, suddenly sets down his glass and rushes out, calling*).—Hi there, hi there! (*All follow him with their eyes. He returns almost immediately, followed by a sailor.*)

Hidoux.—He's a sailor from the Tenacity.

The English Sailor.—Mornin,' mates.

Bastien.—You belong to the steamer Tenacity?

The English Sailor.—The Tenacity, right ye are.

Bastien.—Wonderful! You must have a drink with us. (*He motions to* THÉRESE.) I and my friend here are going to sail for Canada on the Tenacity.

The English Sailor.—Gerblimey! (THÉRESE *serves the sailor.*)

Hidoux.—He can tell us all about it! You see, comrade, these gentlemen want to know at what time tomorrow the boat sails.

The English Sailor.—What time, d'ye say?

Hidoux.—Yes.

The English Sailor.—D'ye mean the Tenacity?

Bastien.—Yes, we shall be much obliged to you.

The English Sailor.—But she don't sail tomorrow.

Bastien.—What?

Ségard.—We have tickets to sail tomorrow.

The English Sailor.—But lord love ye, she don't sail tomorrow. Leastways she's due to sail right enough, but she won't nohow, 'cause they're a-patchin' up of her bloomin' boiler.

Bastien.—I see . . .

The English Sailor.—'Ere's your wery good 'ealth. (*He drinks.*)

Ségard.—To yours. Then we'll be here for a day or two longer.

Bastien (*To the sailor*).—Are they repairing the boiler now?

The English Sailor.—Yes, they're a-tykin' of it out.

Bastien (*Disturbed*).—They're taking it out? How long do

you think . . .

The English Sailor.—A fortnight. Put it at a fortnight.

Bastien (*Rising*).—A fortnight!

Ségard (*Doing likewise*).—A fortnight!

The English Sailor.—A fortnight. In course it might be a bit more.

Hidoux.—You don't need to start yet awhile, my friends. You can sit down again.

Bastien (*Sitting down again, much discouraged*).—They can't make passengers wait for two weeks! There must be another boat.

The English Sailor.—There ain't. The Tenacity don't hold much with passengers. There might be four, or again there might be ten. We tykes out cattle and we brings back wire. Arsk for yourself at Compn'y office. I'm a-givin' it to you stryght. For the next bloomin' month there ain't no blooming boat for Canada 'cept for the Tenacity. Strike me dead if there is. I got to go now, mates, askin' your pardon. Then I'll be a-seein' of you on board one of these days, eh? Mornin'.

Bastien.—Thank you. We'll be there. (*The English sailor goes out.*)

Ségard (*After a silence*).—Well?

Bastien.—First we'll have to find out. But the chances are he knows what he's talking about.

Hidoux.—Oh, he wasn't in the least drunk.

Ségard.—Anyway, the Society will either have to find a boat for us or refund the money we spent for our tickets and pay our way back to Paris, so that we can wait there till the boiler is repaired, just as if there'd been no question of our sailing tomorrow.

Madame Cordier.—Naturally, the Society will have to pay.

Bastien (*Thoughtfully*).—Go home and wait, you say. If there isn't any other boat that's what they'll propose, without a doubt.

Ségard.—Certainly. And it's the wisest thing to do. (*Silence*)

Bastien.—No. No. Alfred, we can't do that! Go back to Paris for two weeks? Say all our farewells once more? Go through that scene at the station again, with our weeping mothers and sisters? No, no!

Ségard.—Yes, that's true, of course . . . And yet . . .

Bastien.—We had enough of it last week. For our friends and for ourselves we've taken the plunge. To go back again would bring us bad luck.

Ségard (*A little troubled*).—I quite agree with you, we shouldn't go back . . . All the same . . .

Bastien.—Well, out with it!

Ségard.—All the same to live here . . . It will make a big hole in our savings.

Bastien.—That depends. Wait! Are there any printers here?

Hidoux.—Of course there are printers.

Madame Cordier.—Any amount of them.

Hidoux.—Printers or no printers, you won't have any trouble in finding work. There's a tramway being constructed along the wharves. They hire men by the day to carry rails; if I hadn't better work, and more than I can do, well, a day now and then . . . why it's trade that . . .

Ségard.—If we dould come to an agreement with Madame could we take lodgings here?

Thérèse.—Surely.

Madame Cordier.—Without boasting, if you stay here for two weeks you won't speak ill of the house when you go away.

Bastien (*Getting up*).—Then first, to the boat!

Ségard (*Following his example*).—And afterwards we'll see if the printers will take us on (*He looks slowly around the restaurant, then to* THÉRESE.) It wouldn't be so bad, two weeks here before America.

Thérèse.—It would still be almost like being at home!

Ségard.—Yes, it won't be quite so sudden . . .

Bastien (*On his way to the door, with* HIDOUX, *calling* SÉGARD).—Are you coming? (*He goes out and stops just outside the door, talking with* HIDOUX.)

Ségard.—I like to stay in a place at least long enough to feel at home there, to get a little acquainted with people, so that I can remember them . . . A sort of bond wherever one goes Oh, it's not very long . . . During the war, I . . .

Thérèse (*Bending her nose towards a flower that* SÉGARD *wears in his buttonhole*).—That's a pretty flower you're wearing. Did your sweetheart give it to you?

Ségard.—I picked it in our garden when I left home.

Bastien (*From outside*).—Come on, Alfred!

Ségard.—There! (*He removes the flower from his buttonhole and offers it to* THÉRESE, *who takes it. He goes out.*)

ACT II

The same room. At the right, down stage, SÉGARD *and* THÉRESE *are seated at a table,* SÉGARD *has his left arm in a sling.* THÉRESE *is darning stockings. After a few moments* SÉGARD *rises and paces back and forth, twitching his free hand at intervals.*)

Thérèse.—Does it hurt you so much?

Ségard.—Only now and then. Sudden twinges. It's the flesh under the nails that makes the mischief . . . Oh, it's provoking.

Thérèse.—You'll be all right again in a day or two. But you might easily have left the ends of your fingers there! Such idiots as the other men were! What in the world possessed them to let go of the rail before you did?

Ségard.—It was my fault. I didn't let go soon enough. And then I held it wrong. I shouldn't have had my fingers underneath. It doesn't amount to anything, though. Of course it's a nuisance that I can't work . . . But there are compensations (*He sits down again.*)

Thérèse.—What compensations?

Ségard.—Being able to pass hours on end with Thérèse

Thérèse.—Humbug!

Ségard.—No humbug about it.

Thérèse.—A week from now, on the ship, you'll be enjoying yourself twice as much.

Ségard.—I shan't.

Thérèse.—You'll soon forget all about me.

Ségard.—Don't you believe it! In the first place I have a very tenacious memory, and in the second place . . .

Thérèse.—I have a better memory for places than for people. I see so many here.

Ségard.—I become attached too easily. If I'm in a place for a single day I look at it as if I were going to spend all the rest of my life there. And when I leave it's as if I'd always known it. And the same way with people . . . Ah! during the war . . .

Thérèse.—You're too impressionable.

Ségard.—It doesn't make me any happier, but I wouldn't have it changed. For example, Thérèse, if twenty years from now I came here on the train, just as I did this time, perhaps I shouldn't remember the station, or know how to get to this house, and it might be that I couldn't find it again. But I'm sure that in my mind I'd see this room with all its tables in their places. I'd see Madame Cordier behind the counter, jotting down figures

in her book, and Thérèse lifting Hidoux's glass with one hand to wipe the cleared table with the other. I'd remember day-before-yesterday afternoon, with me reading here while you ironed napkins, you and the proprietress; and yesterday afternoon when you went out to buy those little tan shoes you showed me when you came in, the ones that I made you try on. And no doubt this afternoon too, Thérèse, I would see you there, just as you are, bending above your work . . . Ah, I wouldn't have forgotten something that I looked at often, that I'm looking at now.

Thérèse (*Without lifting her eyes from her work*).—What are you looking at?

Ségard.—The little curls at the nape of your neck.

Thérèse (*Throwing back her head with a laugh*).—And I was listening to you quite seriously.

Ségard.—I'm not fooling. I'll remember all this ten years from now, and many other things beside.

Thérèse.—Ten years from now! . . .

Ségard.—When I was a youngster I spent a month one vacation in a summer school in the country. It's one of my dearest memories. We ate in a great white refectory that had a good smell, the smell of the dairy and the bakery. The tables were covered with white oil-cloth and so it smelled of new oil-cloth into the bargain. I'll never forget the smell of the refectory. When I think of that vacation that smell comes back to me, and I see the good woman who waited on us . . . Each of us had a little pitcher of reddened water beside his plate.

Thérèse (*Laughing*).—That reminds me of my bottle! I carried my lunch to school, and with it a little bottle of cider! To make it better, I put in it whatever I could get, a bonbon, a piece of chocolate, a cherry, and shook it till it foamed!

(*While she is speaking* SÉGARD *has risen, taken a few steps, and halted facing her.*)

Ségard.—Where was your school? Here?

Thérèse.—Yes, at the other end of the town. I stayed there till I was twelve.

Ségard.—And after that?

Thérèse.—After that, I went into service in the country. Oh, I liked it there so much. There was a beautiful garden with strawberries, such strawberries! Mother took me away because I didn't earn enough . .

Ségard.—You do your hair very nicely.

Thérèse.—Do you think so?

Ségard.—And you have lovely hair.

Thérèse.—I hope you'll send me some postcards from Canada. Will you?

Ségard.—Surely! And if there aren't any to be had, I'll write you a bit of a letter.

Thérèse.—That would be lovely! But you must keep your promise. Because there have been men who promised me, at the time that they'd send me post-cards, bonbons . . . One of those who came here even said that they made a specialty of bonbons in his country. But nothing came of it.

Ségard.—You can rest assured that there aren't any bonbons in Canada, Thérèse. But I'll give you some before I go.

Thérèse.—When are you going? I don't ask because of the bonbons.

Ségard.—We don't exactly know. In five or six days. Yesterday morning I went down to the Tenacity. A fine rain was falling. She looked as if she'd been abandoned. Then I thought, what if they hadn't postponed her sailing? I saw the rain on a dirty-grey ocean and the Tenacity plowing through it day after day, with her little trail of smoke . . . (*A silence*) It's depressing, rain in a port . . .

Thérèse.—Don't you want to go?

Ségard.—Yes . . It's just that I'm sorry to be leaving here. Oh, when I'm once there . . . You see I always do cling the present, that's the trouble with me. It's as if a cable were running through my hand, pulled by some powerful force. I seize it, I try to hold it back, but I only skin my hands for my pains. I don't control the cable, the cable pulls me about and shakes me. Bastien is stronger than I. He can choose the life he likes. He has chosen for me, and it suits me much better that way. I can criticise the plans of someone else—gauge whether they are good or bad. But I can never adopt any for myself. To begin with, I don't make plans; I only imagine vague dreams. I don't say, I'll do such and such a thing; I say, this is how it would have happened; I would have been in such and such a place; such a man or such a woman would be with me; it would be under such and such marvelous conditions; I would be happy. You'll laugh at me, I know, but wherever I am, I tell myself stories; stories that might be real, but are always so beautiful that I don't even dare hope that they'll come true.

Thérèse.—Yet you're old enough to know what you want.

Ségard.—Yes, in any place where I happen to be I choose

what I like the best. But it's always someone else who picks out that place for me. How about you?

Thérèse.—Oh I, I've never thought of all that . . .

Ségard.—To find, to choose what you like the best out of all the things that are offered to you, that detain you as you pass, why I tell you, Thérèse, even that is difficult, terrible!

Thérèse.—I think one can hardly be said to have a choice. One just has to take what comes . . .

Ségard.—But if by chance you do have a choice? I want to take everything, and I know so well that I'll regret whatever I didn't take that I make myself miserable beforehand.

Thérèse.—I regret afterwards. It often works out that way. For instance, yesterday I hesitated at the last moment between the tan shoes and some black ones, patent-leathers. I tookthe tan, at last, on account of the season; but all the same the black ones . . .

Ségard.—I know. But I wasn't thinking of objects, of shoes.

Thérèse.—No, of course not.

Ségard.—Life is full of mysterious combinations, Thérèse. I leave Paris for Canada, with Bastien. For a month I had thought of nothing but Canada. In the train I saw the ship and then Canada. I made a picutre of it in my head. We arrive here. The boat doesn't sail at the expected time. I spend two weeks at the hotel Cordier. And do you fancy that I think of nothing but our departure, like Bastien, that my eyes never leave the goal, as he puts it? No. I . . . For instance, I look at you; I enjoy being with you; I take a great fancy to the house, to you . . .

Thérèse (*Lifting her head and laughing*).—You don't say so!

Ségard.—I say to myself: it's like this; you're planning to go away and perhaps you could live very happily in this country. Who knows? If you would only . . . You told me just now that you had worked on a poultry farm. Well at that—you see the sort of fellow I am—my imagination was off at once. I saw a little cottage in the sunlight, something like a porter's lodge, not in Canada. There's an enclosure for raising chickens and a garden with pretty Thérèse, laughing among the flowers. Didn't you speak of a garden, too? . . .

Thérèse.—Yes.

Ségard.—You see how it is, don't you? You see how hard it is to feel at every step everything that would be possible if you ended your journey there; to guess how easily you could find enough to fill your life and your heart . . .

Thérèse.—It's true, all of it. (*Silence.*) The little house with the hens and the flowers . . . Ah, you'll put ideas in my head and give me the blues.

Ségard (*Laying his hand on her shoulder*).—No, no . . .

Thérèse.—I hear Madame Cordier coming down; it's time to set the tables.

Ségard.—I have bored you, Thérèse, with my stories.

Thérèse (*Rising*).—Oh no, you said such nice things to me! (*She begins to set the tables.*)

Madame Cordier (*Entering through the door at the left*).—Quick, Thérèse, it's late! Well, how's it going, Segard?

Ségard.—Not so badly. But all the same the twinges still keep up. They tire me, and make me feverish.

Madame Cordier.—You must have an early supper and go to bed.

Ségard.—I haven't much appetite. (*He sits down.*) (*Workmen enter and seat themselves up stage at the tables. Then* BASTIEN *and* HIDOUX *come in.*)

Hidoux (*Continuing his conversation with* BASTIEN).—Amounts to nothing at all! To change the form of government amounts to nothing at all, if human nature is still the same. It's just as if I, Hidoux, should plan to change my lodgings because my room is messy and untidy. But no matter where I live my room will be messy and untidy! Why? Because it's the room of a drunkard. There will always be torn curtains in my window because I catch hold of them, so as not to fall, when I want to fill my lungs with air. I have always wanted to have a little green plant on the table by my bed, with an old book, beside it. But I can't change my bedside table. There will always be a bottle on it, or many bottles. You see, Bastien, my case is hopeless, no doubt; but, believe me, it isn't a drunken man who is speaking to you today. Try to improve your own character, and questions of government will take care of themselves.

Bastien.—Granted, but everyone would have to . . .

Hidoux.—Yes, everyone would have to . . . But everyone, you know, begins with oneself . . . How are you, Ségard? (*He shakes hands with* SÉGARD, *then moves towards the back to join two new arrivals, sits down, and drinks with them.*)

Ségard.—Good evening.

Bastien (*Throwing himself in front of* THÉRESE, *who comes in carrying plates in both hands*),—Good evening, Thèrése. I won't let you pass! It's the instant, it's the moment, to find out if you

are ticklish. (*He pinches her waist, she cries out.*)

Thérèse.—Stop it, or I'll drop everything!

Madame Cordier.—Let her alone, Bastien, she's behind with her work. (BASTIEN, *in comic haste, steps out of* THÉRESE'S *way. She sticks out her tongue at him. He approaches* SÉGARD.)

Bastien.—How's it going old boy?

Ségard.—There are times when the thing hurts like fury. I didn't sleep last night and I'm very tired.

Bastien.—Did you try going out at all? Have you been down to see how they're getting on with the boat?

Ségard.—No, I stayed here.

Bastien.—I suppose except at meal-hours there's almost no one comes here?

Ségard.—No one.

Bastien (*Confidentially*).—Tell me . . . you haven't started anything with THÉRESE, have you? (SÉGARD, *without looking at* BASTIEN, *shakes his head. Brief silence.*)

Ségard.—I think I'll go and lie down on my bed, old man.

Bastien.—Oh, I was only asking because it seems to me that man who was left alone with that girl for an hour could, with a little coaxing, do what he liked with her.

Ségard.—You can't always tell, you know . . . (*He rises, groaning.*)

Bastien.—You're not feeling well, Alfred; go and lie down for a while. We may be leaving in another week, you must try to be all right by then.

Ségard.—Oh, it doesn't amount to anything.

(*He goes out quickly after exchanging some words with* MADAME CORDIER. *At the back* HIDOUX *empties his glass and shakes hands with the workmen with whom he has just been drinking. Then he comes and sits down opposite* BASTIEN, *in the place just left by* SÉGARD.)

Hidoux.—Ségard has gone?

Madame Cordier.—Yes, he has a touch of fever. He has gone to bed without eating anything.

Hidoux.—A touch of fever! He might have had a drink with us all the same! Well, give me a glass of white wine, Madame. A glass of white wine before the soup, Thérèse! I'm dying of thirst. White wine, Bastien?

Bastien.—White wine, by all means!

Hidoux.—Drink while you can, my friend, for I fancy that in Canada wine's a rather scarce article. (THÉRESE *serves them.*)

Bastien.—We'll drink whiskey, old top, we'll drink champagne. You can find that everywhere.

Thérèse.—Oh, champagne! That's what I love! I could drink a bottle of it all by myself.

A Customer (Calling).—Thérèse!

Bastien.—Could you? Well, I'll get some for you, Thérèse, you have it here?

Thérèse.—Yes, and good, too.

Bastien.—We'll drink some, would you like that? We'll drink some champagne together.

The Customer.—Thérèse!

Thérèse.—Coming. (*She goes out.*)

Bastien (To Hidoux).—Yes Hidoux, old man; when we own our farms there's nothing to prevent our always having a case or two of champagne on hand, like explorers. But if it can't be arranged we'll do without it. Wine is a good thing. But liberty is worth more than wine. And if we go you understand, Hidoux, it's to be free, to be free!

Hidoux (Slightly intoxicated).—It's to be free, I know. But let me answer you. First, as to champagne. I want you to bear in mind that champagne is one thing and wine is another. Champagne isn't wine, you know!

Bastien.—Oh!

Hidoux.—It's sweeten'd, it's charged, it's put up in a fancy bottle; and it has no bouquet.

If you're eating a little bread and cheese in the morning, what will you drink? A little bordeaux, a little burgundy, half a pint of picolo, some beaujolais, all wines that go straight to the heart; that's what you'll drink to make life worth while again. But champagne! It's a wine with a stand-up collar, for state occasions. It's good for nothing but to set the women to giggling at weddings and to make you spit if you have phlegm in your throat.

Bastien.—You make me laugh, you . . .

Hidoux.—Good! So much for champagne. Now for more important things. You and Segard are right in going to Canada. That's what I say and what I've always said. You'll have a splendid voyage, you'll see new countries, you'll live in the open air. But you're all the time talking about liberty. Liberty, liberty, it's a word quickly said. Bastien, do you want to know the thought I have deep down inside me? You began by signing a contract. You'll pay for this; they'll hold back money for

that; you'll agree to do such and such a thing. And is that what you call liberty? Ah, my boy, when you begin to sign papers say nothing more about liberty.

Bastien.—Oh, of course, absolute liberty . . .

Hidoux.—Look here, I don't know any more than you do about your Canadian agricultural society. But I'd like to bet that in a hundred different ways you'll be dependent on them, and that before you're through you'll find that you're working for the people who sell the farms. You're going to cultivate untilled land that you're not sure you can pay for. Oh, they'll give you credit, never fear. As much as you want! And your harvests and your herds, you'll see to whom you'll sell them, to whom you'll be forced to sell them! Unless I miss my guess, the ship that brings them here will always be the Tenacity. No, it's the same thing everywhere, you see. Liberty, true liberty, is a thing one must carry inside one's skin. I'm free, for instance. When I was young they called me the eel. No one has ever been able to get me in his grasp. I only sell a tiny bit of my liberty at a time in order to get a living. I choose my work to suit my tastes, according to the state of my pocket-book and my health. I give good value for my wages, you'll find that everyone speaks well of me. But as to mortgaging the future, I can't do it, you know, and I never could. Even to think about it makes me positively ill. (*He slowly empties his glass.* BASTIEN *remains thoughtful, his elbow on the table.*)

Bastien.—Old man, if you don't mortgage the future, at least to some extent, you'll never accomplish anything great! . . . And then besides I'm not going in with my eyes shut! After I get there I have a year in which to say no.

Thérèse (*To* HIDOUX *and* BASTIEN).—Have you finished drinking? Can I put the soup on the table?

Hidoux (*Seizing the bottle*).—We're just finishing.

Bastien (*Taking* THÉRESE *by the arm and pulling her towards the door at the right*).—I'll help you, Thérèse I'll help you to serve the supper . . .

SCENE II

(*The same room, evening. The front windows are closed with shutters. Electric lights only above the bar and the table opposite it, at the right. At the rise of the curtain* MADAME CORDIER *is at the back, occupied in turning the key in the lock of the front door.* THÉRESE *is rinsing glasses at the bar.* BASTIEN, *at the table on the right, is reading a paper*).

Madame Cordier (*Hanging a bunch of keys on a nail behind the bar*).—Well, I'm goin' up.—You'll put out the lights when you come.

Thérèse.—Yes, Madame. I'm just finishing.

Bastien.—I'll be going up in a minute, Madame Cordier.

Madame Cordier.—Then good night.

Bastien (*Without raising his eyes from the paper*).—Good night, Madame.

Thérèse.—Good night, Madame Cordier.

(MADAME CORDIER *goes out to the left. There is an instant of silence during which* THÉRÉSE *arranges the glasses in rows on a shelf behind the bar.*)

Thérèse.—Hey, you with the paper there! I'm going to put out the lights.

Bastien.—What time is it?

Thérèse.—Eleven at the very least.

Bastien (*Tossing away his paper and throwing himself back in his chair*).—Thérèse!

Thérèse.—What?

Bastien.—You can still serve me something, can't you?

Thérèse.—If you like, but hurry! What? A glass of water?

Bastien (*Confidentially*).—A bottle of champagne and two glasses.

Thérèse.—Oh, I couldn't!

Bastien (*Rising and going towards her*).—Why not, Thérèse? I promised that I'd treat you to something. The opportunity presents itself. It would be nice to drink a glass or two of champagne while we chatted together for five minutes before going to bed. We'd both be the better for it.

Thérèse.—You have only to offer a bottle of it with Ségard the day that you go.

Bastien.—That's understood. But the farewell bottle doesn't interfere with another now. We'll drink the farewell bottle with Ségard, Hidoux and the proprietress, and I know quite well what it will be like. You'll come between filling two orders and drink a glass as quickly as possible. That won't count! (*A silence.* THÉRÉSE, *perplexed, shifts from one foot to the other.*) Is it such a serious matter just to drink a glass? You could have done it by this time! . . . What are you thinking about?

Thérèse.—I'm thinking about Madame Cordier.

Bastien.—In five minutes she'll be snoring. What about

her?

Thérèse.—She'll have to know about it . . .

Bastien.—Naturally. Tomorrow when I pay for the bottle I'll tell her that we drank it this evening. A sudden fancy!

Thérèse.—Oh no! What would she say afterwards! That I should get champagne offered to me . . . And then at this time of night, just think! . . .

Bastien.—Very well. She shan't know a thing about it. You tell her tomorrow that just as you were going to put out the lights a sailor came to scratch at the door for a bottle of champagne.

Thérèse (*Assenting*).—There's nothing stupid about you! Come, bandit! Help me to raise the trap door to the cellar without making any noise. (BASTIEN, *behind the bar, raises the trap.* THÉRÉSE *descends. During her absence* BASTIEN *chooses two glasses which he sets on the table.*)

Thérèse (*Reappearing*).—Close the trap door. (BASTIEN *shuts the trap-door.* THÉRÉSE *offers him the bottle, which he seizes and sets on the table. They both sit down opposite each other.* BASTIEN *begins to pull the cork.*)

Thérèse.—Don't let it pop.

Bastien.—Right you are, my pretty one. There! (*He fills the glasses. They clink them together.*) To that Thérèse who loves champagne and has deserved to drink it a hundred times over!

Thérèse.—To that tease of a Bastien. And to your voyage! (*They drink.*)

Bastien.—Not bad.

Thérèse.—It's splendid!

Bastien.—You know a good thing when you see it! This'll make your eyes sparkle and you'll be even prettier. Come to Canada, I'll buy you a drink every Saturday night.

Thérèse.—Never!

Bastien.—Why not?

Thérèse.—I never could go on the sea, I'm too much afraid. And your Canada is too far off. I have sisters here . . .

Bastien.—And some man, no doubt, who's more than a brother to you.

Thérèse.—No, I've no one at all. Not since last summer. My lover went away without leaving his address. A fine way to treat me!

Bastien.—Did he come from here?

Thérèse.—No . . . Garrisoned here. He was nice.

An adjutant. (*She drinks, then* BASTIEN *fills the glasses.*) Oh, but wait, I'll get some biscuits. (*She goes out an instant through the door on the right, and returns with some biscuits on a plate.*)

Bastien (*As* THÉRÉSE *is about to take her former seat, opposite him*).—Sit beside me! Just to show that we're friends.

Thérèse (*Seating herself at* BASTIEN'S *right*).—And then besides, if I went to Canada, there'd be a nice state of things, with one hen for two roosters!

Bastien.—And a charming hen! But Ségard isn't the sort that would fight for a hen. I know him. He's stayed with you now for two afternoons and I'll wager he hasn't made love to you once.

Thérèse (*In a detached voice*).—Oh, he's very nice and polite. He keeps me company, he talks. He's a boy who knows how to interest you, and he's good-hearted, too. Madame Cordier is quite right in saying so.

Bastien.—He's a brother! That's why I decided to take him with me.

Thérèse (*Maliciously*).—Evidently Ségard is quite different from you. He wouldn't be capable, for instance, of lying in wait for young girls on the stairs and kissing them.

Bastien.—You know that I'm not in the habit of kissing girls on the stairs. If I kissed you, Thérèse, it's because I wanted to so much. If Alfred had wanted to as much as I did, he would have done it, too.

Thérèse.—People may want very much to do things and yet not dare.

Bastien.—But when you want to more than anything else in the world, and when you're a man, you must dare. (*He puts his arm around* THÉRÉSE *and kisses her on the neck.*)

Thérèse (*After having pushed him away with a little scream*).—You're going to make me cry out and waken Madame Cordier!

Bastien (*Coaxingly*).—My little Thérèse, my beautiful Thérèse, listen . . . But first, try another glass. (*He takes* THÉRSÉE'S *glass and makes her drink, then drinks after her out of the same glass.*) I want to know everything that you think . .

Thérèse (*Taking a sip from* BASTIEN'S *glass*).—Let me, too, then.

Bastien.—Listen to me closely. When I was in the trenches and drowsed for whole days in the blackness of a dug-out, I amused myself by imagining the pretty girl I'd have like to make love to there, the girl who would have just suited me. I was like

a hungry man who thinks of all the most appetizing dishes. I said to myself; if I could only have someone like that beside me for an hour, and cover her with kisses from her head to her feet! A real girl who would laugh, who would be content, and who would give me back my kisses without making any fuss about it. When things were the worst, when I saw every day my poor devils of comrades ripped to pieces, when I felt that my turn wasn't far away, well, do you know what bothered me the most? It was to think that I was going to die without even being able to remember the taste of a kiss.

Thérèse (*Touched*).—Poor *poilu!* (BASTIEN *kisses her.*)

Bastien.—After that came the armistice and life in barracks. Barracks at Metz, barracks at Cologne, at Paris, at Marseilles, at Constantinople. At last I return to the avenue de Clichy. I'm like a stranger there. It's sickening. I drag out two months in a Paris full of Americans and Czecho-Slovaks. And now that I'm going away to Canada, to the remotest depths of Canada where perhaps the only women are Indian squaws who smoke pipes, wouldn't it be a strange thing if I didn't want to kiss you, you who are like, exactly like, Thérèse, the girl that I dreamed about in the trenches. (*He gives her a long kiss.* THÉRÉSE *languidly droops her head on* BASTIEN'S *shoulder. He gazes at her, then kisses her again.*)

Thérèse (*Straightening up*).—You mustn't kiss me any more.

Bastien.—Why not?

Thérèse.—You're going away.

Bastien.—Yes, I'm going away. But not tomorrow, not this week; and I'll kiss you a lot before I go. While one can one must give and receive as many kisses as possible, so as to have nothing to reproach oneself with afterwards, when one is alone and far from love. Do you understand? Unless, you like kisses less than champagne, my pretty one? (*Contrite*)—unless I've offended you. (THÉRÉSE *bursts out laughing, seizes* BASTIEN'S *head in her hands, and gives him a sudden kiss.*)

Thérèse.—There! (*She empties her glass*) and there! (*She rises.*) And now, my little one, we must go straight to bed! You know it's very late. (*Singing and dancing she clears the table, washes the glasses and sets them in their place, takes down the bunch of keys, and goes to the door at the back, which she opens in order to throw the empty bottle out on the wharf.* BASTIEN *follows her, kisses her when he can catch hold of her, comes back with her when she has*

locked the door again, picks her up and whirls around with her in his arms.)

Thérèse (Disengaging herself).—There. Now it's time to say good-night and go to bed. *(She turns out the electric light above the bar.)*

Bastien.—Thérèse!

Thérèse.—What?

Bastien.—Come nearer, I want to whisper something to you. (THÉRÉSE *goes to him and* BASTIEN *whispers some words in her ear.)*

Thérèse.—Oh no!

Bastien.—Yes. *(He puts his arm around her and drags her towards the door at the left.)*

Thérèse.—No, Bastien . . .

Bastien.—You're sleepy?

Thérèse.—Oh, it isn't that . . .

Bastien.—Then say yes, it's so simple.

Thérèse (After an instant of silence, during which she remains pressed close against BASTIEN).—Then you must promise not to tell anyone. Not to tell Sègard.

Bastien.—Not a soul. And especially not Sègard. Come! *(He opens the door.)*

Thérèse.—Let's go up without making any noise. *(She turns out the last light.)*

ACT III

(The same room. Morning. The shutters and the door are still closed. Light enters through the little window above the door. At the rise of the curtain there is no one on the stage. The door on the left opens softly and BASTIEN *appears in the traveling clothes he wore in the first act. He carries a valise, lays it on the table, and starts to open it.* THÉRESE *then enters, cautiously, through the door on the right; modest street dress, her rain-coat on her arm. She carries a valise, larger than* BASTIEN'S *and, approaching on tiptoe, sets it beside the table. They speak in lowered tones.)*

Thérèse.—There, my darling . . . *(Kneeling on the floor, she opens the valise.)* You see there's still room. (BASTIEN *kisses* THÉRESE *enthusiastically, then examines the valise she has just brought.)*

Bastien.—Good, that will do finely. I can leave Sègard that bag on the table, which is his. Now, five minutes to pack my things. *(He takes out and inventories the contents of the open valise on the table. In the course of the following conversation he keeps handing clothes and various articles to* THÉRESE. *She puts them in the large valise.)*

Thérèse. We have time, it's still too early . . . I couldn't sleep . . . A week already, my darling, since we drank champagne together at that table! . . .

Bastien.—Are you content?

Thérèse.—Oh yes! Happy! Only it upsets me to go away like this without saying a word to Madame Cordier. And Ségard? When you told him about it yesterday evening, what did he say?

Bastien.—I haven't told him.

Thérèse.—You haven't . . .

Bastien.—No. But I had it all arranged. I was planning to join him in his room instead of going to bed. And then the word came that the Tenacity was ready. After that I hadn't the courage. Oh, I've regretted so much that I didn't tell him three or four days ago! So I ran to find Hidoux. I explained to him how things were. He'll tell the others about it. I can count on his saying the right things. And as for Alfred, I've written him a letter.

Thérèse.—Ah, that's good! A long letter?

Bastien.—Yes . . . A letter. Oh, it makes no difference, I ought to have seen him. But no, just at the sailing time I couldn't tell him I'm out of it, I, the leader of the expedition; I who was the most determined to go; I who got him to agree to the scheme and preached perseverance to him. I couldn't do it, it would have been too impossible!

Thérèse.—Yet everyone knows that love is stronger than anything else.

Bastien.—Not everyone. Two weeks ago I didn't know it myself.

Thérèse (*With gratitude*).—My darling!

Bastien.—No, you must see that there's nothing to do now but to take French leave . . . (*A silence.*) And then it's a poor way to seek for liberty, going to Canada on a ten-year contract. Liberty is a thing that you carry inside your skin. True liberty means being able to change your way of life at a moment's notice whenever you take a notion to. It doesn't matter what we do, my pretty one. At any rate we'll be together. We'll just sell a tiny bit of our liberty from time to time in order to make a living . . Canada would have its good points, if one had plenty of money and didn't have to sign a contract . . . As soon as you begin signing papers . . . And then I thought all along that they spoke French there. And now some men from the Tenacity tell me that Manitoba is the

one province where only English is spoken. And then, and then, my sweetheart doesn't want to go there. (THÉRESE *kisses him impetuously. A silence.*)

Thérèse.—I feel worried about Ségard.

Bastien.—So do I.

Thérèse.—What will he do?

Bastien.—He? He'll go back to Paris again. Who knows, perhaps he'll be just as happy that way.

Thérèse.—The trouble is that he hasn't the least suspicion.

Bastien (*Who has finished his packing and is putting* SÉGARD'S *valise in order*).—I know.

Thérèse.—My darling! . . .

Bastien.—What?

Thérèse.—I think he's a little in love with me.

Bastien.—Like all the others, it's quite possible . . . Now shut the bag, and be quick.

Thérèse (*Shutting it*).—But with him it was different somehow. I don't know why, but I'd have felt very badly about it if he'd found out about you and me before we went away. And then, so as not to seem too much taken up with you these last days I was all the time making myself pleasant to him, laughing with him. It was almost too much for me . . .

Bastien (*Finishing strapping up the bag*).—You're ready, Thérèse? That's done! . . . And that's all! It's time . . . The key? (*He points to the ray of sunshine that enters through the little window above the door.*) Look! It's a fine day! We have a little money! We're going to have a wonderful journey of love. We'll take the first train for the North and no one will know where we are!

Thérèse (*Who has taken the keys and is opening the door at the back*).—Yes, my love! (*The door swings open. One sees the quay gilded by the morning sun.* THÉRESE *comes back and hangs the bunch of keys in their place. They go out, closing the door cautiously behind them. The stage remains empty for a moment, then* MADAME CORDIER *enters from the left.*)

Madam Cordier (*After a quick glance towards the back*).—Not in her room and not here. (*She goes to the door on the right and opens it.*) Thérèse! . . . Her bed hasn't been slept in! (*She takes down the bunch of keys and goes to open the door at the back.*) She can be out all night if she chooses, but she mustn't leave the door unlocked and she must be back in time for her morning's work. (*She goes out and opens the shutters at the front*

of the restaurant. Enter two workmen eating, their bread and their knives in their hands. They sit down. MADAME CORDIER *joins them.*)

One of the Workmen (*To* MADAME CORDIER).—A glass of white wine, if you please.

Madame Cordier.—There you are! (*She serves them. They will go out shortly before the entrance of* HIDOUX. *Three young workmen enter and go to the counter.*)

First Workman.—Some coffee, if you please, Madame Cordier, for men who have just had their morning swim.

Madame Cordier.—No coffee this morning, my poor boys. Thérèse didn't get up in time to make it.

First Workman.—Ah! It's her lover's fault. No doubt he wouldn't let her go.

Second Workman.—If that's how it is, we'll excuse her. And we'll take a little apple-brandy, eh, mates?

Third Workman.—Yes, and let's hurry.

First Workman.—Three then, Madame Cordier. (MADAME CORDIER *serves them. Enter the* ENGLISH SAILOR.)

The English Sailor.—Mornin'.

Madame Cordier.—Ah! Good morning! I recognize you. You've come to warn our two boarders. (*To the three young workmen who pay and go out.*) Thank you. Come again.

The English Sailor.—Right ye are, ma'am! Tell 'em the Tenacity'll sail at nine this mornin'.

Madame Cordier.—So they told them yesterday, at the boat. So it's decided! At nine o'clock. I'll call them. Won't you take a little something?

The English Sailor.—A nip o' brandy, ma'am, thank ye kindly. (SÉGARD *enters dressed for traveling.*)

Madame Cordier.—Here's Ségard now. Ségard, it's the sailor from the Tenacity. My boy, you sail this morning at nine o'clock.

Ségard.—Ah! good morning. (*He shakes hands with the sailor.*)

The English Sailor.—Mornin'. You an' your friend wants to come aboard afore nine o'clock.

Ségard.—All right. We're ready.

The English Sailor.—P'raps you'd like a 'and with your luggage.

Ségard.—Thanks! We've already taken a trunk to the boat. There's just a small bag. And there it is now. Bastien must have brought it down. Where is Bastien, by the way?

Madame Cordier.—I haven't seen him yet.

Ségard (*To the sailor*).—No thanks, we can manage the bag.

The English Sailor.—Nine o'clock then, that's when she sails. (*He drinks.*) Well, see you later. (*He goes out.*)

Ségard.—Before very long. This time we're off, Madame Cordier.

Madame Cordier.—Yes, you'll be saying good-bye to us. Just as we began to get used to you.

Ségard.—Oh, not good-bye, Madame Cordier! Only au revoir. We'll find some way of taking a trip to France now and then. I'll come back, I know that I'll come back. I've promised myself to come. And we'll keep in touch by letter . . . Where's Thérèse?

Madame Cordier (*Scoldingly*).—Thérèse, Thérèse! She didn't sleep here last night and she hasn't come back yet this morning!

Ségard.—Where did she sleep?

Madame Cordier.—How do I know? Probably she went to her sister's. It's all the same to me, but she ought to have let me know before hand. And she ought to be back long before this. The restaurant not opened and no hot coffee! (*Enter* Hidoux.)

Hidoux (*With some embarrassment*).—Good morning, Madame Cordier! . . . Good morning, Ségard! (*He shakes hands with them.*) Tell me . . . Thérèse isn't here, is she?

Madame Cordier.—No. Why?

Hidoux.—Nor Bastien either, eh? Has Bastien gone out?

Ségard.—I don't know . . .

Madame Cordier.—We haven't seen him yet.

Ségard.—Did you want him for anything? He brought down my bag. Perhaps he went up to his room again, I'll go and see.

Hidoux.—No, no. It's not worth the trouble, my friend. He isn't there. I've just left him. I only wanted to know . . . if you knew.

Ségard.—What? If we knew that the Tenacity sails this morning?

Hidoux.—No! . . . Well, it's no use beating around the bush. I've just left Bastien and Thérèse at the station. They've run away together.

Madame Cordier (*Completely overcome*).—Oh!

Ségard (*Likewise*).—Thérèse and Bastien? How? Where?

Hidoux (*Taking a letter from his pocket and offering it to* SÉGARD).—Take it, my poor boy! (*While* HIDOUX *talks to* MADAME CORDIER, *who gesticulates*, SÉGARD *sits down on a table and reads the letters. He is overwhelmed.*)

Madame Cordier.—It's no way for a girl to act! When you think that she's been with me for three years, that I've trusted her, made a friend of her! No, you can't tell me! It isn't right!

Hidoux.—Oh, she asked me to make her excuses to you . .

Madame Cordier.—Excuses, is it? A nice mess! Clearing out without so much as a moment's notice! Leaving me all alone like this! (*She turns towards* SÉGARD.) Well, my poor Ségard, you're left stranded too! A nice way your friend has behaved!

Ségard (*To* HIDOUX, *who approaches him*).—He speaks to me about papers . . . about my bag . . . He asks me not to bear him a grudge; he says, Hidoux will explain.

Hidoux.—The explanation isn't complicated; he wanted to amuse himself with Thérèse; He made her pretty speeches, and before he knew it he was caught himself. He's impulsive, you know, and doesn't do things by halves. Almost at once he was in love in good earnest.

Ségard.—Has this been going on long?

Hidoux.—Not more than a week. That is to say, the madness is at its height.

Ségard.—And Thérèse?

Hidoux.—You can be sure that to do what she has done she must have been infected with the same fever. When you've succeeded in winning a woman she adopts you, it's unavoidable. You become the only man in the world; you're her darling, she hungers and thirsts for you. But in catching a girl like Thérése you get caught yourself. Bastien was caught and well caught, like the boy that he is. He was madly in love with her from the very first. And, as she doesn't want to go to Canada, he'll stay in France with her.

Madame Cordier (*Who has begun to sweep the room*).—A lad who seemed as firm as a rock.

Hidoux.—Oh! firm as a rock . . . The arrow of the weather-vane is firm, too, as long as the wind is steady. But that doesn't keep the wind from changing some fine day. (*A silence.*)

Ségard.—Why didn't he tell me anything about it? Why didn't he let me know a week ago how things were going with him?

Madame Cordier.—Yes, you! His friend!

Hidoux.—Do you suppose that he asked himself at the beginning to what this was going to lead? He only knew one thing: that he must have Thérèse, no matter what happened.

Ségard (*Bitterly*).—Oh, he's a man of decision, Bastien is!

Hidoux.—Yes, and his resolution doesn't wholly date from yesterday evening. But up to yesterday evening it may be that it was only a possibility, that he hadn't quite made up his mind; he was a little ashamed of it on your account. And then often when you make a decision you only obey the force of things, and then you don't act till the last possible minute because the course of events may change. His being fond of you made it especially hard for him to tell you about it; so he put it off. And the more he put it off the harder it was to speak. The truth is that he'd have done it yesterday if they hadn't come to tell you the boat was ready. That made the pill still harder for you to swallow, and he didn't have the courage to offer it to you himself. He felt that he was a sneak, you know.

Ségard.—But anyway when he began to have relations with Thérèse he might have told me . . .

Hidoux.—My friend, men tell their good fortunes. But when they're in love they don't talk about it. With women it's just the reverse.—Bastien had posed too long as a man-of-the-world to confess to you that he'd been trapped. He didn't tell me about it till yesterday evening when he couldn't do anything else . . . He's like you, my poor boy: you were too sensitive about the matter to say that you were in love. For you were, too, I have eyes in my head!

Madame Cordier.—Yes . . . and if I expected something it certainly wasn't this . . .

Ségard (*With effort, after a silence*).—What are they going to do? Where have they gone?

Hidoux (*With a vague gesture*).—To the North . . . Bastien plans to go into the huckster's trade somewhere in the liberated regions.

Ségard.—That's not the sort of thing that will please Thérèse.

Hidoux.—With Bastien it will please her. With someone else it might be different . . . (*Silence.*) Ségard, what are you going to do? Your boat sails at nine o'clock. (MADAME CORDIER *approaches and stands motionless, her hands on her hips, beside* HIDOUX. *Both look at* SÉGARD, *who, collapsed on the table,*

stares at the floor. A silence.)

Ségard (*Straightening up*).—I'll go . . . I don't know how it will be . . . But I'll go.

Madame Cordier.—Go alone?

Ségard.—Yes.

Madame Cordier.—Wouldn't you prefer to go home, to return to Paris?

Ségard.—To go home! I wanted to when I first came here. But not now. Besides I've signed a contract, why should I break it? . . . I'm all ready. My trunk is on the boat.

Madame Cordier.—Oh! as for the trunk, Hidoux will go and get it and let them know that you've changed your mind about sailing. What can they do to you?

Hidoux.—Frankly, at bottom, which would you prefer? To return to Paris? To sail? Or just to remain here?

Ségard.—None of them . . . Oh! not to stay here now. . . . Since I've agreed to go I may as well do that as anything . . .

Madame Cordier.—You agreed to go with Bastien, but since he has left you?

Ségard (*In a strangled voice, after a short silence*).—Then Madame Cordier, because Bastien has left me, because Bastien isn't going to Canada now, do you think I won't know how to set out alone? I wasn't as keen to go there as he was! But am I incapable of wanting to go there without him? As a matter of fact this is perhaps the first time that I've felt a real wish, a mournful wish, to set sail!

Hidoux.—Well then, go, my boy, go! Depart!

Madame Cordier.—If I were in his place . . .

Hidoux.—If you were in his place you'd go, you'd follow the current. You see, Madame, there are people like Ségard who are in life like corks on a stream. Sometimes they go to sway and dream in a cove or among the reeds. They will remain there if Fate so wills it. If not, an eddy, and they're dragged from their moorings, whirled along again. That's the way it is most of the time . . .

Ségard.—And the others?

Hidoux.—Some are weather-vanes. That's Bastien's type. They're proud and self-confident because they have a pivot. And they talk about their will, their decision. Then there are others like me. I am free. Free with regard to men but none the less a slave of the winds and the stream, sometimes an old weather-

vane and sometimes an old cork. An old cork always drawn—worse luck—towards the necks of bottles.

Ségard (*After a moment of reflexion*).—But sometimes . . . how shall I put it? . . . Sometimes the stream has two branches, the road forks—

Hidoux.—Often.

Ségard (*Quickly*).—Then you can choose!

Hidoux.—Yes, there are times when you can choose, if you dare. Otherwise the current chooses for you. Yes, sometimes there's an instant in which you can choose. Sometimes, too, my poor Ségard, when there's only room for one, you're shoved aside by someone who is bolder . . . (*A long silence.*) Bah! That doesn't prevent life from being beautiful!

Ségard.—And sad.

Hidoux.—And sad and gay and sad again. Do you think it will be gay for very long, for Bastien, for Thérèse?

Ségard.—What did she say?

Hidoux.—Who do you mean?

Ségard.—Thérèse, what did she say?

Hidoux.—I don't remember . . .

Ségard.—Was she laughing?

Hidoux.—Eh, I know nothing about it. And even if I knew I wouldn't tell you. I only had a glimpse of her. Their train was just starting. Do you fancy for a moment that young people newly in love think of anything but themselves? . . . Well then? What have you decided?

Ségard (*Plaintively*).—I shall go. I prefer to go, far away, all alone. (*A silence.*)

Madame Cordier.—Do you really mean it?

Ségard.—Yes.

Madame Cordier.—You'll take a bite before you go?

Ségard.—No, thank you, Madame Cordier.

Madame Cordier.—Oh yes! This isn't a reason—

Hidoux.—You can't refuse to drink a farewell glass. Madame Cordier! A little bottle of white wine and three glasses.

Ségard (*Hastily*).—No, Madame Cordier, I beg you! No, old friend. I haven't the heart to drink. I couldn't do it.

Hidoux.—Believe me, you're wrong! When a man is in your state—I know what it is—the best thing is a good glass of wine. It takes the weight off your chest. It teaches your sorrow to sing and makes you proud of it. I have seen emigrants drink. Afterwards you'd have thought that they'd just been

made kings and were embarking for their kingdom. (SÉGARD *looks at him, smiling.*) That makes you laugh? Then you can take a glass with us. Madame Cordier!

Ségard.—No, no, old fellow. You're too kind. But it would choke me. See, I prefer to go at once. (*He goes to get his valise.*)

Madame Cordier.—But it's nowhere near nine o'clock. You have any amount of time.

Hidoux.—You have a whole hour yet!

Ségard.—I'd rather, Madame Cordier. I'd rather go aboard now. You see, I'm a little sad. I want to be alone for a while. Once on the boat, good, I won't trouble my head about anything. Will you come along with me, Hidoux?

Hidoux.—If you won't change your mind about going at once. Give me your bag. (*He takes it.*)

Ségard (*Advancing towards* MADAME CORDIER *with outstretched hand*).—Madame Cordier . . .

Madame Cordier.—Well, au revoir, my boy. You've had poor luck with Bastien. But we'll hope that you'll find another comrade out there.

Ségard.—We'll hope so.

Madame Cordier.—And then you have fine weather for starting out, clear sunshine.

Ségard.—It's Bastien who has had fine weather for starting out. I'd rather it were the sort of weather we've been having the last few days . . .

Hidoux (*To* SÉGARD).—At bottom perhaps it's you who have taken the best course, without suspecting it. (*All three go to the door.*)

Ségard (*After a long glance around the little restaurant*).—And perhaps, also, it's I who should have stayed. (*A silence. Then, abruptly.*) Thank you, Madame Cordier, for all your kindness while I've been here. And good-bye.

Madame Cordier (*Taking his hand*).—Write to me when you have time. And don't say good-bye, say au revoir. Won't you be coming back, as you said you would?

Ségard (*Vaguely*).—Perhaps . . . (*He makes a gesture of farewell and goes out with* HIDOUX. MADAME CORDIER *remains for a moment on the door-step and looks in the direction in which* SÉGARD *and* HIDOUX *have gone. Then she stands aisde to let a group of travelers enter the restaurant. They put their bags on a table and sit down.*)

Madame Cordier (*Resting both hands on the table*).—Good morning! What can I serve you?

CURTAIN

BALLADE

BY MARTHA HART BLISS

The birch-log smoulders in the grate,
The hungry flame grows lean and dies,
The last bright embers, red as hate
Gleam in the dark like dragon's eyes.
My mind is toying with surmise
And fire-light dreams disconsolate,
For I have waited for a prize,
And dreamers lose what they await.

The soul that longs insatiate
For that which circumstance denies
Weaves in a fashion intricate
A thousand smooth, consoling lies,
Yet knows, however much it cries
For hope, that truth will penetrate
The gossamers it may devise,
And dreamers lose what they await.

The night is cold, dispassionate,
The lazy-moving smoke-wreaths rise
Like sober tunes in solemn state.
And I to all the world of sighs
Must add another one, that flies
To strike the battered door of Fate.
Yes, I am young, the world is wise,
And dreamers lose what they await.

ENVOI

Love, give me strength that dares and tries,
Love, make me scorn to hesitate.
For I have worn a dreamer's guise,
And dreamers lose what they await.

THE YIDDISH THEATRE

By C. Madison

I

IN recent years some of the Broadway dramatic critics have taken an interest in the Yiddish theatre. Some of them have written concerning it in very laudatory terms. Yet the Yiddish theatre and its history is quite unknown to most people active in the dramatic field. To many it is merely a part of that curious phenomena called the East Side.

It is to acquaint the American reader with the interesting development of the Yiddish theatre, that I am writing this essay. It is my purpose to describe the circumstances that withheld the theatre from the Jews until recently, to present in brief the details of its growth among them up to the present time, and to presage its possible future. Before I can begin my task, however, I consider it necessary to review, very briefly, the conditions which allow the theatre, wherever it is found, to flourish and attain artistic form. With these conditions in mind, one will understand the tardy rise of the Yiddish stage.

The first inkling of the drama is found in the celebrations and sacrifices made to their gods by the victors in battle. These warriors were happy and expressed their joy in dances, games, and chants to their favored god. When Athens reached its glorious century, her citizens were the first to awaken their soul to self-expression. They were the first to master the elements and achieve comparative peace, and in their leisure cultivated a love of the arts. The drama was much patronized, and the tragedies of Sophocles and his fellow-poets have contributed much to the immortality of Greek culture. When Athens began to wane, the arts commenced to languish. Rome, succeeding the Greek capital to world power, was too devoted to the worship of Mars to give ear to Orpheus.

With the rise of Christianity the drama became an outcast: fanatic spirits have a tragedy lacerating their soul and engulfing their entire being. In was not until the Philippine Age, when

Spain had attained the summit of her career, that the drama regained its splendor. Then came the Reformation. The arts that had been revived by the pagan Popes were once more stifled by the zealous Protestants. Happily, England proved the exception. With Elizabeth began England's rise to power. Irreligous, immoral, profane, the Englishmen of that period could rise to great emotional heights and experience profound passions. Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Johnson incarnated the spirit of the times far better than any history. A century later the drama flowered in France. In the luxurious age of Louis XIV, Corneille, Racine, and Moliere produced plays of exquisite but precise beauty. The 18th century saw the lusty bourgeoisie express itself in the *Sturm und Drang* movement, with the romanticists in the fore. Our present democracy has greatly multiplied the audiences, but has not allowed full self-expression.

This cursory glance at the world drama discloses the fact that man must give vent to his feelings and ideas, and that the drama can attain its artistic zenith only when the age is propitious to it and its audience fully appreciative. Thus situated, the theatre can produce its own actors and dramatists; otherwise no propping will keep it from becoming shallow, barren.

II

In the time of Herod, when the Jews were comparatively free from a foreign yoke, theatres were erected in Jerusalem in imitation of the Greeks. But the priests and prophets bore a bitter hatred towards everything pagan, and they violently opposed this new amusement. Later, when Agrippa became king and the Grecian influence was lessened, there is historical evidence that he attended the theatre in Jerulsalem and that the content of the play was Jewish and inoffensive to Simeon the Good. But the drama could not develop at that time for several reasons. While the Greek drama originated in their religious worship, and its tragedies concerned the struggle of human beings against Fate, such a conflict was inconceivable to the Jew. He was already a thorough believer in monotheism, and could not imagine Jehovah to be anything but good and just. To him it seemed ridiculous for any mortal to oppose God; Jehovah was to him almighty and all powerful. An even stronger factor was the Roman subjugation. The prophets and scholars were anxious to fortify the Jewish religion against the attacks of the victorious pagans, and the only weapon they could then wield was that of

repression. They therefore hemmed the minds of the Jews with spiritual bonds, and confined all their thoughts to the just but stern Jehovah. But what essentially undermined the theatre in Palestine was the constant struggle for existence which absorbed the youth of the nation; the element which most espouses the theatre was confined to the battle front or in the guards at the city gates.

During the first ten centuries after Christ, when the Christian Church was certain of the world's destruction in 1000 A. D., the drama was almost extinct. While it was passing thru this barren period, the Jews established the Purimspiel, a parody on the Book of Esther. When and how it was originated is not definitely known. It is recorded as early as 415. In that year many Jews of the Syrian town of Imnestor were seriously punished on the libelous charge of hanging a Christian youth. What really happened was the following. It had become a custom among the Jews to make merry on the day of Purim. Their oppressive and haphazard existence gave them no leisure moments: they were persecuted and massacred by Christian and pagan alike. To alleviate their miseries somewhat, the Rabbis allowed them to rejoice on the day which commemorated their victory over Haman. One of the things the men did was to erect gallows within the synagogue yard, and hang upon it the effigy of Haman as the symbol of Jewish oppression. After this figure was mocked at and all the wits had made merry at its expense, the gallows were set afire. Thru a coincidence or the prank of a wit, the burned image resembled a crucifix. This angered the Christians and resulted in the libelous charge.

About the ninth century the Purimspiel became a mere imitation of the then licentious Shrove-Tuesday. As no women were allowed within the synagogue yard that day, the pious scholar and rabbinical student competed in coarseness: the more foul the dialogue the better was it liked. It is needless to state that no drama could have developed from such a ribaldrous situation.

In the early days of the Renaissance plays in Hebrew were written and performed in the private homes of the wealthy Italian and Spanish Jews. But this was soon stopped by the Rabbis. They still considered the theatre as a sacrilegious instititution, and excommunicated Moses H. Luzzato, the chief writer of these plays, because of his interest in the Kabbalah. The text in Deuteronomy, "Cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and

cursed shalt thou be when thou goest out," was interpreted by Targum as applied exclusively to the patrons of the theatres and circuses. There is also a decision by Samuel Aboab, a Venetian Rabbi, who lived in the 17th century, in which he tells of the divine displeasure at the establishment of a theatre in Venice "in the camp of the Hebrews where men, women, and children gather together to hear the words of mockery and folly of the mouth, and the modest daughters of Israel consort with the petulant transgressors of the Mosaic Law." This intolerance compelled the Jewish dramatists to write for the stage of the country they lived in; Roderigo da Kota and Antonio Enriquez de Gomez in Spain, and Jose de Silva in Portugal acquired some prominence thereby.

Another hindrance to the development of the drama now arose from the language. Most Jews were no longer speaking Hebrew, and at that time Yiddish was just taking root and was looked at with contempt among the more learned Jews. Until Yiddish became the established language, and Jewish authors accustomed to the "jargon," the establishment of the theatre had to be deferred.

In the meanwhile the Purimspiel was performed annually wherever Jews were found. Its plot became more intricate. Instead of a single dialogue, several people, impersonating historical characters, acted out regular scenes, intermingling them with popular folk-songs. As Yiddish became more common, that language was used. The first recorded performance in that dialect was given at Tannenhausen, Germany. The plot had a local character in it, and the aim of the author was to pervert words, ideas, and characters, to amuse his audience the more. Thus he made a villain out of Mordecai, and almost a hero out of Haman. All would have been well had not the farce been published. For when the Jews read with sober minds what they had heard with lewd spirits, they were stung to the quick and had it burned publicly in Frankfort-am-Main.

This somewhat changed the character of the Purimspiel, and in 1710 we find a certain Baerman producing his *The Sale of Joseph* in the same city. The play created a sensation among the Jews of the vicinity, and it continued for four weeks. Eight years later the students of the Prague Rabbi, David Oppenheim, performed a new Purimspiel in a regular theatre and with an orchestral accompaniment.

One might think that with a play given under the auspices of a Rabbi, the synagogue was beginning to tolerate the theatre.

This was not so. Nineteen hundred years after Herod, the pious Jew still considered the theatre as the "home of vulgarity." He might tolerate one day of merrymaking, and even gladly participate in it, but he thought it necessary to seek his pleasures in the service of Jehovah during the remainder of the year. And thus it continued for another century and a half.

III

The great mass of Jews were living within the Russian Empire. In the early part of the 19th century there arose a reform (*Haskolah*) movement among the more intellectual class of Russian Jews. As its German prototype, it too propagated religious and social changes. But its adherents were too few in number and too much in discord among themselves to exercise any influence.

The Yiddish "jargon" was by this time firmly established among the Jews, and was rapidly becoming a literary medium. The Jewish authors who still wrote in Hebrew realized that if they desired to be read they better write in the language known to most Jews. In 1826 one of these writers, Ettinger, wrote a comedy in Yiddish, called *Serkele*. Aksenfeld and Gottlober did likewise. They expected only to be read, since there was no thought of a theatre; but in giving life and individuality to their characters, they helped to create a sentiment for one.

In the 50's of the last century singers began to appear in the Jewish cafes of Odessa and elsewhere. A generation later their number was quite formidable. Because of the competition among them, some added new features to their songs: they began to dress in costumes befitting the content of the songs they rendered, some added a little prose in introduction, and one of them, Grodner, performed an entire sketch to introduce a song called *The Thief*. All these songs were the compositions of the popular Yiddish poets, and were soon heard in the home and workshop.

About this time Abraham Goldfaden appeared on the scene. Born in 1840, his father sent him to the Zhitomir Rabbinical School while a mere child, to have him avoid being drafted into the army of Nicholas I. While there *Serkele* was produced with the aid of Mrs. Slominsky, the wife of the principal, and Goldfaden was given the leading role. Upon graduation he went to Odessa to teach. There he soon married. To increase his income he entered the millinery business, only to leave it as a bankrupt.

In 1875 he went to Munich to study medicine, and began to publish a humoristic weekly instead. Failing again, he went to Yassi, Roumania, where he met Grodner. As the poet was penniless, an evening was arranged for his benefit, where he was to recite some of his compositions. That night he appeared in evening dress, and sang a few of his songs. To his surprise the audience was quite unappreciative. Grodner saved the evening by coming on the stage dressed as a *chasid* and accompanying his songs with adequate mimicry.

His dealings with Grodner resulted in the establishment of the first Yiddish theatre. Goldfaden did not expect the intelligent class of Jews to patronize him. Most of them were still antagonistic to Yiddish, and for those who tolerated the language he could not provide worthy plays and actors. And to cater to the cafe audiences with any success, he had to begin with something they were already familiar. His first attempt was a medley of songs and witty dialogue, with Grodner and his assistant, Goldstein performing. This occurred in July, 1876. After visiting some of the smaller towns, the trio arrived in Bucharest. There Goldfaden organized a company of cafe and choir singers, among whom were Mogulesko and Zukerman, for which he wrote crude farces with a goodly portion of song and jest. The audience being limited, he had to provide a new program every few days.

Harmony soon fled from the company. Jealousy of Mogulesko caused Grodner to put up shop for himself. Several months later Mogulesko followed suit. These eruptions could easily happen since the main requirement of an actor was the ability to sing, and there were many singers only too willing to join a theatrical troupe. And as copyright was then unknown in Roumania, there was no lack of plays.

Prosperity came to all with the outbreak of the Turko-Russian War. The Russian commissariat made Bucharest its headquarters, and a swarm of Russian Jews were in its wake to serve and be served. Money flowed freely; and in the search for diversion, the theatre was discovered. But when the war ended the good fortune of the theatre vanished. The audiences shrank in size, while the number of actors continually increased. Goldfaden, hoping for fame as well as success, followed the Jewish contractors to Russia.

When he arrived in Odessa, he found some of his former actors already established in one of the halls. With them was Jacob Adler, who had been engaged in that city. As Russia had

a copyright law, and as the residing company performed his works, Goldfaden compelled it to leave the city. He then sent his secretary to Bucharest to raise five thousand roubles and return with the company. When it arrived, the old farces were repeated with some success. After a little inconvenience over a government permit to play in Yiddish, because of a libel, Goldfaden rented the Marinsky Theatre. With time the theatrical family grew in numbers, and another troupe was outfitted for the provincial cities. As this outfit was small, it had to accept local talent whenever needed. This gave David Kessler his opportunity when the company sojourned in Kishinev, and the future Kenie Lipzin in Smele. Thus most of the future stars began their career when the theatre was still in its infancy.

I have already remarked about the ease with which the theatre acquired its histrionic material. Let me elaborate. The Jews of the preceding generation were still very pious. They had no social intercourse with their Gentile neighbours, and still considered them heathens for not believing in Jehovah. It was only when the liberal laws of Alexander II gave the Jewish youth the necessary impetus to a more general education, that the erstwhile rabbinical students first saw the worldly side of life. And this reacted very severely upon their old modes of life: they could nevermore return. With their help, even "the tailor and shoemaker apprentices" began to see the light; the synagogue could no longer attract them. Thus severed from their former life, and desirous of entering the ways of the world, they fell easy prey to the lure of the footlights. To them it meant a life of leisure and irresponsibility, with fame and high life into the bargain; they entered the theatre knowing that it had neither riches nor respectability in store. In consequence of this phenomenon, the Yiddish theatre was freed from a great hindrance—religious intolerance.

The owner of the Marinsky Theatre, a Greek, becoming aware of Goldfaden's financial success, proposed to have some share in it. This Goldfaden would not allow. The ambitious Greek then communicated with Mogulesko and several other actors who had become dissatisfied with Goldfaden's treatment of them, organized a new company, and had it play in his theatre after he had evicted the residing troupe. Unable to rent another playhouse in Odessa, Goldfaden took his organization on the road. In Nicholaev he first produced his historical operetta, *Shulamis*, which proved very successful. With this play the Yiddish

theatre entered upon a new era; it was a work full of merit, and served for many years as model to all his imitators.

In the meanwhile the Greek had become financially embarrassed, and was forced to dispose of his playhouse to one Lerner, who had become interested in the theatre with the idea of improving it. While in charge of the enterprise he translated and had performed *Uriel Akosta* and *The Jewess*, from the German and French respectively. To his assistance came most of the Yiddish writers; they now saw great possibilities for the theatre. Goldfaden, hearing of the change, quickly returned to Odessa. Thru his diplomatic maneuvers he succeeded in resuming control of the Marinsky Theatre. Soon after, he produced his second historic operetta, *Bar Kochbah*, with Mogulesko as his musical collaborator. Its success was unquestioned.

Those interested in the advancement of the Yiddish theatre became quite optimistic. They felt certain that it was only a question of time before it would be ranked with the leading theatres of Europe. It was therefore with the suddenness of lightning and with the force of a thunderclap that the governmental ukase prohibiting Yiddish performances within the realms of the Russian Empire came within their midst. This was 1883. All the Yiddish actors were panic-stricken. Many returned to Roumania, some went to Galicia, others to Germany. In none of them could they gain a firm footing.

The ukase worked its greatest havoc with Goldfaden. All his plans were frustrated. It was he who had nourished the seed of the Yiddish theatre until it was about to bloom into full flower. He had worked continually for its success; his fortunes could no longer be dissociated from the enterprise; it had become a part of his life. When the ominous law was proclaimed he was in his prime both as playwright and manager. Within a few days he found himself bereft of his theatre, his actors, his career. Never again did he recuperate sufficiently to create anything approaching his *Shulamis*.

The further history of the Yiddish theatre in Europe is not a very happy one. In 1888 J. B. Gimbel received a governmental permit to open a Yiddish theatre in Lemberg. His company played with middling prosperity. In 1890 the troupe was enlarged by the entrance of Regina Prager and Bertha Kalish, both of Lemberg. Kalish had sung in the chorus of the Polish theatre previously, and soon became the prima donna. At this time Goldfaden has just returned from an unsuccessful trip to New

York, and was induced to enter the organization. He remained only a short time, however; he could not be in anyone's hire. He went to Bucharest, inducing Kalish to follow him, and produced his old and new plays. Unable to keep Kalish, she soon accepting an offer to play in the Roumanian National theatre, Goldfaden's theatre could not thrive. Galloping to fame, Kalish was next engaged by one of the Jewish theatre managers of New York. Nor was she the only one to be thus tempted. Every actor that showed any promise was gobbled up by the American managers.

With the beginning of the present century it was made possible to operate an Yiddish theatre in Warsaw. It did not prosper, however. The youth, who normally compose the bulk of the theatre audiences, were then in the throes of the revolutionary movement. This left the theatre in the control of the banal. Vladeck (Charny) writes in the *Theatre World* for January 1909 that "living in the atmosphere of part indifference and part contempt, the Yiddish theatre gropes in the dark, almost strangled by its own helplessness . . . Given as a sacrifice to the unintelligent petty bourgeoisie, the proletariat being absorbed in the struggle for political and economic freedom, they do not dare to consider themselves artists and the theatre as something better than a Purimspiel."

After 1904, when the restrictions were lessened, the intellectuals began to agitate for a better drama. They did not understand that the purpose of the Yiddish theatre was to amuse the people first of all, and that it can never rise above their own level. And Dr. Eliashev truly writes in *The Yiddishe Welt* of April, 1913, that "the Jewish intelligencia ought not to expect an art theatre to arise out of the present folk-theatre, but rather from our own forces, who should try to create something new, and not attempt to reform something which naturally has no desire for the reforms proposed by the intelligencia." When the plays of Peretz, Sholom Aleichem, Sholom Asch, and others were produced, they found no financial approval.

In 1908 Peretz Hirshbein organized a company of professional and amateur actors, among whom was Jacob Benami, for the purpose of producing artistic plays. They began in Odessa and toured Southern Russia, but disbanded after a two year struggle.

In Warsaw two regular theatres were in operation until the recent war. The one led by Rachel Kaminsky was similar to the American theatres, playing the best current dramas. On the whole, Europe offered little, and those interested in the Yiddish theatre placed their hopes in America.

IV

The same government that had so arbitrarily uprooted the blossoming Yiddish theatre, had effected two years earlier the horrible pogroms which brought sorrow and distress to every Jewish heart. In their despair the Jews turned to America, the land of freedom, hospitality, wealth. They went *en masse*. Thousands after thousands arrived to these sympathetic shores. They came in families and singly. Fathers, elder sons and daughters, crossed the ocean as pioneers, with the hope of creating a home for their most beloved. The clothing factories, the cigar lofts, and shops of other manufactories received most of these immigrants; a number became peddlers of sundry goods.

These newcomers were of three kinds. The first were the intellectuals, who had participated in the revolutionary movement until forced to escape to a freer clime. They came to this country in a moody, dissatisfied, hopeless state. They were idealists of a pure dye; and the materialism with which this country had just become enamored was truly disappointing to them. Free from persecution, however, they dreamed their dreams. The cafe or club became their nightly meeting place, and there they discussed the world problems for hours together. As they sipped their tea or smoked, their fancy lifted them into an ideal Russia. But these were few in number.

The second group was of the passing generation. The massacres shook them out of their narrow synagogue life, and thrust them upon these shores. Dire necessity forced them to join the ranks of the proletariat. These, too, were at first dissatisfied with "atheistic" America, and looked at everything American with suspicious eyes. But their discontent ebbed away as their attention was again given to the synagogue. They began to devote their leisure hours to meetings, the building of new synagogues, and in enlarging their cemetery grounds, and thus soon forged the broken link between their former and present modes of life.

The largest number of immigrants, however, belonged to the third division. Before the massacres had sent them hurry-scurry to the United States, they used to ply their trades during the week and attend the synagogue on the Sabbath. They still respected the Rabbi, but most of them had already lost their awe for and fear of Jehovah. They were the ones to make up the actors and audience for the annual Purimspiel. Those of them who were able to read Yiddish, and most of them had an elementary

knowledge of the language, were becoming more interested in the novels of Dick and Scheikewitz than in a religious dissertation; and in their workshops the synagogue hymn was being replaced by the popular folk-song. When these people came here and saw the almost unbelievable difference between their former environment and present surroundings, they were at first bewildered; they found themselves in the midst of strange people with stranger habits, and whose very mode of life was a discovery to them. When their first emotion of awe subsided, and the majestic modernity of New York no longer intimidated them, they experienced a feeling of loneliness. They had too much time on their hands; their evenings were unoccupied. They had no desire to read, and politics did not interest them. At first they promenaded the streets to display their new clothes and jewelry, but soon grew tired of it. The cinematograph was not yet in existence, and their lack of English barred them from the theatres.

In Russia the Jews had three sources of diversion. These were supplied by the *magid* or lay preacher, the cantor, and the *badchon* or town minstrel. The first's moralizing eloquence thrilled and elevated them as only tragedy could. The cantor was thoroughly enjoyed and functions among them to the present time. The impromptu rhymes of the *badchon*, witty or sad according to the occasion, accelerated their festivities and intensified their sorrows. The first and third of these diversions were too antiquated to gain a foothold in America, where life was much different from that of Europe; they had to be discarded together with the other medieval customs. As a substitute the Yiddish theatre would have been a godsend. Nor was it a total stranger to these immigrants. Some of them had seen a play or two in Russia, and most of them remembered and sang the popular ballads of the day. Ennui urged them to create a theatre.

They would rejuvenate the ukase-stifled theatre. With the religious obstacle removed, and with a ready audience, the matter was comparatively easy. It was as easy to prognosticate the form it would assume. Uncivilized, lacking the fineness of the cultured, its sponsors gave vent to their feelings at all occasions. Not as free with their fists as their Christian brethen of the same station in life, they used their tongues with greater alacrity. Men and women cursed as a matter of course, not realizing with what repulsion the foul words, strike the sensitive ear. Wanting grace and delicacy, they lived and cursed, laughed or cried, as their mood prompted them. And the pleasures and amusements of such people must perforce be in their own image.

V

In one of the cigar factories of New York, Boris Tomashevsky was employed. Lately from the famous choir of Nissen Belzer, and still quite young, his consuming ambition was to become an actor. Among his fellow workers he was considered a first rate singer, and whenever they sang the current folksongs, it was he who directed them. One of the workers had two brothers in London acting in *Coldunie*, a popular operetta. When Tomashevsky heard of this, he desired to bring them to New York. Not having the needed capital, he induced Frank Wolf, a friendly saloonkeeper, to finance the enterprise. When the London troupe arrived, the ambitious youth managed to have his name among the list of actors. The botchy performances of these actors did not attract the people as expected, and the entrepreneur returned to his saloonkeeping. This was in September, 1882.

Despite this greeting, Golubock, who was the chief actor of the defunct troupe, rented the Old Bowery Garden, gathered the few actors, and began to give two performances weekly. Not to be outdone, Tomashevsky, aided by his numerous family relations, became Golubock's competitor. The following summer a new group of actors arrived from London. Unable to compete with the new company it having real actors, Golubock went to seek his fortunes in Chicago, while the Tomashevsky family sought a haven in Philadelphia. The remaining actors performed most of Goldfaden's plays, now and then producing the concoctions of Joseph Lateiner, who acted as their playwright. Their success was nominal. Willing as the audiences were to support their idols, they were still too few. No other group of Jews would as yet patronize the theatre. The intellectuals regarded it with contempt; the farces played there only repelled them. They rather went to see Booth, Barret, and Jefferson, who were then performing the plays of Shakespeare and other famous dramatists. The religious element could not be expected to come, thinking of the theatre as they did. And those Jews who were becoming Americanized were too timorous to be seen at a Yiddish play; they dreaded for the sobriquet "green horn."

In 1886 Mogulesko came with a new company of actors, among whom were David Kessler, Leon Blank, and others. The playwright M. Hurwitz was with them. Two theatres were soon in operation, and the meager box-office receipts were hardly enough to keep the actors from going hungry. Jealousy ran rampant; gossip and slander became impertinent weapons. To

add to their adversity, Goldfaden arrived on the scene. He was received with coolness and suspicion; they remembered his commandeering ways. When he was engaged as the director of one of the theatres, the actors refused to be directed; he could no longer inspire them with the respect they had for him in Europe. He had to submit. When he toured the provincial cities he was no more successful. He became a journalist. But after a year of incessant struggle, he left America, disheartened, and disappointed.

Having disposed of their teacher, the struggle for existence between the two companies began anew. For a time M. Hurwitz and his theatre were the more prosperous. He organized the David's Harpe Lodge, whose members were obliged to buy two theatre tickets monthly. This enterprise was quite successful for a time, and the lodge's membership numbered 900, but its organizer pulled the strings too hard and they broke.

In 1890 Jacob Adler was engaged to play in New York. He had been in America before, bringing with him his London organization, but he could not find a theatre in New York, and as his Chicago audiences were too small, he had returned to London. When he appeared in New York, he was acclaimed by his audiences. This aroused the jealousy of Mogulesko and Heine, of the same company; they rented the large Thalia Theatre wherein they played with recruits from the established playhouses. This stimulated competition between the several managers for theatres, actors, and playwrights. These three articles changed hands overnight. The kaleidescopic changes that occurred between the years 1891-1893 cause one to wonder why none went bankrupt.

VI

The Yiddish dramatist plays a very important part in the affairs of the theatre. He usually writes for only one company, and not infrequently is one of the owners. Especially was this the custom during the first two decades of the theatre's existence in America. In the 90's when the conflict and strife among the theatrical entrepreneurs was reduced to normal competition, two large theatres were performing regularly, with Lateiner and Hurwitz as their chief playwrights. For almost a decade no author was able to have his plays produced without the consent of these two men. What progress the theatre made during this time was due entirely to them.

One having an intelligent knowledge of the drama, cannot examine their plays without finding them violating all dramatic

laws but one, that of action. But this was their redeeming feature. One must remember the period in which they were written. The audiences were still artistically undeveloped and uncritical. When they entered the theatre after a day of exhaustive toil, they wished to laugh heartily, and cry without restraint, and were not very particular how these emotions were aroused. A vulgar insinuation cleverly made would bring forth an uproar of laughter, and a piteous tear in the heroine's eye was responded to in full measure. These auditors knew of no dramatic subtleties; and artistic motivation was not prerequisite to their enjoyment of any play.

Lateiner and Hurwitz were honest hackwriters. They believed it to be their business to fit their plays to their audiences even as a dressmaker fits a dress. They provided for laughter at certain periods during the play and stuff for tears at others; and they never omitted those passages that bring applause to the leading actor. They thus made their melodramas of a tragic cloth with burlesque trimmings. The characters were either angelic or the devil incarnate. The hero possessed highly developed emotions and overflowing passions; he was ever on the verge of destruction until the last act, when the tables were turned, willy-nilly, to the utter ruin of the villain. In fact the audience did not know when the play was to end until the leading actor was beginning to unravel the plot against him. The business of the comedian was to be in the hero's service, and the more extreme his methods were in foiling the villain, the funnier was he supposed to be; to this purpose the author allowed him many liberties.

These playwrights had no originality, no artistic sense. Most of their later plays were mere Yiddishized concoctions of foreign plays. These disciples of Goldfaden did not give the theatre his Yiddish atmosphere; they were unable to create such caricatures as *Kulni-lemel* and *Schmendrik*, who live up to the present day. Their characters became mere bubbles, bursting and vanishing at the close of the play. While their master's farces and operettas were saturated with mother-wit and folk-melodies, their melodramas contained the smut and rag time tunes of the Bowery.

The actors on their part knew no more about the technic of dramatic art than any rank amateur. Their expressions and gestures were crude and exaggerated; their manners concurred with the extremeness of the atmosphere; their idea of histrionics was to be unnatural; they hollered and squeaked, walked stridedly

or creeped, and gesticulated as if mad. Their dress was as grotesque. They gave one the impression of overgrown children at playacting.

Thus the three components of the theatre, author, actor and audience, worked in perfect harmony to produce the bizarre tools that are ever needed to break up the golden ore.

VII

Jacob Gordin came to New York in 1890. Born thirty-seven years earlier, he was a Russian journalist for twenty years before his revolutionary activities made flight imperative. In his various attempts to gain a livelihood, he came in contact with the theatre. Being intimately acquainted with the European drama, he could not but regret the banality within the Yiddish theatre. At first he could see no vulnerable point for attack. Lateiner and Hurwitz seemed to have the patent-rights to produce Yiddish plays, and their autocratic power did not apparently irritate anyone directly concerned.

But the longer Gordin studied the theatrical situation, the more convinced he became that underneath this seeming content there seethed a radical dissatisfaction. Especially did he notice it in his conversations with the better class actors. These had been observing the leading actors on the American stage, and were rapidly learning how to act. And a study of the world dramas convinced them that only good plays can truly give histrionic advancement. They therefore sought an opportunity to unseat the reigning playwrights. This Gordin furnished them.

Gordin wrote a number of plays. His first, *Siberia*, was accepted by Kenie Lipzin and produced in the Union Theatre. Bessie Tomashevsky narrates that "it was soon known in our theatrical world that in the Union Theatre they were producing a very singular play; they spoke as common people do at home, and wholly unlike actors must speak . . . The play did not impress the audience much because they were unused to such works, and could not understand it." His second drama, *The Pogrom*, was produced in The Roumania Opera House. He was given sixty dollars for it, and five dollars a night for appearing as the police captain.

The Yiddish theatre greatly advanced with the coming of Gordin. Tho his first plays were not successful financially, they at once revolutionised the stage. One must not conclude that these plays were masterpieces. Hardly literary, their technique

was not free from crudities. He created his characters not with the pigments of the artist but by the use of a dripping paint brush; his motivation was weak; and the clownish element was not lacking. Yet they were far in advance of the plays of his contemporaries. And in his latter dramas he was much more mature as a dramatist, and his delineation of character became much finer. His *Mirele Efras*, *Kreutzer Sonata*, *King Lear*, etc. . . . contain real people truly depicted. His great weakness as a dramatist was his inability to control his characters. He was able to put them on the stage, but in his quandary how to have them proceed, he lost command of them. This prevented him from reaching the depth of soul, the peculiar substance of his leading creations.

Gordin's chief virtue lay in the influence he exerted upon the Yiddish theatre. He established the responsibility upon the author to have each scene become a necessary and vital part of the construction. He made the actor to realize that every word he utters must further the action of the play as well as develop his character. How zealous he was in the last may be gathered from the following incident. While playing as the police captain, a Jewish woman had to bribe him with some delicacies in one scene. In doing this, she added a curse in an aside. Forgetting that he was on the stage, Gordin pounded his fist on the table and cried out: "Stop that! this is not in the text." A great innovation in his plays was his simple, natural Yiddish; this in direct contrast to the grotesque German of his colleagues. Again, Gordin's comedian was no longer the burlesque caricature of before, but as human as the other characters in the play. It must be remembered, however, that all these improvements could not have taken place, had not his dramas had the power to grip and hold the interest of the audience.

In consequence of these changes, Lateiner and Hurwitz were divested of their predominant influence. This gave the younger aspirants an opportunity. The first to enter the mystical stage-door, opened by Gordin, was Leon Kobrin, whose short stories had already become features. Isadore Zolotarevsky was the next to produce acceptable plays. The third to make his successful debut was Zelig Libin, whose masterly descriptions of Jewish life in America had given him some popularity.

The better actors were eager to promote this change. They realized that this would not only advance their fame, but would also drive off the stage the more bombastic of their colleagues. The first to benefit thereby was Jacob Adler. Performing Gor-

din's and Shakespeare's plays, he attracted the more intelligent of the playgoers. But the other actors were not to be outshone. In their reaction from the Lateinerised trash, they ushered in a truly golden period. Schiller, Goethe, Zuderman, Tolstoy, and many more of the world's chief dramatists were exploited to the full. Bessie Tomashevsky points out that "while Kessler, Lipzin, Kalish, Moskowitch, and the other actors were creating their fame, we in the people's Theatre were creating our fortunes. Well . . . ."

American critics often came to these theatres, and left with the conviction that the Bowery had become the home of good drama. Broadway managers came with the hope of engaging some of the leading actors, and left with Bertha Kalish as their chief prize. To balance this, some of the Jewish actors who had been playing on the non-Yiddish stage came to act before their own people. Outstanding among these were first Morris Morrison and later Rudolph Schildkraut, both of the German theatre.

In the first heat of enthusiasm those in charge of the Yiddish theatre had carried the pendulum much too far. The audience had been fed too long with the stereotyped melodrama and operetta, to relish an overdose of good drama. Had the sponsors not been so crude in the management of their innovations, had they made the new plays more palatable to the Lateiner-Hurwitzised taste, the audiences might not have been so violent in their expostulations. But no. The men who were put to translate the non-Yiddish dramas knew nothing of dramatic art; their only virtue was a dabbling knowledge of the foreign language; their selection was governed by the lowness of remuneration. As a result the audiences were treated to miserably-translated tragedies and comedies, with the very names of the characters a mystery to them. Is it any wonder they hankered for a return of the fleshpots?

Other causes hastened this return. At the beginning of this century the actors were still being paid on a co-operative basis. A dollar was divided into one thousand marks of parts. All the actors, including the manager and author, received a certain portion of these marks, each according to his appraised worth. Every week the net profit was divided into a thousand parts, and the quotient became the value of the mark. Sometimes this would amount to only a few cents. This was well enough when the theatre was conducted in the circus spirit and the actors were young and irresponsible; but when the theatre became a re-

spectable institution and the actors husbands and fathers, sufficient salaries were required. To bring this about, the actors organized into a union. After a strike they came out victorious. This necessitated a greater and continued prosperity for the theatre, and the managers' first action was to discard the better plays; if Shakespeare was unable to swell their income, Lateiner was at least reliable. To satisfy their consciences, the leading actors, some of them their own managers, would now and then produce one of the more literary plays; these were called "honor" plays to distinguish them from the regular "bread" plays.

Nor was this all. The plays of Ibsen or even of Gordin were unable to compete with the cinematograph and Yiddish vaudeville. This became especially evident after the 1905 Massacre had brought a new swell of immigration. These latest sufferers were as dramatically immature as were their brethren in 1881. Elaborate spectacles and highly colored melodramas best suited their taste; and these morsels were not unpalatable to the more experienced playgoers, at least more so than the gibberish that was once a Zuderman or Schiller drama. The managers were eager to please; they succeeded, but at what a cost! There began a series of *Jewish Hearts* (Lateiner), and *Jewish Souls* (I. Baer), and Jewish what not. These productions were hyperbolical melodramas purported to draw many tears and much laughter, and tho not as botchy as the concoctions a decade back, they could only be excused as training material for the newcomers. Isadore Zolotarevsky led the way to these financial triumphs. Unmindful of the incompatibility and artificiality of these plays, the audiences thoroughly enjoyed them; in the grotesque evolution of the plots, these people saw some semblance to their own humdrum life. The exaggerated praise of everything Jewish in these melodramas especially pleased them; they were then undergoing a transmutation from the European to the American Ghetto, and were eager to have the Jewishness bolstered up.

Prosperity was in high tide. Only plays of the Zolotarevsky model had any vogue. Those who would not stoop suffered accordingly. When Sholom Aleichem came to New York, two of his comedies were produced, but in spite of his great popularity as an author, they were withdrawn within a week. The plays of David Pinsky met the same fate. *The God of Vengeance* of Sholom Asch proved a moderate exception, but on the whole, the only asylum for worthy plays was to be had in the amateur dramatic clubs. These organizations were found in every Jewish

center, and they produced a number of excellent dramas in a praiseworthy manner. And many of the participants later graduated as professional actors, where they became the moving spirit for a better theatre.

It must not be thought that New York is the only American city having Yiddish theatres. Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and many of the larger cities are in possession of one or more Yiddish playhouses. Those cities where no independent theatre exists are visited by the New York companies. On the whole, however, the metropolitan theatres are the heart and soul of the Yiddish drama in America.

During these years Goldfaden, Gordin, Mogulesko, Hurwitz, and some of the others who had helped to establish the Yiddish theatre in America, passed awav.

VIII

Within this state of mediocrity the Yiddish theatre remained until the season of 1918-1919. During the preceding decade the only requisites for the success of a play were constant action and an underlying moral. Experience made the critical faculties of some of the playgoers more exacting; long apprenticeship taught them to differentiate between the chaff and the grain; plays below a certain standard could not gain their patronage. But of such there were not enough to assert their taste upon the permanent policy of a theatre until 1918. At the same time many of the younger actors became conscious of the rut they were in, and longed to rise above it. They desired to be rid of the actor-manager system, wherein the stellar performer gave no thought but to his own glorification.

In the summer of that year Morris Schwartz, Benami, and some of their admirers gathered enough capital to lease the Irving Place Theatre, a former German playhouse, and enough artistically inclined players to compose a well balanced company. The sentiment against literary plays was still so strong, that many friends of Schwartz, the new producer, advised him to open the theatre with a play that would establish the enterprise on a firm financial basis. He heeded to this advice and put forth a worthless melodrama. The audience that was attracted by the fame of the actors consisted of intelligent playgoers, and was very disappointed with this initial effort. The production failed. Schwartz then produced *The Secluded Corner* (*Dos Fervorfen Vinkel*), by Peretz Hirshbein. The author's name was weighty

enough to bring back the same audience. They saw an excellently acted comedy, amusing without being vulgar. Acclamation was inevitable.

The Secluded Corner portrays the simple and natural life of the Jews in the Lithuanian villages. The characters are finely drawn, their actions elemental, naïve. The love between the devoted Tzirel and headstrong Noah is so healthy, so saturated with a bucolic atmosphere, that they easily ingratiate themselves in the playgoer's heart. The audience is made to feel that the petty jealousies and affected animosities of their parents is only temporary, that they are too good natured to have any evil result. The play contains no bombastic rhetoric, no rude jests, no forced problems, nothing but what the audience might see and hear in their own homes. For fourteen weeks it was the joy of the lover of the drama.

Tho *The Secluded Corner* was still filling the theatre, it was withdrawn in order to produce a much heralded comedy from the pen of Moishe Nadir (I. Reis). The play, *Success*, was advertised as a literary comedy written in the author's richest vein. When it was staged, the audience was presented with a plot concerning literary people but otherwise quite banal. Nadir wanted to write a satire on the Yiddish literary world and produced a botchy burlesque.

It was severely criticised and had to be withdrawn at once. It was replaced by another of Hirshbein's folk-comedies, *The Blacksmith's Daughters* (*Dem Schmid's Techter*), and was played for the remainder of the season. This comedy is a sister play to *The Secluded Corner*, tho lacking somewhat the atmosphere and background of the last. Yet this work has a freshness, a beautiful naïveness, a humourous lovableness, which pervades the audience and gives it the feeling of youthfulness. It is rich in humor and dramatic action; there is constant movement, accompanied by soft laughter, which arises from the fact that the daughters are twins and their lovers greatly resemble one another. The two girls are finely delineated: one is of a mischievous nature and selfish, the other mild and weak-willed.

These two comedies would have established the worth of Schwartz as a producer, but he brought forth many more dramas of meritorious value during the season. This was made possible because of the "week" system prevailing in the Yiddish theatres. A "week" consists of five performances, those on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, and on Saturday and Sunday matinees.

The remaining four nights are devoted to "society" and "honor" performances. Any organization may contract for a certain sum to have some play from the company's repertoire acted before its members and sympathisers, the contractor to have charge of all tickets for that performance. The "honor" nights are given for the benefit of the more important actors, and on such occasions the honored performer chooses a play in which he or she excels. Thru the latter medium many of the best European dramas were performed in Yiddish, among them being *Hedda Gabler*, *Die Schmeterling Schlacht*, *Professor Bernhardi*, *Samson and Delilah*, *Father*, *The Ideal Husband*, *The Power of Darkness*, etc. . . . The one to benefit most was David Pinsky, the following of his plays having been staged: *The Treasure*, *Isaak Sheftel*, *The Pitfalls of Love*, and *Gabri and the Women*.

The astounding success of the company headed by Schwartz, encouraged Benami, Henrietta Schnitzer, and Emanuel Reicher to oganize The Jewish Art Theatre. They set out with very high intentions. Reicher was made the *regisseur* of the company, and with the aid of Benami, the most intelligent Yiddish actor, success seemed assured.

The Irving Place Theatre, minus some of the actors that followed Benami to the Art Theatre, but still in possession of a goodly, well balanced company, began the 1919-1920 season with Sholom Aleichem's *Tevieh*. This comedy proved much more pleasing to the public than was thought, and ran for a number of weeks. Later in the season Schwartz secured Jennie Valier, a German actress. She was starred in *The Dancer* by Langiel, the Hungarian dramatist, and proved to be the sensation of the year. Her acting is truly excellent, and her European training is of the highest. Later in the year she played in Gordin's *Kreutzer Sonata* with even more superior skill. Another play that scored very highly was Gorki's *Submerged;* here Schwartz acted as a true artist.

The Jewish Art Theatre first produced *The Idle Inn* (*Die Puste Kretchme*) of Hirshbein. This play deals with the superstitious atmosphere surrounding an idle inn. The characters are very similar to his other plays in that they are naïve country folk. The success of the comedy became more and more evident with the passing weeks, and it was taken off only because of the management's policy to produce a new play about once a month. During the season there were staged Hauptmann's *Lonely Lives*, Pinsky's *The Dumb Messiah* (*Der Stummer Meshiach*), *Samson and Delilah*, and other dramas of merit.

The Broadway critics are very enthusiastic over these theatres. In The Nation of December 13, 1919, Ludwig Lewisohn writes of The Jewish Art Theatre, and says in part: "In its ideals and institutions this is quite easily the noblest theatrical enterprise now existing among us. It stands aloof from all the pressure of commerce and popularity; it has an audience that will respond to high passion and grasp the force of tragic events; it has in its director, Emanuel Reicher, one of the greatest actors of our time, the original creator of many of the chief roles in the works of Ibsen, Hauptmann, and Schnitzler."

I have written at length concerning these two theatres because I feel that they deserve much praise. The other theatres have not been immune from progress. Kobrin, Libin, Zolotarevsky, and the other playwrights are writing better plays, improved in technique if not in dramatic art. They become valuable in training their audiences and in acting as a contrast to the more literary dramatists.

IX

What is there to expect of the Yiddish theatre in the near future? By way of precursory comment one need only to examine the prevailing conditions and the respective positions of the several components of the theatre to feel reassured. With the religious ostracism long removed, and with the economic condition of the American Jews more favorable than ever before, the theatre is bound to advance. The chief element of the theatre world, the audience, has much more leisure than formerly, and its appreciation of dramatic art has been much developed. I venture to state that no other national group in America can boast of so many intelligent playgoers. They can fully distinguish between the genuine and the counterfeit, and support nothing but good acting and deserving plays. The actors, especially of the two better theatres, are quite sincere, and aim to do their best at all times. Players like Benami, Schwartz, Celia Adler, Henrietta Schnitzer, not to mention Jennie Valier and a number of others, are very capable; and tho they are sometimes limited in their acting of masterly roles, they realize their limitations and attempt improvement. When I approach the dramatists, I feel hesitant. Judged by artistic standards, no Yiddish playwright may be termed a master; there is no Ibsen or Hauptmann among them. Pinsky, Asch, Hirshbein, Dimov, do not seem able to grasp the finer nuances of the human soul; they

seldom reach the sublime heights of true tragedy. But genius does not appear for the asking. When it is remembered that they wrote their plays to be read rather than acted, and that the favorable atmosphere of today may leaven the unexpected, one ought to expect much from the future.

The only injury to the Yiddish theatre in the immediate future may come from the immigration due to the recent massacres. But this fear must be discounted by the ready audience already present. The new arrivals will only frequent the theatres of the Tomashevsky type if unappreciative; besides, many are certain to be dramatically intelligent.

There are many people who believe with Prof. Leo I. Wiener that the Yiddish language and Yiddish institutions are bound to disappear. Would this be the case, the Yiddish drama would certainly die with them. But I am inclined to differ with them. I am certain that the Jews will continue to congregate as heretofore, and as long as circumstances bring them together, Yiddish will not die. I am also inclined to believe that the Yiddish literature and drama will be one of the factors in keeping the Jews as a separate entity. But my aim is not to argue. My only purpose here was to present the facts and problems of the Yiddish theatre, and this I have done to the best of my ability.

VOLTAIRE

By Anna E. Bagstad

He lived for nigh a hundred prosperous years,
And did the work of God, with sordid hands
And earth-bound spirit. Loneliest of men,
He walked amid the crowds that fed upon
His bitter bounty. Loneliest in death,
He took the wreath of homage from the great
And from the kings he fawned on and despised.
He filled an epoch with his joyless mirth.
Sage without wisdom, poet without love,
Believer without faith or reverence!

THE ROMANCERS

By Edmond Rostand

Translated from the French by Anna E. Bagstad

Dedicated to Grace Haines, pupil and friend, the Sylvette of the piece

ACT I

The scene is cut in two by an old mossy wall wreathed with wild climbing plants. To the right a corner of Bergamin's *yard, to the left that of* Pasquinot. *On each side against the wall, a bench.*

Scene I

Sylvette—Percinet

When the curtain rises Percinet *is seated on the top of the wall holding a book on his knees from which he reads to* Sylvette. *She stands, listening on the bench on the other side of the wall.*

Sylvette.—Ah, Percinet, how beautiful it is!

Percinet.—

Is it not? Now, hear Romeo's reply:
"It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale; look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east!
Night's candles are burnt out and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone."

Sylvette.—Hush! (*Listen*)!

Percinet.—

No one! So you may
Put off these frightened airs of woodland bird
That flits away at every faintest sound.
Hear the immortal lovers speak again:

She.—
"Yon light is not daylight. I know it, I;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales."
He.—
"I am content so thou wilt have it so;
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye;
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so."
Sylvette.—
Oh, no, I will not have him talking thus,
Or I shall surely weep.
Percinet.—
Well, we will leave them there
And till tomorrow close our precious book.
Since 'tis your wish that gentle Romeo
Shall live why live he shall. This lovely spot
Was made to cradle Will's immortal verse.
Sylvette.—
Yes, they are sweet these verses and the sound
Of leaves is their divine accompaniment.
This nook of shadowy green was made for them.
Yes, Mr. Percinet they're beautiful.
But that which makes the music sweeter far
To me is all the music of your voice.
Percinet.—Flattering minx!
Sylvette.— Ah, poor dear lovers though
The world was such a cruel place for them:
Ah, I think—
Percinet.— Of what?
Sylvette.— Oh, nothing!
Percinet.— Of something
That makes your face one sudden glowing rose.
Sylvette.—Nothing I say!
Percinet.—
Fibber! I look straight through your eyes and read
What you are thinking of—our fathers!
Sylvette.— Yes, perhaps.
Percinet.—
Your dad and mine, and that old, bitter hate
Between them.
Sylvette.— That's the thing that makes me sad
That's made me weep in silence many a time.

When I came back from school a month ago
My father pointing to your father's yard
Said to me: "Child there lies the property
Of my old mortal enemy Bergamin.
From that vile beggar and his worthless son
Far be your footsteps. Give me promise then
That you renounce them, swear them enmity
As they have cursed your race the ages through."
I promised. You know how I'm keeping it.

Percinet.—
Well, I have promised likewise to my dad
To hate you always—and I love you, dear.

Sylvette.—Good gracious!

Percinet.— Love you, sweet.

Sylvette.— It is a sin!

Percinet.—
An awful one. What of it? Tell a man
He can't love someone and he'll do't of course.
Kiss me Sylvette.

Sylvette.— No, never in my life!

Percinet—You love me just the same.

Sylvette.— Who told you so?

Percinet—
Dearest, your heart forbids itself the truth
Which more than once you have confessed to me.
Yes, you yourself, Sylvette, comparing us
To the immortal lovers of Verona.

Sylvette.—I never did.

Percinet.— Indeed you did. My father
And yours to those of Romeo and Juliet.
Which must mean one thing only; you and I
We are this Juliet and Romeo
And made like them with love for one another.
And I defy just now the bitter hate
Of Pasquinot Capulet, Bergamin Montague.

Sylvette.—Well, then we love each other. Tell me though
How did we get so far?

Percinete.—
Oh love was born—
I don't know how or why—just had to be.
I saw you often passing by my window.

Sylvette.—Me too.

Percinet.— Our eyes—began the thing.
Sylvette.—And then one day you know right near the wall I gathered nuts, by chance.
Percinet.— By chance, of course.
By chance it was that I that very day
Was reading Shakespeare on the other side
And all conspiring to unite our hearts—
Sylvette.— A puff of wind
Whisked off my ribbon, blew it o'er the wall,
Percinet.—And I, to hand it back, just climbed the bench.
Sylvette.—I climbed the bench.
Percinet.—
And, darling, after that
I waited for you every single day
And every day my heart beat more and more
Until the blessed signal mounted up
O'tother side; and then your little head
And face alight with laughter popped above
The tangling nest of vines!
Sylvette.—Well, since we love we ought to marry soon.
Percinet.—The very thing that I was thinking of:
Sylvette (*Solemnly*).—
Last of the noble house of Bergamin
Unite itself with the last of Pasquinot.
Percinet.—Grand madness!
Sylvette.—They'll talk of us for ages yet to come!
Percinet.—Sweet children of two fathers hard and stern!
Sylvette.—
And yet who knows, my friend, the hour may come
When their fierce hate may smolder down and die.
Percinet.—I doubt it.
Sylvette.—
For me I've faith in what may happen. I've
Foreseen already five or six solutions, all
Entirely possible.
Percinet.— Really? Well, let's have 'em.
Sylvette.—
Now suppose—this very thing you know did happen once
In an old book I read. The prince rides by,
The reigning prince. I run to him for help,
I plead, I tell our love, and tell him, too,

The awful hate that our two fathers hold.

Sylvette.—

It was a king that married Roderigne
To his Chimene. The prince sends for our fathers
And reconciles them.

Percinet.— And gives me your hand.

Sylvette.—

Yes, or like this—this is another story
You pine away; a stupid doctor says—

Percinet.—

My grief struck dad shrieks "Ask for anything
And it is yours!"

Sylvette.—You say "Give me Sylvette!"

Percinet.—His stubborn pride bends like a broken reed.

Sylvette.—

Yes, Yes. But here is still another way;
An old duke—Oh, an old gray bearded one—
Has seen my picture somewhere—and he loves me.
He sends a splendid squire in his name
To woo me for his duchess.

Percinet.— You tell him, "No!"

Sylvette.—

And he gets mad! One evening in an alley,
A spooky dark one where I've gone to weep
And dream of you, they kidnap me—I scream.

Percinet.—

I lose no time in flying to the rescue,
With sword in fist I fight. I lay them out
To right and left.

Sylvette.—

Four men—or three at least—
My father rushes to the spot, sees you,
He takes you in his arms, his heart grows soft,
He gives me gladly to my brave deliverer.
And your old dad consents, so proud of you!

Percinet.—And we live long and happily together.

Sylvette.—All this might happen easily any day.

Percinet.—Hark, some one comes!

Sylvette (*Loosing her head*).—Then kiss me, kiss me quick.

Percinet (*Embracing her*).—And this same evening here at the hour of prayer you come.

Sylvette.— No!

Percinet.— Yes!
Sylvette.— Your father.

SCENE II

SYLVETTE *descended from wall and consequently invisible to* BERGAMIN. PERCINET, BERGAMIN.

Bergamin
Again I find you mooning all alone, listless,
Here in the corner of the lawn.
Percinet.— Yes, father, I adore
This corner of the yard. I love to sit
Upon this bench o'er sheltered by the vine.
I tell you 'tis a graceful thing this vine.
Just notice these festoons, like arabesques;
And what a place it is to breathe the air.
Bergamin.—Before this wall?
Percinet.— Ah, how I love thee, wall!
Percinet.—
This good old wall, grass crested, garlanded
Covered with scarlet creeper, icy greens,
With small flowers, purple velvet panicles
And sweet wild honeysuckle. In the holes
And crannies strange long fiber threads of moss,
Each little hair tipped with a starry gem.
So thick has grown the moss upon the wall
This humble bench can boast a cushioned back
Of velvet richer than a royal throne.
Bergamin.—
Fiddle dee dee! You really think young man
That I believe you came for nothing else
Than to gaze on the beauty of this wall?
Percinet.—
For nothing else. To gaze into its eyes.
What lovely eyes they are, smiling and blue.
Soft smiles of azure, blue astonishments.
Deep wells of color, ye are my delight.
If tears should ever dim their pearly cups
With just one kiss I'll put the tears to flight.
Bergamin.—A wall can't have eyes.
Percinet.— I spoke of morning glories.
(*Picks one and presents it to* BERGAMIN.)
Sylvette.—Oh but he's so clever and witty.

Bergamin (*Aside*).— Is he daft?
I guess I know what's made you lose your head
(*Movement of fright in part of* PERCINET *and* SYLVETTE.)
You come to read in the sly. (*Takes book and looks at back.*)
And plays at that.
(*Opens book and drops it in horror.*)
In poetry! That's why your brain is cracked.
That's why you moon and dream, steer clear of folks
And talk fool stuff to me of honeysuckle.
That's why you see blue eyes in this old wall.
Well, I'll know how to clear this rubbish off
And this green stuff that may be covers up
A hole or two. I'll have it plastered over
To guard myself the better against this scoundrel,
This neighbor of mine. We'll have a solid wall
All solid, thick and strong—no honeysuckle.
I'll trim it up, I'll stick the plaster full
Of broken bottles cutting sharp as knives along the top o' the wall.
Percinet.— O mercy me.
Bergamin.—
No mercy you my boy. I've willed it so.
These broken bottles all along the top.
Percinet and Sylvette (*In Consternation*).—Oh—
Bergamin (*Seating himself*).— Now let us talk
(*rises and goes away with a suspicious air.*)
H'm if the wall has eyes it may have ears.
(*Starts to mount the bench. At the sound* SYLVETTE *crouches down on other side.* BERGAMIN *stops midway, motions to* PERCINET *to point in his place.*)
See if some spy—
Percinet.—Until tonight—
Sylvette.—Before the hour, dearest, I'll be there.
Percinet.—And I'll be there.
Sylvette.— I love you.
Bergamin.— Hey? What's that?
Percinet.—Why—nobody.
Bergamin.— Well, then sit down and talk.
My son 'tis time you married.
Sylvette.— Ah!
Bergamin.— What's that?

Percinet.—Nothing.
Bergamin.—I seemed to hear a startled cry.
Percinet.—Some little wounded bird perhaps—
Sylvette.— Ah, me.
Percinet.—Hid in the foliage.
Bergamin.— Son, I've thought things over
Long and well and picked a wife for you.
PERCINET *whistles.*
Bergamin.—I'm sot I am; I'll make you come to time.
(PERCINET *still whistles.*)
Bergamin.—
Well, are you done with whistling mocking bird?
A woman young and very rich, a pearl—
Percinet.—Supposing I don't want your pearl.
Bergamin.— You wait.
I'll teach you yet a thing or two, you loafer. (*Raises cane.*)
Percinet (*Puts down cane*).—
My father, dewy spring has filled the woods
With rush of wings, the noisy woodland brooks
Are silenced by the song of mating birds.
Bergamin.—You shameless vagabond!
Percinet.— The whole world laughs
To welcome new born April. Butterflies—
Bergamin.—You gallows bird.
Percinet.— Are swarming o'er the fields
In haste to wed the flowers that they love.
Yes, love himself—
Bergamin.— Bandit!
Percinet.— has set all hearts in tune
And you would make a family match for me.
Bergamin.—Why not you outlaw?
Percinet.— Because I won't, that's all.
I swear that when I marry it shall be
So utterly romantic an affair
It shall surpass the poet's wildest dreams.
Bergamin (*Runs after him*).—I'll get you yet!

SCENE III
SYLVETTE *then* PASQUINOT

Sylvette.—
Now I can almost comprehend the hate

That papa feels for this—this wicked
Pasquinot.— Well,
What are you doing here young lady?
Sylvette.— Me?
Oh, I was walking—
Pasquinot.— Here, all alone? Poor thing
You're not afraid?
Sylvette.—Oh, I'm no fraidy cat.
Pasquinot.—
Alone so near this wall? Imprudent child!
Look at this yard. Behold the dwelling place
Of my old mortal enemy.
Sylvette.— So I've heard.
Pasquinot.—
And yet you wilfully expose yourself
To words of outrage, to—Why you don't know
The wickedness that folks like them may do—
This beggar and his son. You here alone.
It makes my blood run cold. But hear me girl
I'm going to fix this wall. I'll make it bustle
With iron spikes that will rip open, impale
And tear to shreds and tatters any rogue
That dares go near it.
Sylvette (*Aside*).— No, he won't do that
'Twould cost too much and pa is pretty tight.
Pasquinot.—Go home at once.

SCENE IV

BERGAMIN—PASQUINOT

Bergamin (*Speaking to wings*).—Send this to Mr. Straforel at once.

Pasquinot.—Well, Bergamin!

Bergamin.— Ah, Pasquinot! (*They embrace.*)

Pasquinot.— How goes it Bergamin?

Bergamin.—Not bad, old boy.

Pasquinot.— Your gout?

Bergamin.— Some better, thanks.
And the cold in your head? No worse I hope?

Pasquinot.—Still there, the thing sticks with me like a brother.

Bergamin.—Well, well, that marriage's settled anyhow.

Pasquinot.—Hey?

Bergamin.— I heard it all hid in the foliage,
They're crazy for each other.
Pasquinot.— Hip, hooray!
Bergamin.—
Let's hurry things along. (*Rubs hands*) ha, ha, we two
Old daddies I with just one only son
To whom a romantic mother gave the name
Of Percinet.
Pasquinot.— A silly name it is.
Bergamin.—
You with an only daughter, fair Sylvette.
And what has been the dream of all our lives?
Pasquinot.—Tear down the wall!
Bergamin.— And live together.
Pasquinot.—Join our two yards in one
Bergamin.— Like good old friends
Pasquinot.—What's needed to bring this about at once?
Bergamin.—
Marry our children that's the thing to do,
And that we never could have done at all
Had they suspected what we tried to do.
A match made up by old folks don't appeal
To two young romancers, so all the while
They were away at college we kept mum
About the marriage deal. When they came home
I knew the way to make them like each other
And seek each other out was just to say
They couldn't. Love on the sly, forbidden love
That suits their fancy. So we bluffed our hate.
D'ye doubt the success now of my little scheme
All that remains is just to give our blessing.
Pasquinot.—
So let it be. But how? Won't they suspect
There's something wrong if after all these years
You've called me beggar, idiot—
Bergamin.— Idiot? No!
I never called you that. Beggar's enough.
Pasquinot.—On what pretext can we make up?
Bergamin.— Now, listen!
It was your girl herself gave me the cue
To the finish o' the farce. Well, here it is.
This evening here they meet. My Percinet

Arrives the first. When your Sylvette appears
Masked men rush out from hiding, kidnap her.
She shrieks and my young game cock leaps upon
The ravishers. There's wrangling, blows perhaps,
They make pretense of fight. You come, I come,
Your daughter's safe, great is your happiness,
You bless with streaming eyes the brave deliv'rer
My hard heart melts. I yield. The curtain falls.

Pasquinot.—
Why that's a stroke of genius. Oh not that.
Another way—Why that's a master stroke.

Bergamin—
Well, yes, it's pretty good. Hush! Watch the fellow
Who's coming. That is Straforel the fighter
To whom just now I have revealed the plan
Of the elopement—he's to put it through.

SCENE V

Bergamin.—H'm, meet my friend and neighbor, Pasquinot.
Straforel.—Sir—(*Looks up amazed at not seeing* PASQUINOT.)
Bergamin.—There, on the wall.
Straforel (*Aside*).—Exercising, to reduce flesh.
Bergamin.—How do you like my plan?
Straforel.— Dead easy.
Bergamin.— Yes.
You understand, act quick.
Straforel.— And hold my tongue.
Bergamin.—Mock kidnapping you know, sham fighting.
Straforel.— Understood.
Bergamin.—
Get clever swordsmen though, my only son
They shall not wound him, do you get me, sir?
Straforel.—I'll tend to that myself.
Bergamin.— Oh, very well
Why in that case of course. Oh very well.
Pasquinot (*Low to* BERGAMIN).—Ask him how much it costs.
Bergamin.— What is your charge
For an elopement—this here—kidnapping.
Straforel.—
Depends upon the kind, they run all prices,
But in the present case I'm very sure
Money's no object. You will want the best.

Bergamin (*Fascinated*).—Ah, you have many kinds?
Straforel.—
Sure thing! We have to begin with, sir, the cheapest kind
In the way of outfit—two niggers and a cart;
Scarce in demand today. Night kidnapping,
Kidnapping by day, a pompous kidnapping
In a court carriage, powdered lackeys, wigs,
(*The wigs are paid for extra*) mutes and eunuchs,
Negroes and swordsmen, brigands, musketeers,
Oh quite a choice you see. Then there's kidnapping
In relays, with two horses, three, four, five—
As many as you want. A kidnapping
On the q. t. a little dull perhaps.
A pleasant kidnapping done in a sack.
Romantic, in a boat—this needs a lake.
Venetian by gondola—needs a lagoon.
There are kinds with or without the light of the moon
(*The moonlight kind are select and expensive.*)
Then there's the kidnapping fearful and sinister
Accompanied for effect by flashes of lightning,
With beating of hoofs and fighting and sword clash,
Broad-brimmed hats, black cloaks and such trappings
The kidnapping brutal, the kidnapping polished
Kidnapping with torches—that's pretty, believe me.
Kidnapping by masked men—we call it the classic—
Kidnapping gallant with a musical setting,
Sedan chair and porters, that's gay, let me tell you
And the most up-to-date, most distinguished.
Bergamin.—Well, what says Pasquinot?
Pasquinot.— It's up to you.
Bergamin.—
Why, as for me I think we'll make it strong!
Stir their imaginations, don't see?
We'll stand the expense, you do the kidnapping.
Straforel.—Any particular style—or a little of each?
Bergamin.—
Give our young turtle doves enough for once,
To last a good long while. A sedan chair
With porters, black of course, and masks and music.
Straforel (*Takes notes*).—A medley then; a first class kidnapping with specialties.
Bergamin.—That's what I want!

Straforel.— I'll be back in good season.
(*Points to* PASQUINOT) He will see that the gate is left open a trifle?
Bergamin.—Sure it will be open.
Straforel.— My compliments, gentlemen.
Kidnapping first class, with all the specialties.

SCENE VI

Pasquinot.—The guy goes off and hasn't made his price.
Bergamin.—
Oh, let that be. The thing is settled. Now
Knock down the wall. What say? Lets live together,
Fix up our yards into a paradise.
Pasquinot.—Trim up the yew trees.
Bergamin.—Strew the paths with sand.
Pasquinot.—Plant our initials in flowers on the lawn.
Bergamin.—Green grass looks stiff.
Pasquinot.— Glass balls will make it fine.
Bergamin.—And gold fish in a bran new globe—
Pasquinot.— A fountain
That spirts sky high. Hey, what do you think of that?
Bergamin.—We'll see the climax of our dearest dreams.
Pasquinot.—We shall grow old together.
Bergamin.—Your daughter is cared for.
Pasquinot.—Your son shall be happy.
Bergamin.—Old Pasquinot!
Pasquinot.—Ah, good old Bergamin.

SCENE VII

Enter SYLVETTE *and* PERCINET

Sylvette (*Sees her father seize* BERGAMIN).—Oh!
Bergamin.—Your daughter.
Percinet.—Ah!
Pasquinot.—Your son!
Bergamin (*Aside*).—Let's fight. (*Aloud.*) You outcast!
Pasquinot.— Beggar!
Sylvette.— Papa dear!
Percinet.— Father!
Bergamin.—Leave us alone you brats.
Pasquinot.—He has insulted me!
Bergamin.— He struck me first!
Pasquinot.—You coward!

Sylvette.— Papa darling!
Bergamin.— Scoundrel! Cheat!
Percinet.—Father!
Pasquinot.— You cut throat!
Sylvette.— Papa, papa dear!
(*They succeed in separating them.*)
Percinet (*Dragging his father*).—Go home, it's late.
Bergamin.—I'll burst with rage I tell you.
Pasquinot.—I'm foaming at the mouth.
Sylvette.—The air is chilly. Think of your rheumatism.

SCENE VIII

(*Enter* STRAFOREL *and his crowd.*)

Straforel.—
One star already in the sky. 'Tis night.
Place yourselves there and there and there and there.
It must be near the hour. She will come
All dressed in white. I'll whistle. Pretty soon.
We'll have things right tonight or not at all.
Fine costumes, fellows. Show your swords a bit.
The chair here in the shadow. Darkies? Good!
Torch bearers stay back till I give you the signal
Musicians back there in the glow of the torches.
For heaven's sake, softly. The mandolin standing
The alto be seated. Brace up now, attention.
Look here, you first masker, who told you to waddle,
That's the pace. Softly, no discords sol, mi, si.

SCENE IX

Percinet (*Enters slowly*).—My father's calmed down so I felt
I could leave him.
It's almost night. The fragrance of the elders
Intoxicates me. Grey shadows dim the flowers.
Straforel.—Music! (*Musicians play softly till the end of the act.*)
Percinet.—
I tremble like a reed. What the deuce ails me?
She'll surely come.
Straforel.—Tenderly.
Percinet.—
First sight of her this evening. Ah, I weaken.
I hear the rustle of her silken dress.

One can no longer see the flowers now.
Only their odor tells me they are here.
Oh, this great tree topped with a single star!
Who is it plays so sweetly? Night has come.

Yes, gentle night has come, behold
Its somber curtains downward rolled
And set with gleaming points of gold
So keen, so bright.
The croaking of the frogs I hear
The flight of bats in woodland near,
And there thy slender crescent clear,
Queen of the sky.

Diamonds ye are and sapphires blue
Ye stars! I long have been to you
A lover ardent, tender, true;
I love you yet.
But in my sky not long ago
With curls upon her forehead low
With childlike eyes and lips aglow
Appeared Sylvette.

Dear Stars, beloved of me so long
So fair up there a thousand strong
Will grieve perhaps at even song.
Yet hide your tears
When fairy like against the wall
A maiden wonderful and tall
Making your glory dim and small
Sylvette appears.
(*Bell rings.*)

SCENE X

Sylvette (*Appears*).—The hour of prayer. He should be here by now. (*A whistle.* STRAFOREL *rises before her, torches appear.*) Help! Help!

Percinet.—Great heavens!

Sylvette.— Help me, Percinet!

Percinet.—I'm coming. There, take that and that and that.

Straforel (*To musicians*).—Dramatic! (*Swashbucklers flee.*) By Bacchus! Is this lad the devil himself?

(*Duel between* STRAFOREL *and* PERCINET. STRAFOREL *puts hand to breast.*) This blow—is fatal. (*falls.*)

Percinet (*Runs to* SYLVETTE).—Sylvette! (*Picture. She is in the sedan chair, curtains open. He kneeling.*)

Sylvette.—O, my deliverer!

Pasquinot (*Runs up*).—The son of Bergamin!
Your rescuer, your rescuer. My hand.

Sylvette, Percinet.—Thank heaven.

(BERGAMIN *enters followed by valets with torches.*)

Pasquinot.—
Bergamin your son is a hero. Pardon me.
And let us make them happy.

Bergamin.—All my hate is leaving me.

Percinet.—
Sylvette we must be dreaming. O, speak low
Lest our harsh voices break this lovely trance.

Bergamin.—
Hates always end in marriage as they say
The peace is made. (*Points to wall.*) There are no Pyrenees.

Percinet.—Who would have thought he'd ever change like this.

Sylvette (*Simply*).—I told you everything would come out right. (*As they go out* STRAFOREL *rises and hands paper to* BERGAMIN.)

Bergamin.—Well, what? This paper and your signature? Now what do you want?

Straforel.— That's my bill.
(*Falls back.*)

ACT II

Same scene. Benches to right and left. Beds of flowers, trellises, etc., statues, greenhouse. To the right rustic table and chairs

SCENE I

PASQUINOT, BLAISE *then* BERGAMIN

As the curtain rises PASQUINOT *seated on the bench to the left reads his newspaper.* BLAISE, *at the back, rakes.*

Blaise.—
So Mr. Pasquinot, the notary comes this evening,
With the marriage license. The old wall was levelled
A month ago so you could live together,

High time we made our little lovers happy.

Pasquinot.—Getting that wall down was a great improvement.

Blaise.—You're right, it was.

Pasquinot.— My yard looks so much better,
Yes, I should say a hundred per cent better.
(*Bends down, touches tuft of grass.*)
This grass is wet; why, you old idiot,
Evening's the time to water, not the morning.

Blaise (*Placidly*).—'Twas Mr. Bergamin who gave the order.

Pasquinot.—
Ho, ho, Bergamin, hey? When he gets an idea
Into his head, it stays there. And the latest
Of his pet notions seems to be that soaking
Is needed by all plants and all the time.
Bring those plants from the green house.

BLAISE *lines up plants at back of stage.* PASQUINOT *reads.* BERGAMIN *appears at rear.*

Bergamin (*Begins watering plants with a huge sprinkler*).—
It's a pity
They give just enough to keep them living.
What makes them grow is a big lot of water
(*To a tree.*)
Dying of thirst, ain't you old sport? Here drink it
And this, and this and then some. Ah, I love 'em.
These shrubs and things. And don't my yard look better
Since the old wall—these flower beds and statues—
(*Sees* PASQUINOT.)
Good morning, sir; good morning; hey, good morning.

Pasquinot.—My friend, we see each other all the time.

Bergamin.—Oh, very well. (*Sees the plants* BLAISE *is arranging.*)
Put those plants back I tell you.

(BLAISE *astonished puts them back hurriedly.* PASQUINOT *lifts eyes to heaven, shrugs shoulders and reads.* BERGAMIN *comes and goes with an idle air, ends by seating himself at* PASQUINOT'S *side. Silence Then suddenly with melancholy*):
I used to sneak from my house at this hour—

Pasquinot.—And I from mine so slyly and so lightly.

Bergamin.—The secret!

Pasquinot.— And the danger!

Bergamin.— Just to track
And spy upon the young folks at their courting.
Pasquinot.—
For us to climb that crumbly rotten wall
Was risking heads and thigh-bones every time.
Bergamin.—
Our whispered plots were keen enough to give
Some pointers in the art of strategy
To an Indian—or a German.
Pasquinot.— It was jolly
To glide upon our stomachs through the bushes.
Bergamin.—
Hard on one's breeches; most of mine are ruined
With grass stains on the knees.
Pasquinot.—
When we were sure
The young folks overheard us how we swore
To hate each other—
Bergamin.— And called each other names.
Pasquinot.—But it was jolly! (*Yawns.*) Say!
Bergamin.— Well, Pasquinot?
Pasquinot.—We miss it, don't we?
Bergamin.— No, we don't—and yet—
(*Yawns. Silence. Looks at* PASQUINOT, *who reads.*)
His vest is wrinkled—half the buttons missing.
(*Rises, goes away, comes and goes.*)
Pasquinot (*Watches* BERGAMIN *from behind newspaper*).—
He looks like some big beetle with his coat tails
For wings as he goes swirling up and down.
(*Pretends to read again.*)
Bergamin (*Looks aside at* PASQUINOT).—
He squints when he reads like the clown in the circus.
Pasquinot.—
He whistles, that's one of his miserable habits.
(*Aloud*) Cut it out; it's too much like the hiss of a snake.
Bergamin (*Smiling*).—
We see the mote within our neighbor's eye
But not the ugly beam within our own.
You have bad habits too.
Pasquinot.— Me?
Bergamin.— Why, man, you waddle,

You wheeze and sniffle, take no end of snuff,
Your nose is always dirty with the stuff;
You tell the same old yarns a hundred times!

Pasquinot (*Who seated with legs crossed has been swinging his foot*).—But—

Bergamin (*Sits*).—

You can never sit still like other folks,
Your foot goes up and down like a pendulum.
You roll your bread crumbs into balls at table.
There's no expressing what a bore you are.

Pasquinot (*Rises*).—

Yes, now that you've finished with drowning the flowers
You pour out your venom and spite upon me.
You make out for reference a list of my failings.
Let me tell you, however, this life lived in common
Has proved a great eye-opener also for me.
I've learned that you're stingy and false and conceited.
You grow less attractive with closer acquaintance.
So a fly at a distance looks harmless and pretty
But shows up a monster under the microscope.

Bergamin.—Now I am sure of what I once suspected.

Pasquinot.— And what was that?

Bergamin.—The wall lent the enchantment.

Pasquinot.—You, too, looked prettier with the wall between us.

Bergamin.—Seeing you every day has cured my liking.

Pasquinot.—This last month has not been worth the living.

Bergamin (*With great dignity*).—

Oh, very well, sir; very well; and yet
The thing we did was not done for ourselves.

Pasquinot.—That's true enough.

Bergamin.— We did it for our children.

Pasquinot.—

Yes, for our children, yes. And 'tis our lot
To suffer then in silence as all fathers,
To lose our liberty and not complain.

Bergamin.—To sacrifice—that is a parent's lot.

(SYLVETTE *and* PERCINET *appear at the left rear between the trees and cross the stage slowly, his arm about her.*)

Pasquinot.—Hush, here they come.

Bergamin.—Heads in the seventh heaven.

Pasquinot.—

Since the kidnapping granted all their wishes
They feel the sunbeams always in their hair.

Bergamin.—
They come as love-lorn pilgrims to the scene
Of the great fight to talk the whole thing over.

(SYLVETTE *and* PERCINET *who have disappeared right, reappear on a lower plane and descend into the scene.*)

And here they are.

Pasquinot.— If they enlarge upon
The story as they usually do, let's stay and hear it.

SCENE II

BERGAMIN *and* PASQUINOT *hidden.* SYLVETTE *and* PERCINET.

Percinet.—I love you.

Sylvette.—I love you. This is the place!

Percinet.—
This is the scene of that eventful fight;
Here on my trusty sword the villain fell.

Sylvette.—I was Andromeda here.

Percinet.— And I was Perseus.

Sylvette.—Tell me how many fought against you?

Percinet.— Ten.

Sylvette.—
Oh, at least twenty—twenty from the start,
Before that last great swaggering brute appeared
Whose rampant spirit you so quickly curbed.

Percinet.—Perhaps you're right. There were some thirty men.

Sylvette.—
Tell me again how you with sword in hand
And flaming eyes rushed forth into the dark.

Percinet.—
It may have been at the sixth pass or the fourth,
No matter, down they fell like dominoes.

Sylvette.—
Beloved, if your locks were black as night
I might believe you Roland.

Percinet.— Yes, perhaps
There is a slight resemblance.

Sylvette.— But alas,
No poet yet has sung our tale of love. (*Sits.*)

Percinet.—Sylvette, it shall be done.

Percinet.— I'll run.
Sylvette.— I'm in a gracious mood
And will go with you even to the gate.
(*They resume their way arm in arm*)
Are we not like the world's most famous lovers?
Percinet.—
Among the immortal charmers, Romeo
And Juliet, fair Aude and her Roland.
Sylvette.—Aminta and her shepherd.
Percinet.— Pyramus
And Thisbe.
Sylvette.— Many and many a time to come—
Voice of Percinet.—Francesca of Rimini and Paolo.
Voice of Sylvette.—Petrarch and Laura.
Bergamin (*Issues from shrubbery*).—Well, is that the end?

Scene III

Pasquinot. Bergamin

Pasquinot.—
Your plan has worked beyond all expectations,
With the result, foreseen no doubt by you,
That both our children are completely crazy.
Bergamin.—
That kidnapping has so puffed up your daughter
She's got to boast about it all the time.
Pasquinot.—
The way your son struts round and plays the hero
Get's on my nerves.
Bergamin.—
The dickens o' the thing
Is that they take us for a pair of fools
So easy going that we never knew
About their stolen meetings. Think of it
We be so dense as that—that gets my goat.
Pasquinot.—
You, clever man, should have foreseen all this.
I'll go and tell the whole thing.
Bergamin.— No, you don't
At least not yet. Let's wait until they're married
But 'till the ringing of the nuptial harps
We'll humor them as meek and mum as carps.

Pasquinot.—Thanks to your plan, we're caught in our own net.

Bergamin.—Thought you admired it.

Pasquinot.— 'Twas great!

Bergamin.— Confound him!

SCENE IV

The Same. SYLVETTE

She enters gayly, a flowering branch in her hand which she waves gayly to PERCINET

Sylvette.—Good morning, dear daddy, and daddy-in-law.

Bergamin (Stiffly).—Good morning, my future daughter-in-law.

Sylvette.—You cross? What for?

Bergamin.— Pasquinot told me—

Sylvette.— Hush!

Don't get excited. I am peace you see
I bear a palm branch. I wish you wouldn't quarrel,
Just try to be good friends and love each other.

Bergamin.—

True, but our hate has been of such a kind
One isn't able . . .

Sylvette.— Mercy, don't I know?

My, such an awful hate. I can't forget
The things you said of papa in this garden;
While I crouched down behind the good old wall
And heard the whole thing.

Pasquinot (Aside).—That's what I call stupid.

Sylvette.—

For you must know I came here every day
Just to meet Percinet. And you two never had
The least suspicion.

Pasquinot (Ironically).—Why surely not, how could we?

Sylvette.—

We met here always at the selfsame hour
(*To* BERGAMIN) And on the very night of the kidnapping
Percinet said to you—I heard him—"When I marry
'Twill be in a fashion utterly romantic."
And you can't say he hasn't kept his word.

Bergamin (Flaring up).—Indeed! And you believe if I had wished—

Sylvette.—
Stuff and rubbish. I know for I have read it
A hundred times; the dreams of lovers always
Come true, and fathers always soon or late
Grow human, urged by some strange driving force
Which at the appointed hour melts their hearts.

Pasquinot.—The appointed hour! Keep still and let me laugh.

Sylvette.—We've proved it haven't we?

Bergamin.— If I should tell you—

Sylvette.—What?

Bergamin.—Oh, nothing.

Sylvette.— Then
Why do you act so snippy?

Bergamin.— Because—it gets my goat.

Pasquinot.—When one could with a word (*aside*) we'll keep the secret.

Sylvette.—Best to keep still when one has nothing to say.

Pasquinot (*Bursts out*).—
Nothing to say? The crazy girl! Do you then
Believe things happened as they seemed to happen?
Break into yards with perfectly good gates!

Sylvette.—If I believe—what does he say?

Bergamin.— For me
I say I've had about enough of this
It's high time that a few things should be told
For since the world began to be a world
Young folks have worked their elders to a finish
Or thought they did. But now the hour has struck
When we old fellows have a word to say.

Sylvette.— But—

Pasquinot.—
You steeped your silly head in old romances
And thought all fathers either dupes or tyrants.
To tell you Percinet was a fine young fellow
Had been the surest way to make you hate him.
We wanted you and him to love each other
So we forbade it. See?

Sylvette.— Perhaps you knew then—

Pasquinot.—Sure we did!

Sylvette.— Our secret twilight meetings.

Bergamin.—Attended every one and heard the twitter.

Sylvette.—The benches that we climbed—
Pasquinot.— Were put there for you.
Sylvette.—The duel—
Bergamin.— Was a farce.
Sylvette.— The fighters—
Pasquinot.— Actors.
Sylvette.—The kidnapping—oh, you are lying to me!
Bergamin.—Lying? Why—here's the bill.
Sylvette (*Snatches it from him*).—I want to see it. (*Reads*)
"Straforel, member of a reliable firm,
A false elopement staged to promote a marriage."
Good heavens! "eight black masks a dollar each.
Eight masks" . . . .
Bergamin (*To* PASQUINOT).—I am afraid we talked too soon.
Sylvette (*Continues reading*).—
"To one sedan chair upholstered in pink satin
A new creation" (*bitterly*) Nothing left unfinished
In the way of staging—"all the latest fixtures."
(*Throws bill on table and laughs.*)
Pasquinot (*Surprised*).—She isn't mad.
Sylvette.— At anything so charming
Too bad that all the cleverness was wasted.
You surely don't believe your stratagem
Was all that won my love for Percinet.
Pasquinot.—She takes it well.
Bergamin.— You take it very well.
Pasquinot.—But now what shall we say to Percinet?
Sylvette.—Nothing. Oh, tell him nothing. Men are stupid.
Bergamin.—
Well, what good sense! That little head of hers.
And I believed (*takes out watch.*) The license. Let us go
And get it ready. (*Reaches hand to* SYLVETTE.) Are we still good friends?
Sylvette.—Surely. Why not?
Bergamin.— You bear no grudge against me?
Sylvette—Not in the least! (BERGAMIN *and* PASQUINOT *go out.*)
That Bergamin. I hate him!

SCENE V

SYLVETTE. PERCINET

Percinet (*Enters gayly*).—
Here still? You simply couldn't bear to leave

The place where this unheard of thing—
Sylvette (*Seated on bench at left*).— Unheard of
Indeed!
Percinet.—
From there in breathless agitation
And almost fainting on that night you saw me
Fighting, like Amadis with thirty ruffians.
Sylvette.—Why, no, 'twas only ten.
Percinet.— Darling, what ails you?
Why are you sad? These amethystine eyes
With depths of sapphire seem dimmed with sorrow.
Sylvette (*Aside*).—His language always was a bit bombastic.
Percinet.—
Yet I can see why all that happened here
Should kindle sweet regret. On that dear wall
The clinging vines were moistened with our tears
Our tears of hope and fear. A glory crowns it now
Like that which crowns the balcony of Verona.
Sylvette (*Impatiently*).—Oh, hush.
Percinet.—
Around it plays a wind forever fresh
This white dream balcony. The pomegranate
That blossomed near it never fades. Those steps
That Romeo climbed are golden now forever.
Sylvette.—Hush, I say!
Percinet (*Growing more and more lyrical*).—
Those two immortals hold immortal charm
And that is why the wall still stands and wears
Like an encircling vine our marvellous love.
Sylvette (*Aside*).—Oh, will he never stop?
Percinet (*With a rapt smile*).—Since once you asked me
To put our love in verse I have a poem—
Sylvette.—Oh mercy!
Percinet.— I myself have written it.
Sylvette.—Can you write poetry?
Percinet.— Can I fight duels?
Now hear my maiden work "The Hostile Fathers, A Poem," Canto I.
Sylvette.— Oh!
Percinet.— What's the matter.
Sylvette.—
Too much excitement, I am nervous, faint.
Please leave me. (*Bursts into tears.*)

Percinet.—

I leave you? Still 'tis only natural
(*Passes to left, sees bill on table, takes pencil from pocket*)
A day like this. I must write down this stanza. (*Reads*)
"Debtor to me Straforel for pretending to fall wounded
Struck by the sword of a young ignoramus;
Injury to coat two dollars, to my pride eight." (*smiling.*)
What's this (*continues to read, smile vanishes, eyes stick out.*)

Sylvette (*Wipes eyes*).—

If he knew it would just about kill him.
But I didn't give it away, and I won't.

Percinet (*Rising*).—Ho, Ho, Ho.

Sylvette.— What d'ye say?

Percinet (*Hiding bill*).— Me, oh nothing.

Sylvette.—It breaks my heart to see him so deceived.

Percinet (*Aside*).—So that was why they never found the corse.

Sylvette (*Aside rising*).—

He seems to sulk; I guess I'll speak to him.
(*Turns toward him a moment then seeing that he doesn't move.*)
You haven't said a word about my dress.

Percinet (*Carelessly*).—You don't look well in blue, pink suits you better.

Sylvette (*Aside*).—Not well in blue! Is't possible he knows?
(*Looks at table*). I thought I left the bill upon the table.

Percinet (*Seeing her search*).—Lost something?

Nothing—a paper blown away.
(*Aside*) I wonder if he found it. (*Aloud.*) H'm you wanted
To read to me just now some poetry.
About our love—(PERCINET *shrugs shoulders*, SYLVETTE *takes his arm and says prettily.*) I want so much to hear them.

Percinet.—Oh, no!

Sylvette.— Oh, please read them.

Percinet.— No, they're no good.

Sylvette (*Ironically*).—Our wonderful adventure—

Percinet.— I'm not equal to it.
You know the truth is I can't fill—

Sylvette.— The bill?

Percinet.—No, I can't fill the bill. (*Jumps up, looks at her.*)
Good Lord, she knows it!

Sylvette.—He knows it!
Both.— You know it, ha, ha, ha.
Percinet.—And so they really made us play a part.
Sylvette.—A farce.
Percinet.—Our fathers were good friends.
Sylvette.— Good neighbors.
Percinet.— This is pretty near as tame
As marrying my cousin—so respectable.
Sylvette.—This is genuinely conventional.
Percinet.— And eminently proper.
Sylvette.—They reconciled so neatly love and duty.
Percinet.—And finance. These two years—their properties.
Sylvette.—
Dear little family match! But where's the idyll
Acted at twilight on the mossy wall.
Percinet (*Bitterly*).—We'd best not speak of idylls any more.
Sylvette.—I'm just a common marriageable daughter.
Percinet.—
And I the suitor that the family chose.
Yet 'twas as Romeo I appealed to you.
Sylvette.—As Romeo; you're not much like him now.
Percinet.—Well, do you think you still are Juliet?
Sylvette.—You're getting cynical.
Percinet.— And you are sour.
Sylvette.—
If you have made yourself ridiculous
Is that my fault I wonder?
Percinet.— If I did
Well, I had company the whole way through.
Sylvette.—
Then let's own up we both were fools. Ah me.
My pretty blue bird, how your feathers faded.
Percinet.—A mock elopement!
Sylvette.— A sham fight with swords.
Percinet.—A false kidnapping!
Sylvette.— How! A tinsel hero!
Our poetry's a thing of jeers and laughter.
The rainbow colored bubble disappeared
Before our startled eyes and left no trace
Except a splash of soapsuds—on our noses.
Percinet.—
Then, my ideal lover Romeo, (*Rises*)
And Juliet of the never fading charm,

Oh pale and noble, oh Shakespearean couple,
We've nothing, nothing now in common with you.
Sylvette.—Nothing!
Percinet.— Instead of drama half divine
We played a cheap and tawdry parody.
Sylvette.—Our nightingale was just a screeching finch.
Percinet.—
The old wall staged a Punch and Judy show.
Instead of two bright paragons of love,
There were two daubed up dummies, worked by strings,
Pulled by the shrewd coarse fingers of our fathers.
Sylvette.—
That's true; and yet we should be more absurd
If we loved less.
Percinet.— No, we shall love with frenzy!
That was expected of us from the first.
Sylvette.—
But we adore each other; in disaster
Such as has just befallen, that, my treasure,
Must be our consolation.
Percinet.— Sure, my jewel.
Sylvette.—Farewell then, dear soul. (*Goes.*)
Percinet.— And adieu then, my beauty.

SCENE VI

To think they ever dared to treat me thus!
Now, what is this? (STRAFOREL *descends stage majestically.*)
Straforel (*Smiling*).—To touch you for a sum—
Percinet.—House furnisher?
Straforel.— Most likely. Go my boy
And tell your dad I want him.
Percinet.—What's your name?
Straforel (*With grand air*).—My name is Straforel.
Percinet (*Jumps up*).—That fellow! No! Why that's intolerable.
Straforel.—Hold on a bit. You know the story then?
Percinet (*Throwing him bill which he takes crumpled from pocket*).—
Scum o' the earth, that's yours.
Straforel.— It is, by heck!

Percinet.—
To have to meet this man! I could have fled
To the world's end.
Straforel (*Complacently*).— And I'm so fair and fat,
The proverb seems to fit me "All the folks
You've killed are in good health."
Percinet (*Rushes at him sword in hand*).—You just watch out.
Straforel (*Parrying with arms like a man giving a fencing lesson*).—
Hand high, foot forward, not to know the first
Thing about fencing at your age, young man,
It is a crime. (*Disarms him, gives him back sword—salutes.*) What, are you done already?
Percinet (*Exasperated*).—
I'll run away, they treat me like a child.
I will have my revenge. I'll have romance,
The real thing, duels and love affairs.
More scandals than Don Juan ever dreamed of.
I'll kidnap chorus girls.
(*Goes out brandishing sword.*)
Straforel.— Fine! Fine! But who
Is going to pay this bill I'd like to know.

SCENE VII

STRAFOREL, BERGAMIN, PASQUINOT

STRAFOREL *looks toward the wings. Enter* BERGAMIN *and* PASQUINOT, *their hair disordered, clothes torn as if after a struggle.*
Straforel.—Hey, stop you fellows! Here is still more trouble.
Pasquinot (*Pulls himself togsther. Gives* BERGAMIN *his wig*).
Here, take your wig.
Bergamin.— Ouf, ouf, take yours—you need it.
Pasquinot.—
You understand that after such proceedings—
Here's your jabot.
Bergamin.— You must admit that living
With you and yours hereafter would be a hardship
Too great to put up with even for my son.
Pasquinot (*Sees* SYLVETTE *entering*).—
My daughter! Don't let her see what has happened.

SCENE VIII

Sylvette (*Throws herself on her father's neck*).—
Papa, I will not marry Percinet.

Enter NOTARY, WITNESSES, WEDDING PARTY, *etc.*
Bergamin.—The notary! The witnesses! The devil!
Witnesses.—What, what!
The Notary.—These words.
Straforel (*In the tumult has picked up bill*).—
My bill, here pay it.
Ninety pistoles.
(*Enter violins*)
Bergamin.— The violins! The devil!
(*Violins continue automatically the minuet.*)
Straforel (*Showing bill*).—Look here I hold the trumps.
Bergamin.— Let Pasque pay it.
Pasquinot.—No, no let Bergamin.
Straforel (*Reads, emphasizing words*).—
"Mock kidnapping to bring about a marriage."
Bergamin.—The engagement's off and I don't have to pay it.
Straforel (*To* PASQUINOT).—But sir, I—
Pasquinot.—
Give you a cent now that the thing is off?
You crazy fellow!
Bergamin (*To whom* BLAISE *has just spoken low*).—
My—my son is gone.
Sylvette (*Startled*).—Is gone!
Bergamin.—Follow him, hunt him up!
(*Rushes out followed by guests.*)
Sylvette.—Percinet gone!
Straforel (*Who has been watching closely*).—
Well, it seems up to me to patch things up.
Perhaps—
Sylvette (*Suddenly furious*).—He's gone. Now that's too much.
Exit SYLVETTE.)
Straforel.—
Straforel, boy, if you want your money,
You've got to somehow bring about this marriage.
(*Exit. Violins still remain on the scene playing their minuet.*)

ACT III

SCENE I

Same scene. They bring in materials for the construction of the wall which is begun at the back. Sacks of plaster. Masons' utensils. BERGAMIN, PASQUINOT, *a mason.*

One on each side inspects the work. The mason crouched down works with his back to the audience. Mason sings as he works.

Bergamin.—They're slow, these fellows.
Pasquinot.— My, what a lot of plaster.
(MASON *continues singing.*)
Pasquinot.—Fine voice, but lazy.
Bergamin.— Well, he's got one side started.
Pasquinot.—Tomorrow at this time it will be two feet high.
Bergamin.—Good wall. I'll see you standing as of old.
Pasquinot.—What did the gentleman say?
Bergamin.— Nothing—to you.
(*After a pause.*)
What will you do this evening after supper?
Pasquinot.—Nothing, I guess—and you?
Bergamin.— Why nothing either.
(*A pause—they salute—walk up and down.*)
Pasquinot.—No news yet, of your son?
Bergamin.— He's still away.
Pasquinot (*Slyly*).—The girls will get his money; then be sure
He will come back.
Bergamin.— I thank you.
(*They continue walking.*)
Pasquinot (*Stops*).— When the wall
Is up again I will permit you sometimes,
To come, sometimes—as a neighbor.
Bergamin.— Yes, I may
Do you the honor (*Salutes*)
(*Same walking up and down*)
Pasquinot (*Abruptly*).—
Drop in sometimes, let's have a game of whist.
Bergamin (*Choked*).—Oh-he-he—pardon me, if I am wanted.
Pasquinot.—Why, I've invited you.
Bergamin.— I like five hundred.
Pasquinot.—Let's have a game at once.
Bergamin.— I beat you last time.
(*To* MASON). Mason, a little pep won't hurt.

Pasquinot.— Fine singer.
(*Walk off arm in arm.*)

SCENE II

STRAFOREL *and* SYLVETTE

As they go out, the MASON *turns, removes hat. It is* STRAFOREL.

Straforel.—
Yes, I'm a mason. I am under the make up.
I had to be or I couldn't get in here.
(*Sits on wall.*)
Sir Percinet is still a-hunting romance;
One needn't be a Solomon to know
That he'll come back dead broke. While life itself
Takes him in charge, gives him a needed bath
Of cold reality, breaks with a blow the egg
For the dear chick and sends him scooting home,
Dragging a broken wing. I, Straforel
Will do like service for the silly girl
To heal her of her too romantic tastes.
I am a man of many talents, I;
I have played counts and princes more than once
And eke been hissed at—but that doesn't matter.
Here's what we want. (*Takes out a letter and puts it in the trunk of a mossy tree*) This voluntary service
Will put you fathers in my debt forever.
She comes—back to my mortar. (*Sets to work.*)

Sylvette (*Appears, looks about furtively*).—No one here?
The letter in the tree when shall I find it.
That letter written by an unknown gallant.
Here in this tree split open by the lightning.
(*Puts hand in*)
Behold it here! (*Reads.*) "Maiden with heart of marble,
'Tis the last message which the tree will bear.
Why have you not responded, O my tigress,
To messages I laid here every day?"
Wonderful style. "Love roaring in my bosom—"
(*She crumples letter nervously.*)
Ah, Percinet has gone to see the world.
He's right and I am going to do the same.
They needn't think I'm going to perish here
With loneliness and boredom. When he comes

Who wrote these words, when from the shrubbery
Full of birds nests' and poetry, he rises.
Why, I will follow him, I'll stop for nothing—
Not even to get a hat. I want romance
And I will get it too at any price.
Oh, that he'd come at once—I almost love him.
I'd hold out both hands to him if he came,
And as—

Straforel (*In ringing tones*).—He's here.

Sylvette.— O, save me Percinet.
(*As* STRAFOREL *advances*). Man, don't come near me.

Straforel.—
Why this hostile air?
I must be just the type of man that suits you.
If the words you spoke just now meant anything.
My letter seemed to please you, and you're waiting
For some one who will carry you away
Far, far from all pursuit.

Sylvette.—But man—

Straforel.— You took me
To be a mason. Lovely! Exquisite!
Know then, I am no workman, but the marquis
Of Aslafiorquercita, whose lineage
Dates back to Adam. I am mad of spirit,
Heartsick of trying to spice up existence
That has grown weary, stale, flat and unprofitable.
I am an errant knight. I seek a soul mate
A dreamer and a poet like myself.
And that is why I came into your garden.
For your sake, cruel heart, I took the trowel.

(*Throws away with a stately gesture the trowel, tears off dramatically his mason's clothes and appears in a glittering costume with wig and moustache.*)

Sylvette.—Oh, sir—

Straforel.—
As Straforel I knew your story.
A boundless passion seized me when I saw
You, hapless, giddy, innocent, the victim
Of a most infamous trick.

Sylvette.— But Marquis—

Straforel.—Don't look so scared; I killed the guy who did it.

Sylvette.—You killed—

Straforel.—A fad of mine—with just one little touch.
Sylvette.—Oh, Mr.—
Straforel.— I understand, I understand, dear heart,
What no one in the whole world comprehends,
You want romance, adventure at all costs.
Sylvette.—But marquis—
Straforel.— Thou hast said; tonight I come
To kidnap thee.
Sylvette.— Mr.—
Straforel.— For good and all.
That has consented. I have heard it well.
This evening, then, we take our wild departure.
If your papa blows out his brains for grief
So much the worse—for him.
Sylvette.— But Mr. Marquis—
Straforel.—
And if they track us, as they will quite likely
With blood hounds or the like, so much the better.
Sylvette.—But, sir—
Straforel.—
So much the better, I say! We'll flee through tempests.
The rain will drench our faces, soak our feet,
What do we care for that—
Sylvette.— Oh, no!
Straforel.— We're headed
For a new continent.
Sylvette.— Really—
Straforel.— Yes, at last.
Upon some virgin soil we'll spread our tents,
And live among the sage brush.
Sylvette.— Ah, but I—
Straforel.—
I'm poor, you know. The heroes of romance
Are always strapped.
Sylvette.— That too!
Straforel.— We'll live on bread
On bread alone—bread moistened with our tears.
Sylvette.—But then—
Straforel.—For us the very sand will bud and bloom.
Sylvette.—Sir—
Straforel.—Not even a cottage—a tent—and your heart.
Sylvette.—A tent—

Straforel.—
Bet your life—four stakes and a canvas.
Still, if you prefer it—we'll live under the stars.
Sylvette.—Oh, but—
Straforel.—
Good Lord, what makes you shake so? Are you hungry?
Perhaps you wouldn't like to go so far.
We won't then. We will hide, my gold haired goddess,
And live defying all the spiteful world.
Intoxication.
Sylvette.—But, sir, you are entirely mistaken.
Straforel.—They'll give us the cold shoulder right enough.
Sylvette.—My heavens!
Straforel.—
But prejudice was made to trample on.
And we'll be happy when they all despise us.
Sylvette.—Sir—
Straforel.—
And I'll have nothing in the world to do
But just to sit and tell you how I love you.
Sylvette.—Sir.
Straforel.—
We'll live up to the neck in poetry.
I shall be madly jealous.
Sylvette.— Gracious me!
Straforel.—
You know when I am jealous, I am savage,
Quite like a jackal or a wolf.
Stlvette.— Oh, Marquis—
Straforel.—
If you would break the sacred bond of marriage,
Without delay you would be massacred!
Sylvette.—No, no.
Straforel.— You shake again.
Sylvette.— God, what a lesson.
Straforel.—
By Bacchus! Is it blood or is it bran
Runs through her arteries. A bread and butter miss
From boarding schools would never have the courage
To live the adventurous life. Thunder and lightning!
Go I alone, or shall we go together?
Sylvette.—Oh, sir.

Straforel.—
Yes, yes, I know my voice restores you.
Well, then, we're off at once on horseback with you
Across my saddle. Most uncomfortable
Riding that way—the sedan chair and niggers
Was more esthetic—What do we care for comfort?
Sylvette.—But Mr. Marquis—
Straforel.—At once, I say, a horse, a cloak—
Sylvette.— Oh, mercy!
Straforel (*With a sweeping gesture*).—
From land to land we flee. Oh, sought so long
And found at last the soul to which my soul
Could say "my own" soon now—forever.
Sylvette (*In a fainting voice*).—Forever!
Straforel.— Rapture! To live with the lady
That I have longed for all my mortal days;
She, who unknown to me, calcined herself
For love of me. (*Sees her prostrate.*)
Now, Percinet, come home.

SCENE III
SYLVETTE *alone* (*opens eyes*)

Sylvette.—
Sir—Mr. Marquis—not across your saddle.
Have pity on me, no I'm not the one,
Oh, not at all. Only let me go home.
A girl from boarding school—yes, you were right.
(*Looks around*)
He is not here! Marquis! Alone—thank heaven!
What an awful dream! (*Pause.*) The real kidnapping
Seemed so much worse than the one they did for fun.
Oh, the saddle, the sagebrush, the tent in the sand.
(*Shivers, draws her veil about her.*)
Does romance look like him? (*Looks timidly about.*)

SCENE IV
SYLVETTE. PERCINET

Percinet (*Not yet seen by* SYLVETTE).—
I haven't had a bite since yesterday.
I'm tired to death. That miserable frolic!
I have seen life, I have—it wasn't funny.
(*Drops down on wall—hat falls—revealing face.*)

Sylvette.—You! And in this condition? Can it be?
Percinet.—It can.
Sylvette.—My heavens!
Percinet.— Is there anything about me
That could remind one of the Prodigal Son?
(*He totters*)
Sylvette.—Why, he's all in.
Percinet.— I guess I'm pretty tired.
Sylvette (*Sees his arm*).—Wounded!
Percinet.— And can you pity the ungrateful?
This wound is nothing.
Sylvette.— Mr. Vagabond
How have you spent your time?
Percinet.— In nothing good, Sylvette.
(*He coughs.*)
Sylvette.—You have a cough.
Percinet.— We ran the streets at night.
Sylvette.—And took cold, I presume. What funny clothes!
Percinet.—The thieves took mine, Sylvette—and gave me theirs.
Sylvette (*Ironically*).—You've had good fortune, gayety?
Percinet.— The question
Is out of place.
Sylvette.— Have you scaled balconies?
Percinet (*Aside*).—I nearly broke my neck in doing it.
Sylvette.—You must have many pleasant memories?
Percinet.—Hid in a cupboard once three days and nights.
Sylvette.—You must have had adventures by the score?
Percinet.—Yes, yes. (*Aside.*) An angry husband thrashed me once.
Sylvette.—Guitar in hand sang many a serenade?
Percinet.—And had much crockery thrown at my head.
Sylvette.—And as I see got in a real duel!
Percinet.—That's where I nearly got the worst of it.
Sylvette.—And you've come back to us.
Percinet.—Shabby and done for.
Sylvette.—But you at least discovered poetry?
Percinet.—
No, I searched in the distance what was near at hand.
Oh, do not mock me more. I love you, love you!
Sylvette.—After your disillusions?
Percinet.— What of them?

Sylvette.—You knew our fathers tricked us horribly.
Percinet.—What of it? Day is dawning in my heart.
Sylvette.—They only feigned their hate.
Percinet.— But did we feign our love?
Sylvette.—The wall was a stage for puppets—you said that.
Percinet.—
Sylvette, I said it—it was blasphemy.
Ah, what a stage, old wall, you offered us,
You that for framework had the great green branches,
The dim park for a background, for a frieze,
The sunset sky, and the four winds of heaven,
For its invisible orchestra. You had stars,
Sunbeams and flowers for your decorators,
The sun for lamps and Shakespeare for a prompter.
It was a puppet stage and well we know
Our fathers pulled the strings. Yet one thing only
Is worth remembering from that puppet show,
'Twas love himself who made the puppets speak.
Sylvette (*Sighing*).—'Tis true we loved believing it a sin.
Percinet.—
And it was. Keep this agreeable remorse.
The intention counts as much as does the deed.
We believed we were sinners, hence we were.
Sylvette.—Oh, are you sure of that? (*Rises.*)
Percinet.— Dead sure, my little love.
We've simply committed an infamy!
I've known the sweetness of your balmy lips,
For us to love was downright wickedness.
Sylvette.—
Wickedness—yes—but the danger that we thought
We were running into wasn't real.
Percinet.— It was
Real for us because we thought it so.
Sylvette.—
No; my being kidnapped, your defending me
That was a farce.
Percinet.— And was your fear a farce?
You passed through all the stages of being kidnapped,
Therefore it was as if you really had been.
Sylvette.—
No, the dear memory is gone, those foolish torches,
Those masks, black cloaks, soft music, clash of swords,

That whole dear scene—Oh, it was cruel, cruel
To think 'twas all the work of Straforel.

Percinet.—
And the sweet night of spring,—whose work was that?
Were Straforel's coarse hands directing it?
The unforgotten festal eve, that eve
Which gentle April gave to you and me,
And did he stud the sky with golden stars,
He dim with mist the rose's slender stem,
So that she seemed to float upon the air
Like some myserious presence? Was it he
Scattered the breezes in the dim blue light,
And filled the soul with longing? He forsooth
Set the white moon upon a purple east—

Sylvette.—Surely not—and yet—

Percinet.— Then tell me, was it he
Who in that night of April did ordain
That you and I—had twenty years of youth
And loved each other? Therein lay the charm
And all the charm.

Sylvette.—Ah, that is true and yet—

Percinet.— A tear, Sylvette?
And you forgive the wicked one who left you?

Sylvette.—Believe me I have loved you all the time.

Percinet.—
This girlish brow with clustering childlike curls
Is with me once again. The clover bloom
Blends with the perfume of her presence. Ah!
Tonight the angels are not far from me!
Oh, let me kiss the border of the veil
That once has touched that brow. This airy web
Refreshes thirsty lips. Had I but known
The value of this soft, transparent stuff,
I had not cast it off disdainfully
For the world's shoddy velvet.

Sylvette.— Velvet—what velvet?

Percinet.—Nothing—rags and tags.

Sylvette.— A flimsy piece of tulle.

Percinet.—
I love it! And I tremble as I press
My lips upon it.

Sylvette.— Why then, poetry

Straforel.—No, leave the wall—you need it in your business.

CURTAIN

(*or the play may end as follows*)

Sylvette.—

And now we four with Goodman Straforel
Will end our little play with a rondel.

Percinet.—

Pretty verses and costumes to suit
And love in a meadow playing the flute.

Bergamin.—A foolish quintet in a comedy gay.

Pasquinot.—Quarrels that quickly pass away.

Straforel.—

Sunshine and stars and the dim moonlight,
In cloak of sable, a swashbuckling knight.

Sylvette.—

Pretty verses and costumes to suit
Love in a meadow playing his flute.

Percinet.—

A welcome rest from the problem play
A bit of music and pictures gay.
A decent show that is ended now
An old wall, two lovers, two fathers, our bow.

(*All bow together, they run from stage,* SYLVETTE *leading,* BERGAMIN *bring up the rear.*)

Voice of Sylvette.—Pretty verses and costumes to suit.

Voice of Percinet.—And love in a meadow, playing the flute.

CURTAIN

PIERRE LOUYS AND THE SONGS OF BILITIS

By Ernest S. Bates and Gladys Chandler Graham

IT is unfortunate that Pierre Louys, one of the most delicate of contemporary European poets, should have first become generally known to the American public through vulgarized dramatic presentations of his romances, *Aphrodite* and *The Woman and the Puppet*. Aside from the fact that the stage and the movies could give no idea of the real values of these two works, values residing mainly in beauty of language and imaginative coloring, it is not in his romances that Pierre Louys is seen at his best. Poetry was his earlier and purer love. As a poet, he had attained a European reputation at the age of twenty-four. *The Songs of Bilitis*, which brought him this unusual distinction, appeared as long ago as 1894, yet until the present year they have remained unnoticed and untranslated as far as America is concerned save for a single poem freely rendered by Margaret Widdemer in an early issue of *Poetry*, a rendering in which through some error the French author's name does not appear so that this particular poem was quoted by Louis Untermeyer in his *New Era in American Poetry* as a happy example of Miss Widdemer's own style.

The antecedents of Pierre Louys are Parnassian. He was a youthful friend and disciple of Leconte de Lisle and later married a daughter of José Maria de Hérédia. These personal relationships only intensified an innate literary sympathy. It would seem that from his cradle Louys was vowed to the worship of Hellas. In Greece, her crimes, her passions, her varying religions, he, like many another, found a beauty undiscoverable in our contemporary life. To the pursuit of this beauty, particularly in forbidden fields, he devoted the resources of a classical erudition equal to that of his masters. But Louys also made one of those who sat at the feet of Mallarmé on the famous Tuesdays, and he absorbed the Symbolist doctrine of the expression of personality in literature. His first volume of poems, *Astarte*, published when he was twenty-two, is distinctively Parnassian; then came a translation of the poems of Meleager; and then *The Songs*

af Bilitis, in which Parnassian clarity is wedded to Symbolist suggestiveness and the light of Hellas is reflected through the prism of an original and ultra-modern personality.

The hundred and more songs of Bilitis were published in the form of rhythmical prose as a "translation from the Greek" and prefaced with a plausible account of their recent discovery by a German archaeologist named Heim in a subterranean tomb at Palaeo-Limisso.

> Monsieur Heim penetrated to it by means of a narrow well, choked with earth, at the bottom of which he found a walled-up door which it was necessary to demolish. The low and spacious vault, paved with limestone, had four walls covered with plates of black amphibolite on which were engraved in primitive capitals all the songs which follow, with the exception of the three epitaphs, which adorned the sarcophagus.

No wonder that the world of European scholarship was startled by this alleged discovery of poems written by a contemporary of Sappho and almost as numerous in themselves as all the other fragments which have come down to us from the golden period of Greek lyricism. The "translations" actually passed muster for a time even among classical scholars, and one French professor went so far as to say that he had seen the originals. It was the most astounding literary hoax since the days of Ossian. The *Spectra* of Emmanuel Morgan and Co., caused hardly an artistic ripple in comparison. But *The Songs of Bilitis*, like *Spectra* for that matter, was much more than a mere hoax. True, it is impossible for any modern to make himself over into a Greek, and one may be surprised that the self consciousness and lack of reticence of Bilitis did not instantly reveal her date as that of the nineteenth fin de siècle A. D. instead of the sixth century B. C. But that is not the main point. No modern strives to recover the experience of an ancient unless there is something of the ancient in his spirit, and the attempt may bring forth work which is, indeed, neither ancient nor modern but not necessarily inferior to either. A man cannot escape the influences of the time in which he lives but he need not, for all that, think in the same terms in which the majority of his contemporaries think. He may aspire to a different experience and attain it. In seeking to recover the old, he may create the new. This is the eternal justification of neo-paganisms. The significance of *The Songs of Bilitis* is simply that, like every genuine work of art, it brought a new beauty into this rather ugly world.

The Songs of Bilitis is divided into three parts, dealing with the poet's life in Pamphylia, Mitylene, and Cyprus. Of the first section, Louys writes in his introduction: "It is difficult to believe that the songs of Pamphylia were written at the time when they were lived. How could a little mountain shepherdess have learned to scan her verses according to the difficult rhythms of the Aeolian tradition? It seems more reasonable to believe that when she grew old, Bilitis took pleasure in putting into song the memories of her distant childhood." This childhood was passed "in a mountain village situated on the banks of the Melas in the eastern part of Pamphylia. The land is grave and sad, shadowed by profound forests, dominated by the enormous mass of Taurus; the springs that issue from the rocks petrify their margins; wide salt lakes lie stagnantly on the heights, and the valleys are full of silence.—In this almost deserted land she lived a tranquil life with her mother and her sisters. Other young girls who were her friends dwelt not far away. On the wooded slopes of Taurus shepherds pastured their flocks."

MATERNAL WORDS

My mother bathes me in the darkness, she dresses me
and arranges my hair in the daylight; but if I go
out beneath the moon, she tightens my girdle
and makes a double knot.

She says to me: "Play with the virgins, dance with
the little children, look not out through the window,
fly from the speech of young men, and shun
the counsel of widows.

"Some evening, as happens to all, a lover will come
to lead you over his threshold through the great
throng of sonorous dulcimers and amorous flutes.

"That evening, when you shall go, Bilitis, you will
leave with me three gourds filled with honey; one
for the morning, one for the mid-day, and the third,
the most bitter, the third for the days of festival.

IMPATIENCE

Weeping, I threw myself into her arms, and she felt
my warm tears on her shoulder for a long time before
my grief would let me speak.
"Alas, I am only a child, and the young men never look
at me. When shall I have the breasts of a maiden,
curved under the scarf and tempting the kiss?

"No one has eager eyes if my tunic slips, no one
claims the flower that falls from my hair, and no one
threatens to kill himself if my mouth is given to another."

She answered me tenderly, "Bilitis, little virgin,
you are like a kitten crying for the moon and you are
disturbed without reason. The most impatient girls
are not the soonest chosen."

THE RAIN

Silently a fine rain has moistened and sweetened everything.
A few drops still fall. I shall walk under the trees
in my bare feet that I may not spatter my shoes.

The rain of springtime is ecstacy. The branches weighed
down with drenched blossoms have an odor which intoxicates
me. Their delicate skin-like bark glistens in the sun.

Alas, what flowers upon the ground! Have pity upon the
fallen ones. Let them lie, unsoiled, in their colors
awaiting the bees.

The beetles and the snails parade in the road, avoiding
the pools of water. I shall not step upon them nor
frighten the golden lizard with his blinking eyelids.

Bilitis had an ardent piety with regard to the Nymphs. The sacrifices which she offered were almost always for their fountain. Often she talked to them but it seems probable that she never saw them, because she repeats with veneration the memories of an old man who had once surprised them.

THE OLD MAN AND THE NYMPHS

A blind old man lives in the mountain. Because he gazed
at the nymphs, his eyes have been dead,—oh, a long time.
And ever since, his happiness is a distant memory.

"Yes, I saw them," he told me, "Helopsychria, Limnanthis;
they were standing near the shore in the green pool
of Physos. The water glittered above their knees.

"Their necks were curved under their long tresses. Their
nails were slender as the wings of grasshoppers. The tips
of their breasts were like the jacynth calyx.

"They moved their fingers over the water in delicate
arpeggios, and drew from the invisible vase lilies with
trailing stems. Around their separated thighs ripples
slowly expanded."

The end of her pastoral existence was saddened by a love of which we know little, although she speaks of it at length. But she ceased to sing of it after it became unhappy. The mother of a child whom she abandoned, Bilitis left Pamphylia for mysterious reasons and never saw her birthplace again.

ROSES IN THE NIGHT

As soon as night walks over the sky, the world belongs
to us and to the gods. We wander from the fields to the
spring, from the darkened woods to the meadows, whither
our bare feet will.

The little stars are bright enough for such little shadows
as we are. Sometimes from under the low branches
we startle sleeping fawns.

But the loveliest secret of the whole night is a place
known to us alone which draws us across the forest;
a thicket where mysterious roses cling.

For nothing in the world is so intoxicating as the perfume
of roses in the night. Why did it never overcome me
when I was alone?

SONG

When he returned, I hid my face in my hands.
He whispered, "Fear nothing. Who has seen our kiss?"
"Who has seen us? The night and the moon—

"And the stars—and the dawn. The moon mirrored herself
in the lake and told it to the water under the willows.
The water of the lake told it to the oar,

"And the oar told it to the bark and the bark to the
fisherman. Alas, alas, if that were all! But the
fisherman has told it to his wife.

"The fisherman has told it to his wife; my father and
mother and my sisters and all Hellas will know it."

THE TOMB OF THE NAIADS

The length of the wood is covered with frost; as I
walked through it, my hair, blown across my mouth,
flowered in white crystals, and my sandals were heavy
with the clinging snow.

He asked me, "What do you seek?" "I am following the
tracks of a satyr. His little hoof-prints mark the snow,
like holes in a white cloak." He answered, "The satyrs
are dead;

"The satyrs, and the nymphs also. Not in thirty years
has there been so terrible a winter. The steps which
you follow are those of a buck. But we will rest here—
this is their tomb."

And with his iron hoe he broke the river ice where
the naiads used to play, laughing. He took up the great
cold pieces and holding them high, gazed through them
at the pale clouds.

We next find her at Mitylene, whither she came by sea along the beautiful coast of Asia. She was hardly sixteen years old, according to the conjectures of Monsieur Heim, who establishes with plausibility certain dates in the life of Bilitis on the basis of a verse which alludes to the death of Pittakos.—At that time Sappho was still beautiful. Bilitis knew her and speaks of her under the name of Psappha which she bore at Lesbos. Without doubt it was this admirable woman who taught the little Pamphylian the art of singing in rhythmical phrases and of preserving for posterity the memory of beloved beings. Bilitis gives few details, however, in regard to this figure—but, in exchange, she has left us, in thirty elegies, the story of her friendship with a young girl of her own age, named Mnasidika, who lived with her. We were already acquainted with the name of this young girl from a verse of Sappho which praises her beauty, but the name itself was doubtful and Bergk was inclined to believe that she was called simply Mnais. The songs prove that this hypothesis should be abandoned. Mnasidika seems to have been a very sweet and innocent little girl, one of those charming beings whose mission is to be adored,—who, the more they are cherished, the less effort they make to deserve what they receive. The love that is without motive endures the longest; this one lasted ten years. It will be seen how it was broken owing to the fault of Bilitis whose excessive jealousy did not understand any eclecticism.

THE NAMELESS TOMB

Mnasidika took me by the hand and led me outside the gates
of the city to a little uncultivated field wherein stood
a tomb. And she said, "The friend of my mother."

A shudder crept over me, and without releasing her hand
I leaned upon her shoulder and read the four lines inscribed
between the hollow cup and the serpent:

"Death cannot reach me. The nymphs of the fountain have
gathered me to them. I rest under a covering of earth
light as the sacrificed locks of Xantho. Let her alone weep for me.
My name is silence."

Long we stood motionless, the libation unpoured.
How reach a nameless soul among all the throngs in Hades?

VIGIL

All night the sun has been among the dead, while I,
seated upon my couch, weary and sleepless, await
Mnasidika. The wick of the exhausted lamp has burned
itself to the end.

She will not come. Behold, the last star fades.
I know in my heart, she will not come. Even the hated
name I know. Nevertheless, I wait.

If she would only come now! Yes, if she would only come,
her hair unbound and unwreathed, with wrecked garments
torn and stained, her tongue dry and eyes dark-lidded—

As soon as she shall open the door I will say to her—
but, she is here! It is her robe that I touch, her hands,
her hair, her skin. I kiss her with maddened lips and I weep.

DIRGE

Lift up your voices in sorrow, Lesbian Muses, in sorrow.
The earth is sombre as a mourning garment. The autumnal
trees shiver like funeral locks on the dead.

Heraios! O month of pain and of ecstacy! The leaves fall
softly as snow, the sun reaches further into the dying
forest. I hear no sound save the silence.

Lo, they have borne to the tomb Pittakos weighed down
with years. Many are dead whom I have known. And Mnasidika
who lives is for me as if she were no more.

Ten autumns I have watched die upon this plain.
It is full time that I also should depart. Weep with me,
Lesbian Muses, weep for my going.

When she felt that nothing retained her longer at Mitylene save unhappy memories, Bilitis made a second voyage; she went to Cyprus, an island both Greek and Phoenician, like Pamphylia, and a place which must often have recalled the aspect of her native land. It was there that Bilitis recommenced her life for the second time and in a manner which it will be difficult to accept without recalling to what a point love was a sacred thing among the ancients. The courtesans of Amathonits were not, like ours, ruined creatures exiled from mundane society; they were the daughters of the best families of the city. Aphrodite had made them beautiful, and they thanked the goddess by consecrating their grateful beauty to the service of her cult.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

The black masses of the trees are as motionless as
the mountain. Stars fill the immensity of the sky.
A faint breeze, warm as a human breath, caresses
my eyes and my cheeks.

O Night who givest birth to the gods, how sweet art
thou upon my lips, how warm art thou in my hair!
Thou enterest into me this hour and I feel myself
pregnant with all thy springtime.

The flowers coming to blossom are all born of me.
The wind that sighs is my breath. The perishing
fragrance is my desire. All the stars are in my eyes.

Thy voice, is it the noise of the sea, is it the silence
of the plain? Thy voice, I do not understand it, I am
bowed before it, and my tears lave my two hands.

HYMN TO ASTARTE

Mother so Creation, inexhaustible and unperishing,
first-born, self-begotten—self-conceived, joy-bringing
child of thyself, Astarte!

O perpetually fruitful. O Virgin and Mother of all,
wanton and chaste, pure and abandoned, ineffable,
nocturnal, serene, breath of the fire, foam of the sea!

Thou who accordest thy favors in secret, uniting, loving,
seizing with furious desire the ever-multiplying beasts
and bringing them together in the forest,

O Resistless Astarte! hear me, take me, possess me,
O Moon, and accept from my body the libation of my blood.

THE MAENADS

Across the forests that overlook the sea, rush the Maenads.
Maskhale with fiery breasts, howling, brandishes the phallos
of sycamore wood smeared with vermilion.

Crowned with vine-leaves, they run, they cry, they leap,
they clack the castanets in their hands, and the thyrsi
burst the skins of the resounding drums.

Wet hair, swift limbs, breasts red and torn, streaming cheeks
and lips frothing—O Dionysus, they offer you the love
which you have cast upon them!

And the sea-wind, tossing toward heaven the scarlet locks of Heliokomis, twists them like a furious flame on a torch of white wax.

THE CYPRIAN SEA

On the highest cliff I lay, looking over. The sea was black as a field of violets. The Milky Way dripped from the breast of Night.

Around me a thousand Maenads lay amid the trampled flowers. The long grass mingled with their hair. And lo, out of the eastern waters, the sun was born.

This shore, these waves, first saw the white body of Aphrodite arising . . . I buried my eyes in my hands.

For I had seen, trembling over the waters, a thousand little lips of light: the smile of the hermaphroditic Kypris.

MYDZOURIS

Mydzouris, little gamin, do not weep. I am your friend. If those women insult you again, it is I who will answer them. Come under my arm and dry your eyes.

Yes, I know that you are a horrible child, and that your mother taught you every vice too early. But you are young, and youth can do no wrong.

The mouth of a girl of fifteen is pure beyond corruption. The lips of a grey-haired woman, even though she be a virgin, are degraded; for the one sin is to grow old, and we are dishonored only by wrinkles.

Mydzouris, I like your frank eyes, your bold, impudent name, your laughing voice and your slender body. Come, you shall live with me and stand at my door. When we go out together, the women will bow to you and say—Hail.

THE LAST LOVER

Sweet youth, do not pass without having loved me. I am still beautiful, in the night; you shall see that my autumn blooms more than the springtime of another.

Do not seek the love of virgins, for love is a difficult art in which maidens are little versed. All my life I have been learning it for my last lover.

My last lover, I know it is you. Here is my mouth for which a city has paled with desire. Here is my hair, the hair which Psappha has sung.

I will gather for you all the flowers of my perished morning. I will sacrifice even my memories. I will give you the flute of Lykas, the girdle of Mnasidika.

MORNING RAIN

The night fades. The stars draw away in the distance. The latest courtesans have returned with their lovers. And I, in the rain of the morning, write these verses on the sand.

The leaves are sodden and heavy. Down the road float the dead leaves clotted with mud. The rain, drop by drop, falls into my song.

Ah, but I am sad and lonely! The young no longer glance at me; the old have forgotten me. It is well. They and their children's children will learn my verses.

That is something which, in the day of wrinkles, neither Myrtale nor Thais nor Glikera can say. Those who love, long hence, will sing my songs together.

THE TOMB OF BILITIS

I who wove garlands of verses and kisses lie now
rose-shrouded under the darkness of laurels.

In the land of nymphs my childhood faded to memory;
life came to me on the isle of lovers; Cyprus has given
me death. Therefore is my name remembered and
my urn annointed.

Do not weep for me, you who tarry; beauty followed me
to the grave; the mourners tore their cheeks;
my jewelled mirrors are with me in the tomb.

And now through the pale fields of asphodel I walk,
an unbodied shadow, and among the joyless dead I rejoice
in the memories of life.

TIES OF BLOOD

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT

By Lillian Sutton Pelée

Cast of Characters

Earnestina Ramirez, *born in California of Mexican parents*
Ramon Lugo, *her lover also a Californian*
Juanito, *her crippled brother*
The father of Earnestina *and* Juanito

Time—*About 1907*

Place—*San Gabriel, California, before the little village became modernized.*

Scene

An old adobe house, occupying the full width of the stage, looks on an unpaved street, running from right to left. Only the facade shows. Time and weather have tinted it to old ivory. Patches of plaster have peeled off in spots, leaving staring blots of bold mud. The stage is set in middle ground. The caving roof, green with moss, extends across the earthen path, and is upheld with square wooden posts. A single door near center, left, and window, right, are built in the low, broad wall. The door appears large and formidable. Its rough boards are stained by many rains, and soiled by the touch of many hands. The grimy green blinds of the window are flung wide; their broken slats dangle as the breeze moves and creaks the rusty hinges. At the window, tawdry lace curtains, much the worse for wear, hang limp. The dim lamplight from within reveals holes long since past repairing. Between door and window stands an unpainted bench over which is carelessly thrown a brilliantly colored serape.

Earnestina *is seated on the bench. Her form, robed in a severely plain black dress, is silhouetted sharply against the yellow-stained background. Over her head, hanging in straight folds down her slender figure, is a large, black, deeply fringed, cashmere shawl, soft and fine, but rusty with age. Her face is the face of a woman grown. Her mouth reveals purpose; her somber dark eyes, smoldering passion; the delicate contour of her face, spirituality. From within, a drunken sleeping woman startles the heavy silence by her deep breathing.* Earnestina *sends a troubled glance that tries to pierce the closed door. For a moment she presses her eyes as if to shut*

ut some forbidding picture; instinctively her hand seeks her rosary he touch brings comfort.

In the distance tinkles a guitar. The strains of music blend with a rich baritone in "La Golondrina" as the singer approaches. EARNESTINA, *with eager, beaming face, rises impetuously; then sinks back tremblingly alive to the sound and waits with a smile of satisfaction just curving her lips; the mist of love suffusing her eyes.*

RAMON LUGO *enters. He is fine looking Californian, born of middle class Mexicans. His wide-open eyes are the eyes of an enthusiast, fanatic perhaps. He is thirty-five.*

EARNESTINA *joins him. With one arm he draws her toward him, and presses her lips. As she releases herself, giving the low, joyous, gurgling laugh of tender affection,* RAMON *places his guitar against the wall near the door, and takes from his belt a bunch of yellow poppies.*

Earnestina (*With an exclamation of delight*).—Then you did not forget—?

Ramon.—Señorita's favorite blossoms on Easter day—? Could I forget?

Earnestina.—Never once have you forgotten since—but I must not bring to your memory the years that have passed. It might make you wish for a girl that Time has not touched with so heavy a hand.

Ramon (*Suddenly grave*).—Don't trifle with sacred things. Earnestina. Hasn't good Father Pedro blessed our vows? (*Solemnly.*) What the holy Father has blessed—

Earnestina.—Por Dios! Don't let us grow so serious. Your voice was *muy bonito* at service today, Ramon. (*Glances at him coyly.*) It brought me to my knees quicker than even the father's prayers.

Ramon (*With the light of fanaticism in his eyes*).—A faithful daughter of the church ought not to speak lightly of the holy father. (EARNESTINA *makes a quaint little moue as she tucks the flowers in her girdle.*) A few in your hair, *Chiquita.* I love the gold against the black. (*He twines a few in her hair.*) There! (*He steps back and gazes at her admiringly.*) Standing there in the moonlight you don't look a day older than you did the first time I met you at the *fiesta. O querida*, how much longer must I wait? A man's patience grows weary in ten years. (*With a sigh* EARNESTINA *drops on to bench.* RAMON *stands facing her, with back against one of the posts.*) Our children will have grandparents for father and mother if we don't hasten our marriage.

Earnestina.—I've thought of that too, Ramon, when each time that our wedding day draws near, it slips like a rainbow farther and farther away. And I too have wondered what our little *ninos* will think if our hair is gray and our faces are wrinkled when their baby eyes look on us. (*Sighs heavily.*) But what can I do?

Ramon.—Much, if you will it so.

Earnestina.—Oh, Ramon, I am needed—you know how much needed in—this house—(*Her voice hardens and a look of contempt sweeps her face.*)—that we *call* home. (*The emotion passes, swift flight of a humming bird. She grows tender. Her voice holds the rich quality which is always perceptible when her love is touched.*) My brother—if I leave, who will care for him? (*With a wide gesture she takes in all behind the closed door.*)

Ramon.—Juanito is always a baby in his sister's eyes. You forget he is well into fourteen.

Earnestina.—If I shirked my duty here, how could you be sure I would not shirk my duty to you? Suppose your life were threatened by an enemy, would you think me loyal if I ran away and left you to his mercy?

Ramon (*Hestitates*).—You are the best woman, except my mother, that I ever knew. I suppose that's why I love you as I do, Earnestina. It's no use, we men can never hope to be as good as you good women.

Earnestina (*Laughingly*).—No, no, Ramon, I'm not that. I try to do what lies before me—I try— *estodo*—

Ramon.—But surely your mother might do her part. Can't she see you are growing old? You have the right to your life the same as she had to hers.

Earnestina.—Her life? *Madre de Dios*, what a life! No, dear, there is nothing in this world can change my mother. That time is dead, in the long-ago past. Her will is crushed, crushed as completely as this clod of earth I grind under my feet.

Ramon.—But it's not right to you. She might rouse herself enough to take care of her only boy. A mother ought never to let herself—

Earnestina.—Don't blame *mi madre,* Ramon. Remember what she was—once.

Ramon.—I do, Earnestina. I know your mother was the best loved woman in San Gabriel until she took to—

Earnestina.—Go on, say it. The word is no uglier than the truth.

Ramon.—In those days the hungry were never turned away from the casa of Señora Ramirez, the homeless were always given a place by the fire. How could she let such a habit fasten itself on her? We thought her a saint. A woman should—

Earnestina.—How like a man you talk! A woman should bow her head to drunken blows, and pray the Holy Virgin to forgive the striker. A woman should see her daughter marked for life (*Brushing the hair from her brow, revealing a long, cruel scar*) as I am marked for life, and stay humble. A woman should see her only son made a cripple as Juanito was made a cripple, and say, "God wills it."

Ramon.—No, no, not that, but how can drink help?

Earnestina.—Help? Why, it helps her forget. Don't be hard on *mi madre*, Ramon. She was too gentle to fight. She didn't have my courage to strike back. She could not avenge our wrongs as I could avenge them—and as I would avenge them with a blade of sharp steel if it were not for Juanito.

Ramon.—Hush! Don't speak like that! Don't even think such wicked thoughts. You make me afraid of you.

Earnestina (*The tenderness of devotion returning*).—Don't turn away from me, Ramon. I didn't mean—It is only when I think of my little brother—

Ramon.—Juanito, always Juanito. You make me jealous. You love him more than you love me.

Earnestina.—You mustn't think that, *querido*. There isn't one, there never has been one in all this world that has held my heart as you do. I am eight and twenty. For ten years, since the day we were promised, each morning and each night I pray, "*Santa Maria*, let him not grow weary waiting." O Ramon, I would die if—

Ramon.—No, you wouldn't, Earnestina. You only think you love me. If you really did love me, you would leave everyone, everything—and follow me.

Earnestina.—Dear heart, can't you see it is not that I love *el chiquito* more—I love him in another way. I it was that first held him. I it was that carried his cold little body here, right against my bare breast, and warmed him back to life. I it was that watched him grow, oh, so beautiful, until the drunken hand of our father struck him down. And I nursed that body back to life again and stood in awe as I saw his mind quicken like a man's, his soul grow saintly like good San Antonio's.

Ramon (*Reminiscently*).—Sometimes he does speak with

such a wisdom that I find myself wondering if our Lord in heaven (*Crosses himself.*) has not sent us another prophet.

Earnestina.—If I left here, who would listen to his dreams? Who would shield him from the drunken brawls of this house? He depends on me for all.

Ramon.—He believes in you as he believes in the Holy Virgin, as I believe in you too, *chiquita.* If your father would only let him come and live with us!

Earnestina.—Our father knows Juanito's worth too well ever to loose his hold on him. Shh! Shh! Here comes *mi padre* now. Let him not see us. (*They quickly hide behind the house.*)

(*Her father lurches on, drunk to a state of maudlin imbecility. His clothes are torn and dirty, his greasy old black hat is pulled down, but his matted, unkempt hair shows from beneath. He mutters and curses in Spanish, calls his wife,* "MARIA"! *Flings out filthy epithets: throws open the door and slams it shut after him.* EARNESTINA *and* RAMON *reenter.*)

Earnestina.—O Madre de Dios! (*Crosses herself quickly.*) Why couldn't he let them sleep in peace? I had hoped we might have rest and quiet this day when Christ arose.

(*The drunken mutterings of* EARNESTINA'S *father swell in volume. There is the crash of falling furniture, the peremptory demand of the man, the guttural moan of the woman refusing to be aroused from her drunken slumber, a gurgle of rage from her husband, the sharp cry of the boy, the dropping of a stone, and the fall of a body.* EARNESTINA *darts to window, peers through the torn curtain, starts back with a smothered cry.*)

Earnestina.—Santo Nino! Juanito!

Ramon.—What?

(*For a second* EARNESTINA *is paralyzed with horror, then she darts toward door, is about to enter when something impels her to stop.*)

Earnestina.—Juanito—I must think—

Ramon.—What is it, Earnestina? Speak, tell me—

Earnestina.—Juanito stabbed our father.

Ramon.—Santo Christo! (*Crosses himself*) You don't mean that your brother—

Earnestina.—Yes, yes, he did! I must go inside.

Ramon (*Bars her way*).—No, let me go.

Earnestina.—O *Madre de Dios!* Suppose they should take my brother!

Ramon.—They are sure to do that. (EARNESTINA *wrings her hands and moans impotently.*) You must be brave, you must bear

up. Even if the law takes him—

Earnestina.—The law! (*Fumbles with her rosary.* RAMON *starts to open the door.*) No, no, wait a second, I must think—he must not be taken—*mi pobracito!* Juanito!

(RAMON *opens door. On the floor is huddled a body. The lamplight throws a greenish hue over the face. A pool of blood has formed and is beginning to run in tiny rivulets along the worn wooden floor. Over the man stands a boy of fourteen. His face is ethereally beautiful. His eyes bespeak a great soul. His dark hair falls away from his fine brow in wavy softness. His body is twisted and bent. Gazing straight ahead, he holds a knife from which drops of blood drip to the floor.*)

Earnestina.—Juanito! Brother!

Juanito (*In a dull, even, stunned voice*).—Sister, I have killed him. (*Makes a gesture as if to push the body away.*)

Earnestina.—No! No! (*She stands still, petrified by the shock.*)

Ramon (*Has entered the house and is kneeling by prostrate man.*).—Yes, he is dead.

Juanito (*His act has left him bewildered. It is the patience of a lifetime confronted by a deed of violence*).—And—I—killed him.

Earnestina.—Hush! Put that knife away. Come out here in the open. (JUANITO *mechanically obeys. He approaches with difficulty. Glancing backward his eyes meet the open, staring eyes of his father. He shudders, crosses himself hurriedly, and averts his face.* RAMON *closes the door and remains near by.*)

Earnestina (*Steadies herself with mighty resolve*).—Juanito, what foolishness was that you spoke just now.

Juanito.—It is true, sister, I woke—I saw him lift *la mano del metate* to strike our mother. Something sprang up in here. (*Beats his breast with his tiny hands.*) It cried, "Kill!"

Earnestina.—Don't dare talk like that. You are *loco*, child. You did not kill that man. He killed himself—I saw him.

Juanito.—By the Holy Virgin, sister, you are wrong. I did it, me, I tell you.

Earnestina.—Juanito, never let me hear you say those words again. (*Shakes him by the shoulders.*) Do you hear. Never! I saw it all. I was watching through the window.

Juanito.—I tell you I stabbed—

Earnestina.—Hush! Listen. You dreamt it all. (*Very cautiously and deliberately.*) I will tell you just what happened. Father, drunk as usual, went up to mother, lying on the bed. He

called, he cursed, he could not wake her. Crazed with rage he picked up a knife that lay on the table. As he staggered toward mother he slipped and fell. The knife plunged into his own breast. You woke—you got up dazed—then—you pulled the knife out and—held —it—dripping.

(RAMON *has been listening with ever-increasing bewilderment.*)

Juanito (*Drops to his knees*).—*Gracias, Santa Maria, gracias!* (*Crosses himself.*) Oh, it was good of you to keep me from killing my father. I could never have lived a murderer. He was bad—he was wicked—he was cruel—but his spirit is out there. Take it—make it holy— pity! Forgive him, *Maria, Madre de Dios*—(*His emotion has aroused the man in him. After the sudden burst his voice sinks into a pitiful, childish treble.*)—please forgive him.

Earnestina.—It is the will of God. We will burn candles, many candles. *Mi Madre pobre*, she will have some peace at last!

Juanito.—Dear *pobrecita madre*!

Earnestina.—We will go away, Juanito. We will leave these walls that cry out with misery. Ramon will take us to his home.

Ramon.—*Aqui.* (*Takes serape from bench and hands it to* JUANITO.) Go out under the stars and pray for the repose of his soul. We will watch here.

Juanito (*Takes serape*).—And to think that I believed I killed him—*O Madre de Dios*—(*Walks away murmuring prayers.*)

Ramon (*In a low, ominous voice*).—Earnestina, what have you done?

Earnestina (*Intuitively knows that her lover is displeased, but she faces him bravely*).—I have saved my brother from the rope.

Ramon (*His voice is growing in accusation*).—You have perjured your soul before God.

Earnestina.—I have saved my brother.

Ramon.—Earnestina, you are mad! Can't you see this secret will stand between you and me all our lives?

Earnestina.—Why do you speak with such violence?

Ramon.—Your brother killed his father. You have no right to cover his crime.

Earnestina.—My brother held the knife, God struck the blow.

Ramon (*Horror-stricken*).—Sacrilege! Woman, your love for your brother has turned your mind, smothered your conscience. You must retract.

Earnestina (*With fine scorn*).—Retract—I?

Ramon.—You must confess.

Earnestina (*Whispers in awe*).—Confess—I?

Ramon.—At once.

Earnestina (*Stands silent a moment*).—Never! I would die rather than—(*With final determination.*)—I will let my soul go to hell first. (*Her hand has unconsciously held her rosary, she gives it a sharp tug, and the beads fall one by one to her feet, and lie there unnoticed.*)

Ramon.—You don't know what you're talking about. I will not allow you—

Earnestina (*Turns on him menacingly*).—You mean that you will betray us? (*Her voice becomes sibilant.*) I warn you! I will tell my story so well that no one will believe you. I warn you!—There is not one in all the Mission of San Gabriel who can say that Earnestina Ramirez is a liar. You know that.

Ramon.—I know, Earnestina, I know. And I too believed in you as I believed in the Virgin herself. I thought you an honest woman.

Earnestina.—I am an honest woman. It is my brother's future against the life of a worthless beast.

Ramon.—True enough, *bueno*, but you can not perjure your soul even though you are linked to Juanito with ties of blood. The law may free your brother. Everyone knows the kind of man your father was.

Earnestina.—The law might free him, but the red mark would be stamped into my brother's soul. It would eat his heart away. (*With strong resolve.*) No, he shall never know!

Ramon.—Better for him to know than for you to curse your soul with a lie. I will not let you!

Earnestina.—What will you do? You will turn traitor to us who have given you our confidence for ten long years? (*Turns on him with tigerlike fury.*) You will play false to us? (*Appealingly*) Oh, you can not! You would not commit this injustice against a helpless child. You would not ruin his future. Can't you see he is bigger than his sin?

Ramon (*Hangs his head a moment and thinks, then he looks straight in her eyes*).—No, Earnestina, I will not betray your confidence to the world, but a confessional is sacred. Let us go together.

Earnestina (*Draws away at the suggestion*).—The confessional walls have been known to have ears. I can not trust—

Ramon (*Towers over her like Accusation incarnate*).—Woman, you speak as an apostate. Repent! I could never marry one with so black a sin concealed within her soul.

Earnestina (*With wide-open, staring eyes*).—Ramon, you don't mean that you—Why, I thought you loved me.

Ramon.—I did Earnestina (*With deep emotion.*) God! I do—but we can—not—start our lives together—linked with a lie.

Earnestina (*Looks long and hard*).—If you can not take me as I am, sins and all, then go your way, Ramon Lugo. I will live alone with my lie. (RAMON *falters, looks appealingly at* EARNESTINA, *but she gives no sign of retracting. What he considers his duty draws him to his full height, and he leaves with deliberation.* EARNESTINA *gazes after him with intense longing. She drops on to bench. Her eyes rest on the guitar, she touches it as the hand of a friend. She wails like a hurt animal, rises, opens the door, goes within, and closes it between her and the outside world. The stage is left vacant a moment before the curtains are drawn.*)

THE SENSIBLE MAN

BY HILDA LAURA NORMAN

The sensible man
Will build him a roof
To shut out the rain . .
  But the stars?

The sensible man
Will kindle a fire
To keep himself warm . .
  But the frost-etching done
  On his window-pane?

The sensible man
Will cut him a stone
For a comfortable grave . .
  But his shivering soul
  In roofless ways?

ON A POPULAR POET

By P. T. Hopkins

IF the often quoted person who was willing to let anybody make a people's laws as long as he might write its ballads was correct in his conclusion as to the relative importance of the acts, Philip Freneau played a more vital part in our country's history than either Alexander Hamilton or Thomas Jefferson.

By wit and industry he earned the title "popular poet of the Revolution" but that careless creature, fame, seems to have forgotten him of late although he still claims a paragraph in books of reference. Nevertheless he was no mere local poet. His poems crossed the Atlantic and won favor in the British Isles in spite of their subjects. I have it on the authority of Evert A. Duyckink, a professional biographer devoted to encyclopedias and introductory memoirs, that Campbell and Sir Walter Scott both borrowed lines from Freneau and incorporated them in their own work—a very pretty compliment, it seems to me. Why should not picked verses of minor poets be adopted by their betters? It prolongs the lines' life and may perhaps immortalize their author in the footnote of an annotated edition. Scott even told Mr.. Henry Brevoort that Freneau's poem "To the Memory of the Brave Americans at the Battle of Eutaw Springs" was "as fine a thing as there is of its kind in the language." I rather think that the indefinite phrase "of its kind" is what saves that statement but doubtless Scott owed a tribute to the poem from which "Marmion" adapted "And snatched the spear but left the shield."

The critics, however, were as appreciative as the fellow poets. Dr. John W. Francis had the felicity of telling Freneau in his old age what he "had heard Jeffrey, the Scotch Reviewer, say of his writings, that the time would arrive when his poetry, like that of Hudibras, would command a commentator like Grey." More than one poet who boasts pages in modern anthologies would have been delighted by less praise from the censorious Scotchman.

Philip Freneau came of a family of Huguenot wine merchants. He was sent "to the college of New Jersey at Princeton" where he doubly distinguished himself by being a classmate of James

Madison and by writing a "rhymed poem of decided promise, entitled 'The Poetical History of the Prophet Jonah'. Upon leaving college he wanted to go abroad but instead he was dispatched to the West Indies on business for his father's firm. Meanwhile the Revolution was sending other young men to be soldiers and providing Freneau with more apposite topics for his poems than Jonah. He "contributed to the Freeman's Journal of Philadelphia. Literature, however, was not then a profitable occupation, and Government, which had exhausted its resources in keeping an army in the field, had scant opportunity of rewarding its champions." Freneau, therefore, "looking to other means of subsistence, returned to his seafaring and mercantile habits."

After the Revolution he edited various publications, lived to write poetry through another war with England, and enjoyed a tranquil old age. The same Dr. Francis who visited him at this time says that his most interesting topic of conversation was his childhood in New York and his second best his college days with Madison but "his story of many of his occasional poems was quite romantic. As he had at command types and a printing press when an incident of moment in the Revolution occurred, he would retire for composition, or find shelter under the shade of some trees, indite his lyrics, repair to the press, set up his types, and issue his productions." Any poet would consider this ideal though perhaps he might quarrel with the epithet "quite romantic." The best of it was that Freneau proved himself a good editor by never declining his own verse.

It is easy to see why Freneau was popular. His work is still lively reading and his subjects were interesting to every patriot. No British general escapes his ridicule. In the "Midnight Consultations" he sketches a whole group of them, each one distinct from his fellows but all of them a little absurd. Lord Percy, for instance.

> seemed to snore—but may the muse
> This ill-timed snoring to the peer excuse;
> Tir'd was the long boy of his toilsome day,
> Full fifteen miles he fled, a tedious way,
> How should he then the dews of Somnus shun,
> Perhaps not used to walk, much less to run.

No wonder Gage awakes him with an unkind reminder of his ancestor's accomplishments at Chevy Chase. During the siege of

Yorktown, Cornwallis is shown writing to Sir Henry Clinton with this touching apostrophe.

> Oh crocodile! had I thy flinty hide
> Swords to defy and glance the balls aside,
> By my own prowess would I rout the foe,
> With my own javelin would I work them woe—
> But fates averse, by heaven's supreme decree,
> Nile's serpent formed more excellent than me.

There was a man who knew his limitations. Freneau's generals are engaging rascals with an eye to the King's favor and broad estates on Lake Ontario as well as a proper appreciation of the superior excellence of their foes.

If the generals were fools, the soldiers were no better. The Hessians got their share of ridicule, of course, but even the English soldiery was not exempt. In a delightfully frank soliloquy George III himself tells us how he recruited his armies.

> Is there a robber close in Newgate hemm'd,
> Is there a cut throat, fetter'd and condemn'd?
> Haste, loyal slaves, to George's standard come,
> Attend his lectures when you hear the drum;
> Your chains I break—for better days prepare,
> Come out, my friends, from prison and from care.
> Far to the west I plan your desperate sway,
> There 'tis no sin to ravage, burn and slay!
> There, without fear, your bloody aims pursue,
> And show mankind what English thieves can do.
> That day, when first I mounted to the throne,
> I swore to let all foreign foes alone.
>
> Through love of peace to terms did I advance,
> And made, they say, a shameful league with France,
> But different scenes rise horrid to my view,
> I charg'd my hosts to plunder and subdue—
> At first, indeed, I thought short wars to wage,
> And sent some jail-birds to be led by Gage,
> For 'twas but right that those we marked for slaves
> Should be reduc'd by cowards, fools and knaves
> Awhile, directed by his feeble hand,
> Those troops were kicked and pelted through the land
> Or starv'd in Boston, curs'd the unlucky hour
> They left their dungeons for that fatal shore.

Under these circumstances it is not at all surprising that his majesty goes on to exclaim,

> Oh blast this Congress, blast each upstart state
> On whose commands ten thousand captains wait.

Not only were their opponents hardly worthy of honest men's steel—the elements generously assisted the colonists. In a naval battle the British were at a sad disadvantage because

> Winds daunt their hearts with terror and dismay
> And sprinkle on their powder salt sea spray

meanwhile, I gather, keeping that of the Americans dry. The clouds proved themselves useful at Bunker Hill for no less an authority than General Howe tells us,

> *Putnam's* brave troops, your honors would have swore,
> Had robbed the clouds of half their nitreous store,
> With my bold veterans strew'd the astonished plain,
> For not one musket was discharg'd in vain.

Nature's efforts, you see, were ably seconded by the minute men. Surely Freneau must have kept up the courage of his fellow citizens while giving the elements the praise they had so justly earned.

Perhaps it is evident from the quotations I have already given that Freneau was not always accurate. His poetical passions lead him into errors which his anxious editor points out in copious footnotes. He brazenly writes of Captain Nicholas Biddle falling at the point of victory when actually it was defeat. But how much pleasanter for the dead gentleman's friends Freneau makes it. George III, king of England partly by virtue of being Protestant, threatens when things go so very wrong to retire to a convent and exclaims,

> I'll to my prayers, my bishops and my beads
> And beg God's pardon for my heinous deeds.

But accuracy has never been considered prime essential for good poetry. There are even those who doubt some of Homer's details. Freneau may sometimes err in his facts but I fancy he is correct in interpreting the spirit of his times and perhaps that is the more difficult achievement.

He is most successful in his characterizations, in dialogue and soliloquy. When he tries to be seriously poetical his muse is likely at least to mix her allusions. Occasionally passages like this creep in.

My friend—companion—my Orestes—dies—
Still for that loss must wretched I complain,
And fair Ophelia mourn her loss in vain.

Since I can disover no lady in the case, I am forced to believe that Pylades in one place becomes Ophelia two lines later. Usually, however, Freneau's clarity of thought keeps him from such extraordinary figures.

One of the most interesting characteristics of the poems is his attitude toward England. He has no mercy on the generals or on the troops. He prays to be delivered

From the caitiff lord *North* who would bind us in chains,
From our noble king Log with his toothful of brains,
Who dreams, and is certain while taking a nap,
He has conquer'd our lands as they lay on his map.

He succeeds, however, in making a sharp distinction between these and England herself. He bears no malice toward the people of Britain although he much prefers not to be ruled by their rulers.

Long may Britannia rule our hearts again,
Rule as she ruled in George the second's reign,
May ages hence her glowing grandeur see,
And she be glorious—but ourselves as free.

No blind partizan speaks there.

No wonder Freneau was popular. To quote the measured phrases of Duyckink again, "The practical Captain Freneau combined humour with fancy, and his Muse, laying aside what Milton termed 'her singing robes' could wear with ease the garments of everyday life." In spite of his stilted language, Duyckink has characterized his subject excellently. Humour, fancy, and a certain homeliness usually make a poet interesting if they cannot always make him immortal. His contemporaries knew very well what they owed Freneau and the newspaper notices of his death summed it up admirably. "The productions of his pen animated his countrymen in the darkest days of '76 and the effusions of his muse cheered the desponding soldier as he fought the battles of freedom." A man who has accomplished so much can dispense with the praises of posterity.

THE OLD ORDER

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By Evelyn Emig

Cast

The Mother.
Charles, *her son.*
Mrs. Redmond, *Cissy's mother.*

Scene: *Sitting room of the little home of* Charles *and his* Mother; *a small town in America.*

Time: *A Saturday afternoon in summer.*

The scene is the sitting room of the little house which has been the home of the mother since she came there a bride, thirty years before. It is a funny, old-fashioned room, full of shabby, old-fashioned furniture. The wall-paper is a faded yellow with large blurred figures; the wood-work is an ugly painted brown. There is a bay window, with three narrow windows, in the back, and there are two doors at the right—one leading into a bedroom (front), and the other into the kitchen (back)—and one door at the left (front), the entrance from the shallow hall.

The room is crowded. There is an old sideboard down front, right, a table in the center, and beside it a low rocker with a crocheted 'tidy' (laced with red ribbon). A little rack for knick-nacks, the sides made of discarded spools, hangs on the bit of wall between the bay window and the kitchen door. It is cluttered with useless objects: a china tea-cup and a red glass mug, a crocheted pin-cushion, brightly painted postcards, a silver ball (origin and 'mission in life' unknown), a china candlestick, a florid sea-shell, a faded blue fan—so on indefinitely.

There are three chairs in the crowded bay window, and cheap lace curtains at the windows. On the wall hang the stiff old-fashioned photographs of an earlier generation. One thing only is missing; the knitted motto 'God bless Our Home.' No—there it is, above the center window, its top almost touching the ceiling.

On the table is a long fringed cover, once a bright red and yellow

but now reduced to an unambitious tan. The inevitable steel-bottomed reading lamp and a well-fitted workbasket are pushed to one side, their place usurped by a large pasteboard lunch-box and a piece of manilla wrapping paper.

THE MOTHER *is standing by the sideboard. She is fifty—fifty-one or two, perhaps—but she is an old woman at fifty-one or two. Her life has been hard, one long struggle to make ends meet, but now the time has come when she can rest from her labours. She is fumbling in a sideboard drawer for some string. She brings out a large ball of it and slowly untangles a satisfactory piece. Replacing the rest, she closes the drawer and crosses to the table. She opens the lid of the lunchbox once more, to be sure it is correctly packed, pats down a small bundle, takes out a banana and replaces it dexterously, and then puts on the lid. Carefully she wraps up the bundle and takes up the string to tie it. Then a doubt assails her. She goes out to the kitchen, returning with a glass salt-shaker. She unwraps the lunchbox, puts in the shaker, and wraps it up again. This time she has it neatly tied before she again looks doubtful.*)

The Mother.—Oh dear!

(*She disappears once more into the kitchen, returning empty handed, but unsatisfied. Reluctantly she re-opens the bundle, feels in it gingerly, and then begins to take out the little packages. When half of them are laid around the table, she sighs relievedly at the sight of a collapsible drinking-cup, and repacks the luncheon. It is tied up once again, and with a smile of satisfaction she stands off to admire it. Then she carries it to the sideboard, brushes some imaginary crumbs from the table, replaces the lamp and basket, glances expectantly from the window as she flourishes her apron at a speck of dust on the rung of a rocker, then takes off her apron and hangs it just inside the kitchen door. She primps a trifle before the low sideboard mirror, making sure her hair is tidy and brushing down her shirt waist. After that she takes up her sewing basket. At this moment* CHARLES *comes in.*)

(CHARLES *is about twenty-five, an even-tempered, industrious bank clerk in a small town. He is quiet and kind-hearted, just the kind of son his mother would want. She smiles a greeting.*—)

Charles.—Hello.

Mother.—You're a bit late, ain't ye?

Charles.—Five minutes. I stopped for Cissy. She's dressin' now. (*He has taken off his coat and is rolling up his sleeves to wash.*) You made my lunch, didn't you?

Mother.—It's on the sideboard. (*She hangs his coat on a straight chair, right back.*)

Charles.—Gee, it looks fine. Thanks awfully. What's in it?

Mother.—You wait an' see. It's a surprise for you.

Charles.—Cissy'll enjoy it. It didn't seem fair for her to bring the lunch every time. She don't earn as much money as I do. (*He disappears into the kitchen from whence come sounds of running water and a vigorous splashing.*)

(MOTHER *seats herself in the rocker, left of table, and begins to darn on a black sock.*)

Charles (*Reappearing*).—Keep an eye out the window for Cissy, will you? While I change my shirt? She'll come out on the porch when she's ready.

Mother (*Assenting*).—I ironed your purple shirt this morning. It's in your botton drawer.

Charles.—Oh thanks. That was good of you. (*He disappears into the bed room. In a moment, calling.*) What's in this little package here?

Mother.—Open it and see.

Charles (*Enters, opening it. He holds up a purple necktie, hand-crocheted*).—Mamma! Did you make this for me?

Mother.—It's to go with your purple shirt.

Charles (*Kissing her gratefully*).—That was dear of you. You're awfully good to me.

Mother.—Do you like it?

Charles.—It's beautiful. (*Examining it.*) How do you ever get it all so even?

Mother.—Oh, that isn't hard.

Charles.—It'll look grand with my shirt. I bet Cissy'll like it. (*Crossing to the bed room. From there.*) I almost couldn't get off this afternoon. A lot of work came in at the last moment. But Mr. Mathews said it could go over till Monday. Gee, I was worried.

(MOTHER *rises and crosses to look out of window. Seeing no sign of* CISSY, *she returns.*)

Charles (*Still from without*).—Where's my white shoes?

Mother.—In the closet—But don't put *them* on, Charles. You'll get them all dirty in the country.

Charles.—No I won't.

Mother.—Yes you will. Trampin' around those dusty roads. Keep on your brown ones.

Charles.—All right.

(MOTHER *darns placidly.*)

(CHARLES *enters, in a purple striped shirt, fastening his collar, and crosses to the window.*)

Mother.—She isn't out yet. I just looked.

Charles.—Guess her mother's keeping her. She wasn't feeling so well last night.

Mother.—Oh, that's too bad. Is she real sick?

Charles.—No. Just a headache I guess. She couldn't sleep, Cissy said. (*He returns to his bedroom and brings out the new tie, which he adjusts before the low sideboard mirror.*) How's that?

Mother.—That looks fine.—Wonder if I ought to go over an' see Mis' Redmond?

Charles.—I don't think so. She's all right. (*Crosses to window and looks out.*)

Mother.—What's on that chair there? Is it dust?

Charles (*Looking around aimlessly*).—Where?

(MOTHER *rising, goes back to dust it off.*)

(CHARLES *comes down to table.*)

Mother (*Glancing out of window*).—There goes Sue Weiser. She looks clean tuckered out. Wonder if she wouldn't like a cup o' tea with us.—Charles, you go call her.

(CHARLES *starts for hall door.*)

Mother.—Wait— (*She lifts the window.*) Miss Weiser—How are you today?—Come on in an' have a cup o' tea with me. Charles an' Cissy is goin' on a picnic again.—Aw now, that's too bad.—All afternoon?—An' the only holiday you've got, too. Now that's too bad.—Well—come in an' see me.—I will, thank you. (*She draws in her head and closes the window.*) Poor soul. She's got to work all afternoon. I tell you it ain't right. An old woman like she is. She don't look like she could stand it much longer.

Charles.—She's stood it a long time.

Mother.—Poor soul.—I declare it's terrible. She's come to a time when she ought to have things easy; but what's she got ahead of her? Nothin' but working all the days of her life. Working, working, working, jes' to keep herself alive. It ain't like she was young, with somethin' ahead of her. You don't mind work then. But she's getting old and feeble; feebler all the time. An' she can't ever stop cause there's no one to care for her.

Charles.—There ought to be a law, to pension old people.

Mother.—Oh Charles, don't talk like that. (*She is in arms*

against his 'radical' tendencies; they make him different.) Where'd the money came from!

Charles.—Why from the people; from the *young, strong* people of the country. Let them stand together and take care of the old ones. They pension old soldiers; why not old mothers and fathers?

Mother.—Now Charles, do stop that talk. You don't know what you're sayin'.

(CHARLES *is silent, knowing the futility of continuing.*)

Mother.—Miss Weiser ain't a mother, anyhow—That's what makes it saddest. If she was she'd have children to look after her. As it is she's got nothin'; no family—no home of her own. I tell you, my life's been hard—an' they've been times when I thought I couldn't pull through no how; but now when I come to the end it's all been made easy for me.—I've got my home, the home I come to a bride, an' I love every stick of it. I've got a hired girl to come in Fridays an' do the hard work;—everything my heart could wish for. All my boys have grown up good men. Two of them married an' in homes of their own, an' you left home with me.—An' when I think of that poor soul; workin' at her age—It don't seem right somehow. I don't deserve it.

Charles.—Yes you do, mother. Every bit of it.

Mother.—No, I don't. I ain't been as good a mother as I might a' been.

Charles.—Mother! You know that's not true.

Mother.—There were times when I was crosser'n I had a right to be.—That's 'cause I used to worry so about you.—You've been a good boy, Charles.—Don't know what I'd a done without you. Looks like the Lord knew what He was doin' when He made you a boy. Though I never thought so before.

Charles.—Did you want a girl so much?

Mother (*Smiling at the memory*).—Oh yes. Seemed like it couldn't be, when the doctor said you was a boy. I don't believe I ever got over it.

Charles.—Cissy'll be a daughter to you some day.

(MOTHER *darning again, makes no answer to this.* CISSY *though a dear girl, could never compensate, of course, though she is too polite to hint at that.*)

Charles (*Is standing before the sideboard, hands in his pockets, with his back to her since his last speech. On an impulse, he turns suddenly and crosses to kiss her*).—You're a darling little mother, an' I only wish I could do more for you.

Mother (*Complacently*).—I've got all I could ask for.

Charles (*Walks restlessly back to window. Waves, and reaches quickly for his hat*).—There's Cissy.

Mother (*Rises, and crosses to window*).—Her mother's out too. Guess she's better then.

(CHARLES *turns back to kiss her.*)

Mother.—Wonder if she'd like to come over. You ask her, Charles.

Charles (*Kissing her quickly*).—All right. I will.

Mother.—Ask her if she wants me to come over. I will if she does.

Charles (*At door*).—All right. Goodbye.

Mother.—Goodbye. (*He is gone. She goes back to the window to watch him. She smiles at the two of them, after a minute, and waves her hand. Then turns away, crossing down to the table, and stops.*) I b'lieve I'll go anyway. (*She gets her hat and coat from the hall, then returns to the room to put them on. An idea strikes her. She is getting a small bottle from an obscure corner of a sideboard drawer when the front door bell rings. She halts. Decides it is a visitor, and hospitably begins to take off her wraps. Before she is ready, the door opens and the caller enters. She is*)

Mrs. Redmond (*A lively, plump little woman, the* MOTHER'S *own age perhaps, and yet, beside her more sturdy form, her hostess seems suddenly small and frail and old. Usually she is of a kindly, energetic disposition; today she seems tired and worried*).—May I come in? I jest thought I'd walk right in, an' save your coming to the door. Were you goin' out?

Mother.—No indeed. I was just coming over to see you. Sit down. Charles said you wasn't feelin' so well.

Mrs. Redmond.—No, I had a headache last night.

Mother.—I was just going to bring you over some medicine I've got. It's wonderful for headaches. I got it last year from a travelling doctor. Charles doesn't like me to take strange medicines like that, he says there's a drug in it, so I've got to hide it, but of course it's all right if you don't take too much. It'll cure the worst kind of an ache. Would you like some?

Mrs. Redmond.—I don't think I would, thank you. I'm kind of afraid of medicines.

Mother.—Well, so am I, but I know this is all right. The young man said it was perfectly harmless. 'Course anything'll hurt you if you take too much. He *said* that. An' a thing couldn't help you if it wasn't some powerful. But if you just

take ten drops in a glass full of water it's the best thing in the world for you. (MRS. REDMOND *doesn't respond so she takes it to the sideboard.*)

Mrs. Redmond.—Well, I know what mine comes from, an' if I can just stop worryin' I'll be all right.

Mother (*Sympathetically*).—What's wrong?

Mrs. Redmond.—It's what I came over to see you about.—An' now I hardly know how to tell you.

Mother.—Why—what is it?

Mrs. Redmond.—Come over an' sit down.

Mother (*Obeying*).—Is it Cissy?

Mrs. Redmond.—Cissy an' Charles.—They want to get married.

Mother (*Blankly*).—Married? Charles ain't said nothin'.

Mrs. Redmond.—Cissy didn't tell me, neither. I heard them talkin' last night.

Mother.—They're so young.

Mrs. Redmond.—Charles is twenty-five; an' Cissy's twenty-three.

Mother (*After a moment's hesitation*).—When are they plannin' on?

Mrs. Redmond.—They ain't plannin'. They can't do it. 'Cause of us.

Mother.—You?

Mrs. Redmond.—They was talkin' last night. Cissy wants to go on workin'—to get married an' go on. But Charles won't hear to it. It's too hard on her, he said, an' besides he wants a real home, with children. Cissy was hurt when he wouldn't give in. She said if he cared for her he'd want her anyway; and he told her he cared too much. Then they was mad for a spell. Then he said goodnight an' started down the walk. Cissy didn't say nothin'. After a while I heard her crying. Guess Charles heard her too. He was standing down at the gate. He came back quick, and I heard him petting her. But he wouldn't give in. After while they said goodnight again an' he went home. Cissy set out for a spell; then she came in, quiet like, an' went to bed. It's not that we wouldn't be welcome with them; but they just can't keep us on one salary. (*There is silence.*)

Mother.—What can we do?

Mrs. Redmond.—I been thinkin' all night; prayin'. An' this mornin' the answer came. I went down to see Max Greisman, an' he's give me a place in the factory. Filin' cards—that's

all I have to do—for forty dollars a month. An' he said he'd take you too, rush seasons like this.

Mother.—Oh, not me, I—I couldn't—

Mrs. Redmond.—It's the only way. I've thought it all out. You could come an' live with me, an' let them have this house, as it's nicer than ours.

Mother.—But I—I—(*Catching at a straw.*) They'd never let us.

Mrs. Redmond.—After we'd started they couldn't stop us. We can start in Monday, an' not tell them till night.

(MOTHER *stands speechless, like one in a trap.*)

Mrs. Redmond.—Oh we've got to do it. There's no other way out. Do we want to sit around an' keep them waitin' till we're dead?

Mother.—But Sally, I—you don't understand. I—This is my house. I—I've lived here all my life. I—And there are things that—Charles needs me. There are things that nobody else can do. The stove, for instance—even Charles can't work the stove right. An' I couldn't go in an office. I—oh I couldn't, I—

Mrs. Redmond.—It's us or them, Ann.

Mother.—But—but—couldn't they just get married, an' go on as they are?

Mrs. Redmond.—Charles wants a *real* home—with babies. Oh I know it's hard, giving up your home an' all. Startin' out workin'. It's cruel, at our time of life. But it's all they is to it. We're old an' they're young—an' they've got a right to it. An' after all—it won't be for long.

Mother (*Speechless and confused*).—I—

Mrs. Redmond (*Bravely*).—One nice thing—Sue Weiser's in the same room. So it won't be so lonesome.

Mother (*Tonelessly*).—Sue Weiser—

Mrs. Redmond.—Will you do it Ann? I can go down an' fix it for you. I told him I'd let him know. You needn't go till we start in Monday morning.

(MOTHER *hesitates pitifully.*)

Mrs. Redmond.—Shall I tell him you'll go, Ann?

Mother (*Pleading*).—I want to talk to Charles first.

Mrs. Redmond.—He couldn't help you. We've got to do it ourselves.

Mother.—Wait till tonight.

Mrs. Redmond.—But you'll do it. Oh, you've *got* to, Ann!

Can I go over an' tell Max we want the place? Then you can say that you have it. (*She rises, relieved, feeling sure she has won.*) It would be fine, Ann. What'll we feel like—earnin' our livin' at this time of life? (*She starts gaily out.*) I won't even breathe it to Cissy till Monday.

Mother.—All right.

Mrs. Redmond.—Don't let Charles tell her.

Mother.—I won't.

Mrs. Redmond.—Children get harder to manage nowadays.

Mother.—I manage Charles.

Mrs. Redmond.—Goodbye then.

Mother.—Goodbye. (MRS. REDMOND *is gone.*)

(MOTHER *is left standing in the middle of the floor. She stands there for some time without moving, trying to absorb it all. Finally she totters over to her rocking chair. But she does not darn. She looks a dozen years older. She thinks desperately. She murmurs arguments under her breath. After a moment a noise is heard in the hall.*)

Charles (*Enters hurriedly*).—I forgot the lunch. Wasn't that stupid? (*He takes it up.*) We were way down at the station. (*Takes a deep breath.*) Gee! I ran all the way back. (*He goes out into the kitchen for a drink of water. Returns with glass half full, sipping it. Offers it to her.*) Want some?

Mother (*Steadily*).—No thanks.

(CHARLES *sets it on the table. Fans himself for a second with his hat, slowly. His vitality is not sufficient to dominate this scene. The* MOTHER'S *silence is the leading factor—and his silence. He is not very happy, underneath.*)

(MOTHER *tries to broach the subject; but his eyes are way off. She waits.*)

Mother (*Finally*).—Charles—don't you ever think o' gettin' married?

Charles (*Startled, hides it, speaking casually*).—Why? Oh, no, I'm young yet.

Mother.—Not so very young.

Charles (*Stirs restlessly*).—Don't you worry. I shan't marry for a long time.

(MOTHER *tries to assure him she won't worry, but she can't. Her head is bent over her darning.*)

Charles.—Well—(*Rises and comes over to kiss her goodbye.*) Goodbye.

Mother (*Realizing that she cannot speak*).—Goodbye. (*He takes up his lunch and goes out.*)

Mother (*Looks after him. She begins to fully realize the situation—to realize that there is no escape. She looks restlessly around the room, and, after a while, again, slowly, as if she is trying to part with it. Suddenly, dumbly, she rises and covers her face with fierce hands. But in a minute she drops them again*).—I ought to be glad for him. (*She tells herself, half aloud. But she can't be. She stands behind the table. She moves restlessly, desperately, trying to reconcile herself, staring tensely. Then she clenches her hands.*) I can't! I can't! (*She looks firmly for the medicine on the sideboard, then goes over and takes it up with a curious limp reaction. She looks helplessly around the room, then back to the bottle. Several minutes have elapsed, perhaps two, perhaps ten. She stands for a long time quite still; then, deliberately, though her fingers tremble, she pours out a teaspoonful—then two, three, four, five of them, into an empty glass and adds a little of the water from the tumbler Charles has left. The medicine fizzes in the glass. She drinks it quickly, then, with a wry face, gulps down the water. She sets aside the glass and stands for a moment quite still, waiting for some sign of pain. But it is too soon for that. Slowly she corks the bottle, takes up the glasses and carries them over to the sideboard. She brushes off a speck of dust mechanically with her apron, then turns back. From the table she takes up her sewing and crossing to the rocking chair begins quietly to darn a short black sock. Her fingers move slowly. After a minute the curtain falls.*)

FIGS FROM ASPHALT

By Christabel F. Fiske

"Can a man gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles?"

I spend my summers
In a heat-withered city.
And, for long hours each day,
My brain slips out of its throbbing nest
Leaving the rest of me
Inert, languorous,
Like a lazy wave of ploughed land
Steeped in sunshine.
But I may not lie still and dream
Through the stifling noons.
It draws me with it—that gray darting thing—
Through the sun-stung town,
Though the only time I've been able,
Through the quivering heat,
To see it *plainly*,
Was when I was staring up vaguely, one morning,
At the old State House.
There it sat, plain as day, between The Lion and The Unicorn,
Adapting itself perfectly to the situation,—
A Squirrel rampant,
With tiny, three-cornered dragon-wings,
And a tawny-green acorn,
Shaped exactly like a shield,
Between its paws.
—I'd have known it for mine
In a wilderness of squirrels.
In histrionic mood,
It worried the Lion,
Which tapped it with its paw,
And squared at The Unicorn,
Which didn't seem to mind.
Then, dropping down,

It flew ahead of me
Through the parched streets—
Roofs blistered,
Asphalt pavements
(That run small, infernal rivulets of melted tar along their edges),
Burning my feet through my thin shoes,
Each cobblestone around Quincy Market
Hot enough
To boil a pipkinful
Of water on.
But the odd thing was that,
From barren curb and concrete,
It gathered for itself
Many and many a fertile thing:
Now, a silky brown nut,
Now, a strange bright berry,
Now, a fruit-pod spotted and streaked like agate.
—Always it does this.—
Sometimes it springs with its treasures
Up into the shadow of projecting eaves,
Gnaws and plays with them awhile,
Then tosses them away.
But sometimes, instead,
It grasps them jealously;
And, that night,
Dropped back into its nest,
Buries them furtively, for winter hoarding,
Deep in the loam
Of my sensuous, sundrenched, sleepy spirit,
Thence spring up, for autumn garnering,
A scattered, whimsical harvest
Of mellow, fragrant things— — — —
And some are here— — — —

I
OF THE PEABODY MUSEUM

One day a woman said to me,
"This afternoon
There is a gown exhibit at Jordan and Marsh's.
People on the stage walking round
With the newest things on.

Don't you want to go?"
I said gently, but very firmly,
That I certainly didn't.
Then I faltered,
Remembering what my sister had told me once
About such an exhibition
In New Orleans.
"There will not be, by any chance", said I,
Anxiously,
"A widow in stylish, sombre weeds
Walking to and fro,
A black-edged handkerchief at her eyes,
Leading by the hand
A very small child
Likewise
Mourning
Punctiliously?
Not for the world would I miss that!"
Somewhat shocked,
She said ,"No," gravely, "not in Boston."
So I went my way.
But by curious chance I found myself
That very afternoon
In a fashion emporium,
And couldn't get away
For hours
From the sheer charm of it.
The materials
Were
Exquisite
Utterly:
Bird's-down, willow catkins,
Gold-tawny chamois,
Softest of deer skins stained carmine and azure,
Furs soft and shining of ermine and otter,
Blackest of fern stems,
White ivory squaw grass,
Strips of the outer bark of the red bud,
Strips of the inner bark of the linden.
And the weaving and cutting and shaping
Of these exquisite stuffs
Were so beautiful and so right

(And so stylish!).
There was one lady
D essed entirely in cedar-bark
(I should earnestly recommend this demure model
To the Salvation Army):
A cape of softest wood-brown, pliant, lovely;
And, for a skirt,
A wood-brown blanket draped
Exactly like a civilized skirt,
Scant, curving in slightly below the knees in the back,
Like ours,
And split up the side—
A good genuine, honest split
Straight to the waist,
(Not just clipped suggestively,
And then held together above
By braid or by button around mincing steps,
But a good high split,
Letting her take
Lusty strides like war-whoops),
And yet so cunningly adjusted
With broad underlapping,
That no possible variety of flower-like male savage,
No Apachian Anthony, canonized or even Comstockian
Could find his feelings
In the least outraged.
There was another pretty, spirited costume
For walking—
Dull, gray skin
Cut straight off short across the knees in front,
But hung on sides and back
With fringe coquettishly bound here and there
(Merest piquant touches)
By an inch or so
Of the rich red stems
Of the giant fern.
If warm,
You could turn the front of your blouse,
Very sensibly,
Right down to the waist,
Wearing instead
Many, many strands

Of little, white, charming
Shells
Judiciously
Arranged.
The church gown of the lady from Dakota
Was a fervent, worshipful,
Mystical affair,
With dark blue Totemic turtles
Depicted on it;
And broad, bright blue stretches
Of shining water
Reflecting, in red and uncanny sulphurous shadows,
Sun, moon and stars,
Sacred trees
And stones.
(There was one somewhat ghastly
Sacrificial
Suggestion
About this lady.
Upon the dainty beaded shoe
Above the instep,
Lay a three-cornered flap tipped with a wisp
Of yellow hair).
The Alaska model
Wore, wrought entire
Of the purling feathers
Of the tufted puffin,
A robe rippling duskily from head to foot,
In a sea-grey tide
Of soft brooding warmth.
And of such a raincoat I never dreamed—
A raincoat made
Of seal intestines split and sewed together
With irridescent scraps
Of colored worsted
Caught here and there
Into the seams.
I had never known before how lovely
Intestines are—
Dull, translucent,
Like the thinnest kind
Of rumpled parchment.

And there were charming
Sundry things carried or
Worn by these dusky
Exhibiting ladies.
For dances, for instance,
Most charming head-dresses
Ornamented
With floating ermine
And upright circles
Made of seal whiskers
And fluffily full
Of bird's down which fell
Down upon them like snow.
And belts, too, they wore
With broad, writhing, tawny, olive green stripes on them
Sliding along
Like mountain brooks.
And one of them carried
A vanity box full
Of colored swansdown
And dusty red powder.
Altogether
I came away from that fashion show
Thrilled by clothes
As not in my life I have been thrilled before.
Not alone did they shimmer so, those clothes,
With gleam of grasses
And of shalings of sea shells,
And of shining black seeds of the wild oleaster,
And of faint glowing fibres of red cherry bark;
Not only so mystically did they quiver
Neath the spell of the signs of the sky and the sea,
And of mythic sea monsters
Wrought purple upon them,
But the loveliest,
And also the smartest
Were adapted so justly
To human need.
That's what chiefly struck me.
Take the robe of the feathers of tufted puffins.
Audubon himself
Could not possibly object

To its brooding beauty.
For is not a shivering lady Pawnee
Of more value than many a tufted puffin?
And, again, the most exigeant detail
In the smartest fur costume I ever have seen
—Caribou, fawn-colored, splashed softly with white,
Exquisitely fitted
Round ankles and wrist—
(A woman dressed so would alike be at home
In an arctic sledge
Or New York limousine),
Was the loose, stylish hood
Hanging down from the shoulders
For bundles or babies.
It all was *significant*, that was the point,
These gowns and these trimming to smallest detail.
That's how they please you.
Take even
That sinister wisp of yellow hair
On the beaded shoe
Of the nature-cultish Dakota lady
With her suns and her moons
And her sacred rocks:
Even this
Sacrificial suggestion
—Shed blood quickening mystically sprouting fields,
One life poured out for the life of the clan—
Has in its context
Poignant appeal,
Does honor, indeed, to the savage soul
If we compare it
With what the sacrificial suggestion would be
Of human hair
(Golden fleece shorn from children's heads,
Full brown locks sagging lustreless,
Worn, gray strands)
Drooping from shoes
Of certain much civilized
Owners of factories, of mills and of mines.
—I stayed till closing time
And then went slowly home,
Convinced

That never before had I seen
Such grotesquely ugly people
As those hurrying past me
In the twilight.
That evening,
The lady showed me
A gown she had bought at Jordan and Marsh's
After the gown exhibit
Where people had walked round
With the newest things on.
And before I thought I asked,
"But what does it *mean*?
And where are the grasses and the split bird quills
And abalone shalings?"
The lady looked offended
And perplexed.
And I heard her saying that night to a friend,
"She didn't like it,
That person from Vassar.
Wouldn't you know to look at her, though,
That she has *barbarous*
Taste in clothes?"

II
OF THE QUINCY MARKET

I never dare pass through Quincy Market
Brooding, lest I miss the jest
The gods play daily upon men.
There it lies, heaped high,
Dazzling me,
Luring me,
All the wealth of the world.
Beryl is there,
Green, shallow sea wave spreading
Over wrinkled sands;
And great shards,
Sombre, demonic,
Of blue-black onyx;
Strange, rich masses of emerald there are,
Greenest of copper flame
Quivering, lambent;

Great bloomings
Of dim white coral;
Windfalls of sapphires smoldering in shadow
Like deep blue blossoms
Of banana trees;
And ancient Titantic gems whose names I know not,
Lying fragrant, mellowed, honey-hearted
Midst their out worn husks,
Their glistering age-old shalings
Ambrous, crimson, green.
From the uttermost bounds of earth they come
—These treasures—
From ancient lairs
Whence,
Couching palpitant, spell-bound, through the ages,
They spring forth at last,
Potent spirits,
To man's wistful need;
Strange stones, tide-runed,
From the depths of the sea;
Or from crevices of high-flung Persian crags
Whence, azure-green masses of mammoth turquoise,
They had stared eternally,
Sombre, askance,
Like the filmy orbs
Of deep-sea monsters;
Or from vast night-forests
Where glide
Strange little dim, red, lustrous moons
Cloudy, undefined,
Little dim red moons
Alight, through his translucent skin,
From jewels nested in the serpent's head.
Portentous they come,
Gifts of the gods—
For, like eagles brooding in their nests
Over strange scarlet earth-stones
Pregnant in virtue
For their mighty young,
So they, the gods brooded in their deep hearts
Over all earth's lustrous things,
Its jewels and gold, its jade and amber,

Warming them at last into mystic life
Fraught with weal for men.
And, in the old days,
Eager, simple men,
Worshipping their beauty and their mystery,
Received them,
Titanic talismans,
Into yearning hands.
And lo!
To them the birds, close-shrined in the branches above,
Sang oracles,
And serpents hissed them out softly at their feet;
And, unscathed by hail or tempest,
Their billowing brown fields
Travailed, in primeval ecstasy,
Toward bronzed harvest.
Then, in an evil hour,
Subtly, inconceivably,
Man forgot the flaming, god-haunted hearts
Of his talismans,
And saw in them only
Things exquisite, passive—
Fair parasites basking
In borrowed light.
And wistful worshipper
No longer,
Laying upon them
Profaning hands,
Trading them for beads and corn and tin,
He forced them to serve his sordid will.
—And so it is that I watch, each morning,
In Quincy Market,
The jest the gods play daily upon men.
Each morning they come—I see them come—
The lithe, glowing, beautiful, gods,
The beautiful, dull, trustful gods,
Bearing shining-eyed, eager,
In smooth-gliding golden wains,
Warm with their brooding,
Their gift to men:
Jasper and sapphire,
Chalcedony,

Topaz and beryl,
And amethyst;
And in shrines they heap them
And wait in bright patience
Man's yearning will.
—Man awakes,
And from his smug, polished face,
As he traverses the streets,
The radiance of the waiting gods falls back repulsed—
As from brazen masks.
And the startled, scornful gods,
—Every morning the startled, scornful gods—
Will in their hearts;
And their shining wains become market carts,
And they themselves,
As in ancient days
Along Trojan streets,
Shrink and shrivel into old, wrinkled women
And toil-worn men among market stalls;
And their shining, mystic, dream- fraught treasures,
Amid bitter, unsensed, celestial laughter
Change—I've seen them change—
Into fleshly stuff,
Into succulent, delicious pulpiness
Dainty-hued, fragrant;
Into honey-dew melons,
Jagged, jade-like beans,
White radishes spotted purple like agate,
Corn cut and colored like ivory,
Onions shedding iridescent coats,
Plums and peppers, pumpkins and peas,
Purple cabbages, carrots and cauliflowers.
And men season and salt and eat them for dinner.
—*This* is the jest the gods play daily,
In Quincy Market,
Upon men.

III
OF THE DEPARTMENT STORE
A Fable For Employers

(*Suggested by a girl's face behind the counter*)

I lay one night, angry,
By an open window

Looking out at the sky.
The stars were shining,
Thousands and thousands of them,
Against soft blackness.
And they shone small and still and white,
And very docile
To the moon and to the sun and to the other planets
And to all the bigger things
And to God.
All except one.
I have never seen such a star—
Such a sulky, snarling, little star—
Such a prickly, dartling, hedgehog-ball of a star,
Such a topaz-eyed, spitting, wild-cat of a star!
It seemed to me
To be thrusting out a spiteful, flashing little tongue
At its orderly mates.
But suddenly
It drew its beams back into itself,
And after a moment flashed them straight downward into space.
And I knew it was trying passionately
To get through to *me*—
To call *me* up, as it were, in asterisks.
And my heart, too, drew itself together,
And willed and wished very vehemently,
And prayed—and cursed some—
And understood in a flash.
It hated the solar system, that star did:
Processions of equinoxes,
Musics of spheres,
Everyone planted in patterns like deadly flower gardens,
—Belts of Orion, whoever *he* was, dippers, harps,
And bears, big and little.
Above all, the brisk punctuality and smugness
With which,
At inconvenient hours,
Its priggish colleagues,
The morning stars,
Lifted their shrill voices
And sang together,
Annoyed it.
And the way they minced contentedly

Along their orbits.
It hated its orbit!
Far better have been
A tiny rebel-star
On that immortal day,
When he, whose epic fame
Trailed still through heaven,
—Lucifer—
Sprang shouting from out his ordered course
—He, Lucifer, Son of the Morning—
Till, touched at last with celestial light,
Hell's black Titanic mountains
Leaped like rams,
And her hills like little lambs,
To greet their lord;
And heaven dimmed.
But when the star,
Crying out in its pain and longing,
Wished mightily
That something in heaven would leap like rams
—Or little lambs,—
Or shout,
Or plunge,
All the response forth coming
Was crisp sparkles of disapproval
From the trim little circle
Of morning stars!
My star,
Having thus delivered itself,
Corruscated for a few seconds with peculiar vehemence,
Shaking out its silver hair.
Whereupon my heart
Concentrated,
And theosophized,
And willed,
And got its message through;
And what it said was,
"I know exactly how you feel about it, damn it all!"
It was amazing to see the effect of this message
Upon that star.
Having snapped and twinkled at me,
Comprehendingly,

It ceased its angry corruscation.
And gradually, before my eyes,
I saw it
Grow large and soft and lustrous;
And it shone quite steadily for awhile,
And very gently;
Then it grew dimmer and dimmer
And soon drifted drowsily into a cloud.
And I went to sleep among my blankets.
But when I woke three hours later,
And caught the song of the stars, as I always do,
In the hour of quivering, velvety suspense
Just before dawn,
There was an utterly new note in it,
A wonderful note:
My little star singing like mad
Among its peers,
Publishing to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand,
And proclaiming its Great Original,
And repeating the story of its birth,
In the most Addisonian,
And orthodox,
Fashion.
Now what, I ask you,
Is a perfectly well-regulated,
Spacious,
Addisonian,
Firmament
To do with a star like *that*?

IV
OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Gray, couchant Pile,
Virile mate of the dreaming, time-stained Gothic loveliness
Across the narrow street!
Broad-based columns shouldering upward,
Deep-rooted pilasters
Steadily throbbing to
The strong, sure rhythm
Of soaring architrave, steep-curved cornices

And mighty vault sweeping overthwart, onward,
From wall to wall, huge, hollow
Unbreaking wave!—
Defined, substantial Beauty!—

Every morning at half-past five I look out of my window
And off on the mountains, far to the east,
Across the roofs,
I see strange things—cloudlike—
Yet they are not clouds.
They are lotus-hued, sometimes,
And sometimes ambrous,
But, most often,
It is as if the cloudy soul
Of masses of jade stone
Had crept out through fissures and crevices
From its slumbering quarry.
I do not know what they are—
I cannot dream what they are.
But each morning as I watch them,
—Each pregnant morning as I watch them,—
They slowly shift before my eyes
As if some unseen force were impelling them,
Rich-hued, cloudy boulders,
Upward upon one another
Into palaces for gods.
And my spirit
Travails with them.
But always after a moment
—Always after a pregnant moment—
Those rich-hued, cloudy boulders
Blur and blend
And trail off finally, my spirit with them,
Into billowing confusion.
Now all this is strange,
And disconcerting.
Other people's houses abuilding
Don't crash on their hands!
Each day I watch them,
Those others,
Searching out the blackness
Of the shadow of death

To bring thence immemorial shalings
Surging molten once,
Through earth's hot veins,
Now at frozen peace in its dim Hades.
Mighty shards of it they bring
With which, for the ages,
They build day by day:
Shards of flint
Streaked with smoldering purple jacinth,
And of porphyry;
Shards of dazed, pale alabaster,
And of marble mellowing to its heart in the sunshine;
Shards of granite, mighty hybrid,
Fierce catamount of the quarry
Glittering angrily,
A wild beast torn from its lair.
(Have you seen beds of asters,
Crimson, azure, purple, orange?
So gleam the quartz-clusters
Round the feet of the quarriers,
Round the feet of the builders).
—I could never find those mines—
But *that's* not what troubles me;
I do not want to find them.
What are they to me
Who am tracking jade-clouds?
The thing though that *does* trouble me, however,
—That haunts and tortures me—
The thing that keeps me awake at night,
Pondering, pondering,
Is just this:
That, each morning at half past five,
As I gaze across
At that travailing, swooning, baffled glory,
I cannot tell, for the soul of me—
I *cannot* tell!—
Whether it's my spirit,
Or the strange rich masses
—The jade-hued boulders—
That grows blurred first!

Gray, couchant Pile,

Clean-flanked, clearcut Thought of a man,
As I sit in your green inner court this morning
I do not rest in you—
I resent you!

V
OF THE BIOLOGICAL GARDEN

Each bird dwells in the midst of the element out of which he was fashioned. Those swim on the salt waves that were shapen of salt waves, and those on lakes and rivers that were shapen of fresh water: and those sit in fields and may not swim that were wrought of the dew on the grass and those flutter through the woods that were wrought of the drops on the trees, and those rest in the fens that were fashioned of the fen mist.—"Old English Martyrology". (Ninth Century.)

The garden was all made of water that day.
I stood in the shadow of a great green sea wave,
And, even as I looked,
It broke above my head and hung suspended
In softly-curled crests
Of frothing lilac;
While a stretch of boulder-strewn, icy brook
Changed before my eyes
—I saw it change—
To a gleaming rock garden,
Its Protean waters
Creaming thinly along its ledges
Into silvery-leaved, tawny-starred alyssum,
(Water-flies green and glinting still hovered above it);
Curling over them
Into fragrant, yellowing currents
Of wild honey-suckle
And helianthus,
(Orange-jacketed bees
Shouldered out of their way
Pale water-moths sinking
Bewildered upon them);
Swirling into bright eddies
Of sea-thrift,
Glacial jasmine
And ruffling eranthus,
(Water-spiders with iridescent wings,

Of a sudden,
Found their thin, skimming legs entangled
Among sprawling, downy-thighed purple iris);
Bubbling up through deep fissures and crevices,
This Protean water,
Into Alpine anemones
Plumed granite pinks
And purple grape-hyacinths,
(I saw one small bevy
Of plumed granite pinks
Flutter off into white-winged
Blue-spotted
Butterflies);
Purling softly down the faces of the boulders
Into elf-woven tapestries
Of gray-green thyme
Glossed with azure down
(Glinting dust breeze-blown
From the moon-stricken shore
Of a wrinkled, blue-sanded, goblin sea);
And a bird flashed skyward,
And I thought on Thales,
I thought on Thales;
And I chanted there,
In the little path
Between the rock-garden and a mammoth out-door bird-cage—
I chanted there,
In the face of a stunned biological friend,
A strange song of the sprouting
And the springing of species,
A strange little song
Of the burgeoning of birds:
Thales of Miletus said the world was made of water;
I've read it all here in my tawny parchment,
With its blue letters,
With its gold letters,
And little silken creatures
Scampering along the margins;
How ages ago
In the primal dawning,
Whirling fragments of the white, blown sea,
Feathering softly,

Fluttering, fluttering,
Wing-tips still tangled in the fertile, frothing wave,
Wheeled suddenly upward athwart the crimson dawning
—Strident foam-fledglings—
A flock of white, shrill-crying, salt-glistering sea-gulls.
I read here, also,
How, on the verge of that primal sea,
Sallow pools lying languid along the rockly ledges,
(Edged with quivering shadows luster-veined like violet petals),
Mellowed to the heart in the balmy crooning warmth,
Burgeoned into delicate, black, golden-streaked heads,
Burgeoned into tawny wings
And twinkling topaz feet,
Till there staggered forth at last on the sand, in seemly rows,
A gallant show of hazel-eyed, purple sand-pipers.
I read here also,
In my black, thorny script,
How in the primal sunrise,
Deep-drenched, dawning mountain branches
Broke to blur of ruddy wings and preening golden breasts;
While far in the depths
Of that pregnant pluming tree,
Black, swirling foliage,
—Black foliage close-curled,—
Went cracking into fragments
Of thin, jagged, jade-veined leaves,
As forth from its heart fluttered
Gray-green nestling things.
I read here also,
In my black jagged script,
How in the glamorous pools
Of the cypress marshes,
Shadows, heavy, languid, lambent,
Fraught with brooding, coiling colors,
Like rich eastern unguents floating in a wizard's cauldron,
Went ruffling on a sudden
Into plumed breasts—
Wine deep maroon swirling softly into blue—
Went curling and writhing,
Went curving and dwindling,
Into sinuous silken necks
And glossy green heads;

Went purling and darkling,
These lustrous, lambent shadows,
Into rich, crimson wings aflare from the water,
Into swooning ashen wings, glinting purple, glinting green,
Till blue-black herons blundered out upon the bank,
And bitterns wrought of dazed, molten gold,
And ibises and grebes,
And green winged teals,
All splashed like paint against the cypress gloom.
I read here also
In my black spiked script—
"I really must go",
Interrupted
My biological friend
Impatiently.
(*His* line was reptilian vestiges in birds).
"Pardon me,
But really
You sometimes seem to have the mind
Of a high class prestidigitateur
—A really first rate prestidigitateur."
"I suppose I have",
I admitted sadly,
"So had the author of Genesis I;
And Pliny with his jewels
Spilling out, of a sudden,
From a great, dim, pregnant, primal gem;
And Thales with his birds;
And Ovid with his maidens all sprouting pink laurel;
And Milton with his lions
Pawing to get free
From cleaving clods;
And God, blowing his trumpet like mad at the Last Day,
To summon us to the Resurrection Pageant
Whereat
'In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,
At the last trump'
We shall be changed.
I suppose *that's* being
A prestidigitateur."
"It is," said my friend
Positively.

"But why, in your striving after sensation,
Need you be so uncommonly
Unscientific?
Those preposterous herons
Of yours, for instance,
I can match them any day.
Let us take, instead"—
"I must beg you", I broke in,
Somewhat piqued,
"Not to mention
Those tiresome—
Astounding—
Miracles of nature,
All of which, even as a child,
—Especially anthropoids and tadpoles—
Bored me extremely.
But there's no use arguing—
No use at all.
Some minds, like yours,
Take to eolithics
And evolution;
And some, like mine,
To twinklings
And transformations.
But you are quite right,
And I am quite wrong,
And so were
Thales
And Pliny,
And Ovid,
And the author of Genesis I.
And birds didn't spring
From water
But from snakes—
Which is why the world's
Such a stupid place!"
So my friend went off
And spent a happy day
Dissecting or-nith-o-logically,
And discovering another
Engaging
Reptilian

Vestige.
And I wandered sadly around the garden,
Considering,
That never on earth has anyone seen
A shallow, flint-gleaming pool
In the rocks beside the ocean,
Bubble out across its margins
Into broods of silvery terns;
Nor a weird, red marsh-mere
Flare up toward the west,
A flight of wild-crying, wind-driven flamingoes.
Yet just such things,
All my days,
I'll be looking for.
It's no place here,
—No place at all—
For a lover of first rate
Legerdemain.

INHERITANCE

By Teresa Hooley

The shadow of a flying bird
Dark on a dew-white lawn,
And all the heart of me is stirred
By beauty old as dawn.

A million birds upon the wing,
A million stumbling years,
Have gone to make this perfect thing
I see to-day with tears.

This joy through many a patient night
Beneath God's fingers grew—
The shadow of a bird's swift flight
Upon a lawn of dew.

AD UNA CANTATE

(Mary Bell)

By Albert Edmund Trombly

I

STARDUST

There is a star unknown to any chart
Yet glimpsed of those who from the dizzy turrets
Of their chateaux d'Espagne watch night by night
The changless aspect of the changing stars.
Old Homer dreamed it through his blinded eyes,
And Dante sought for it in hell and heaven;
And none of all who once behold the gleam
May ever rest from groping for the star.
And I, whose feet are dusty from Love's ways,
Thank Heaven that you, dear handful of stardust,
Are sifted through the darkness of the world!
Thank Heaven that on your beams one dreamer more
May pant and follow, burning for the Star,
And dream that he is climbing in the Light!

II

RED ROSE

Red rose, red rose, what did she say
To make you blush this red, red way?

"She said:
'Is love so trivial a thing
That one can hold it in a ring?'

I said:
'The whole expanse of heaven's blue
Is cupped within a drop of dew.'

She said:
'And will he neither break nor bruise
His feathers in so close a noose?'

I said:
'The bird is always happiest
When briars fortify his nest.'

She said:
'When Love comes singing up this way
Will he have come to stop or stay?'

I said:
'You vex the present sun-filled hour
With tear-drops of tomorrow's shower.'

She said:
'How may one know if love is good,
If to be welcomed or withstood?'

I said:
'It is not given us to find
The core until we bite the rind.'"

Red rose, red rose, what did she say
To make you blush this red, red way?

III

FOOTFALLS

Her footfalls are echoing in my heart,
Heart hollow as an empty hall,
And through the dull days I often start
And all but call.

In a lane that I pass from day to day
Hedged in with lilacs trim,
I see how she bent her head this way
For her hat's broad brim.

This and a thousand things there are:
The color that suited her best,
Inarticulate words in a crowded car,
A hand scarce pressed.

Her footfalls are echoing, echoing still—
Or is it my pulsing blood?

God grant no man the need of my will
Or to stand where I stood!

IV

FACETS

1

A wild seed lodged in the cranny of a rock
Takes root, and the roots web out,
Insinuate and push and mock
And rend the obdurate block.
(O wild seed of the thought of her!
O rock of my high resolve!)

2

My memories are the fallen leaves,
The drifted leaves by the gate;
But the mad winds ride through the gate sprung wide
And the leaves are one with the storm.
(O sight of her, and voice of her,
O gathered winds of the storm!)

Poet Lore

A MAGAZINE OF LETTERS

SPRING NUMBER

VOLUME XXXII

RICHARD G. BADGER
THE POET LORE COMPANY
BOSTON MCMXXI

Poet Lore

A MAGAZINE OF LETTERS

SUMMER NUMBER

VOLUME XXXII

RICHARD G. BADGER
THE POET LORE COMPANY
BOSTON MCMXXI

Poet Lore

A MAGAZINE OF LETTERS

AUTUMN NUMBER

VOLUME XXXII

RICHARD G. BADGER
THE POET LORE COMPANY
BOSTON MCMXXI

Poet Lore

A MAGAZINE OF LETTERS

WINTER NUMBER

VOLUME XXXII

RICHARD G. BADGER
THE POET LORE COMPANY
BOSTON MCMXXI

COPYRIGHT 1921, BY THE POET LORE COMPANY

All Rights Reserved

Printed in the United States of America

THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON, U. S. A.

Poet Lore

A MAGAZINE OF LETTERS

SUMMER NUMBER

VOLUME XXXII

RICHARD G. BADGER
THE POET LORE COMPANY
BOSTON MCMXXI

ANA MARIA

BY

GREGORIO MARTINEZ SIERRA
Author of "The Cradle Song," e.c.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY

MRS. EMMONS CROCKER

Since Spanish literature has become the fashion during the last few years, and Gregorio Martinez Sierra's dramas have been so popular in New York, it seems a fitting time to give one of his novels to English-speaking people.

Ana Maria (*Tu Eres La Pas*) has been translated by Mrs. Emmons Crocker. The novel is a charming picture of life in the Pyrenees, but it is more than that—it is the story of the age-long struggle of two women for one man.

As Ana Maria said: "What do these bad women have about them to make themselves so beloved? What additional attractions do they have? They are no more beautiful, nor more intelligent: possibly more in love? No, nor that either; only in being cruel lies their power; and by cruelty they reign over men; and men consider all sacrifices,—their life, their dignity, their happiness, but trifles in exchange for cruelty."

But Ana Maria herself proved far from being without power to attract and to hold, as the story will prove.

$2.10 postpaid

ORDER FORM

RICHARD G. BADGER, 194 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Enclosed find $.....in.....for which send me .....copies of

ANA MARIA

Name.....

Address.....

RICHARD G. BADGER - PUBLISHER - BOSTON

DO NOT CIRCULATE
610 JUN 3

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
GRADUATE LIBRARY

DATE DUE

SERIAL
JUL 22 1975
JUL 30 1975

APR 2 1977
MAR 30 1977

OCT 27 1981
SEP 4 1981

BOUND
AUG 26 1922
UNIV. OF MICH.
LIBRARY

3

DO NOT REMOVE
OR
MUTILATE CARD

~~DO NOT CIRCULATE~~

~~610 JUN 3~~

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
GRADUATE LIBRARY

DATE DUE

SERIAL

~~JUL 22 1975~~

JUL 30 1975

~~APR 2 1977~~

MAR 30 1977

~~OCT 27 1981~~

SEP 4 1981

BOUND
AUG 26 1922
UNIV. OF MICH.
LIBRARY

DO NOT REMOVE
OR
MUTILATE CARD